

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

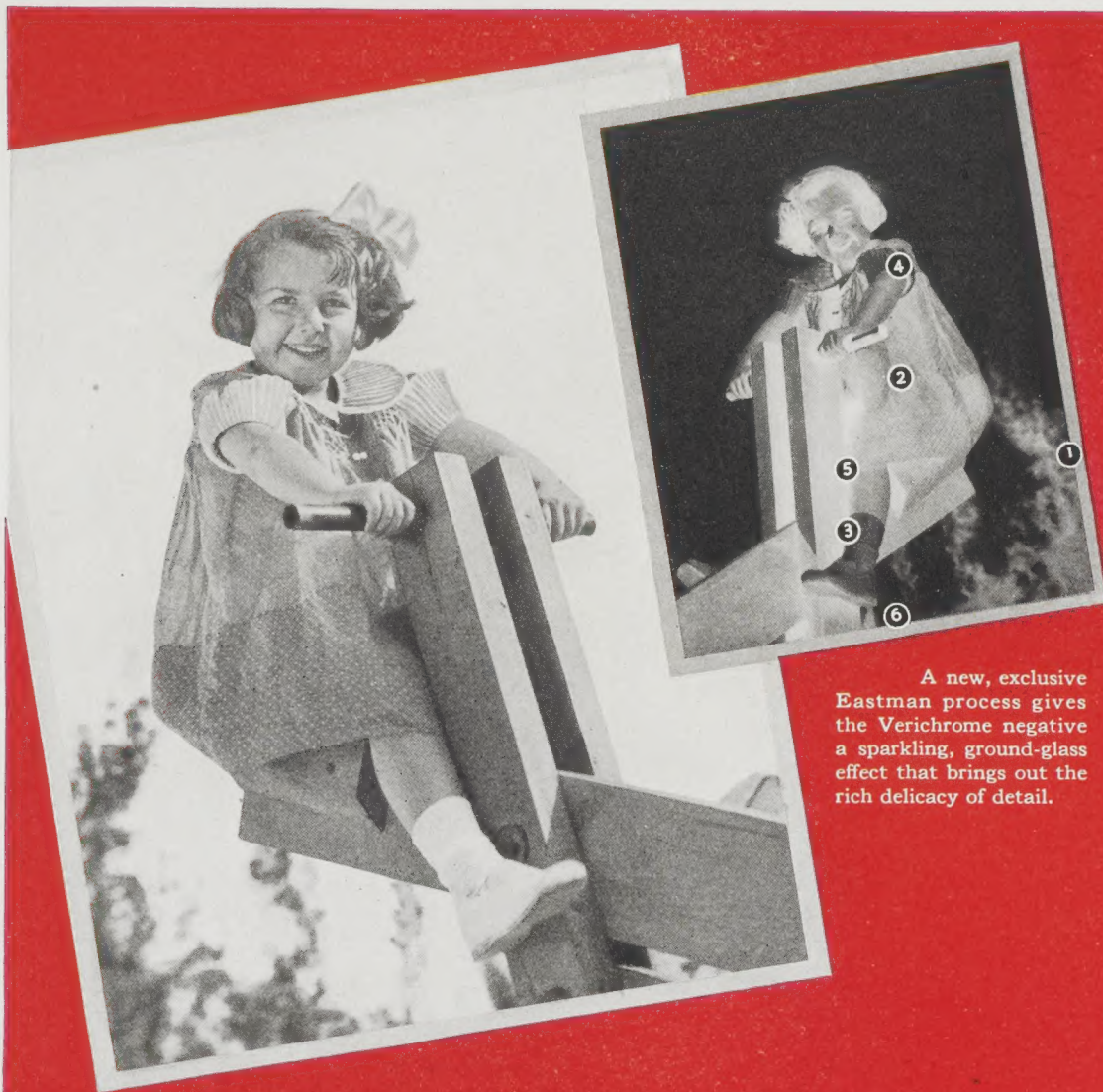
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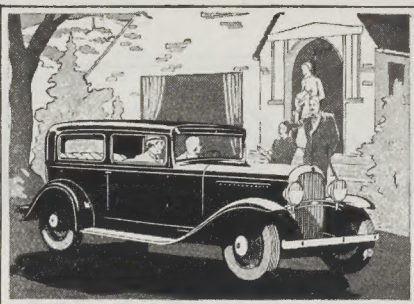
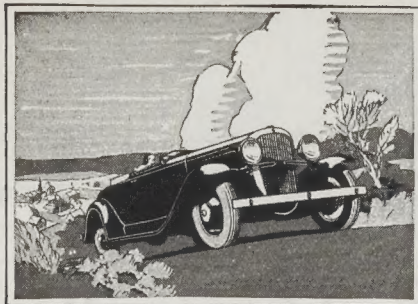
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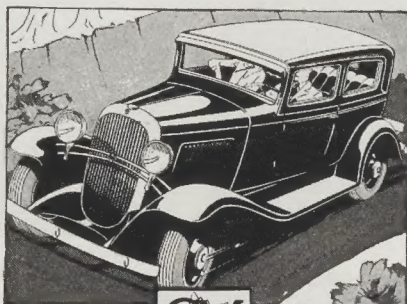
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A GENERAL



MOTORS VALUE

OLDSMOBILE

France's greatest Dermatologist says..

Eating Yeast gets at the Cause of telltale skin eruptions

DR. CLÉMENT SIMON, of PARIS

Chief Dermatologist (skin specialist) of the Hospitals of Saint Lazare and St. Michel, in Paris. Dr. Simon is the greatest living authority in his field in France. He is director of the "Bulletin Médical," widely read French medical journal, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France.

YOU know what they mean—those disagreeable skin blemishes . . . blotches, blackheads and eruptions! They indicate a bodily disorder in serious need of attention!

Usually that disorder is the commonplace evil to which women are particularly subject . . . *Intestinal Fatigue*.

Now this condition must be corrected! That is why leading specialists advise the regular eating of fresh yeast to clear the skin. As the celebrated French authority, Dr. Clément Simon, explains:—

"Fresh yeast has been used as a 'purifying agent' from remote times . . . It acts as a gentle laxative and keeps the system 'regular.' Its action is surprising in certain skin disorders—especially those brought on by intestinal or digestive disturbances."

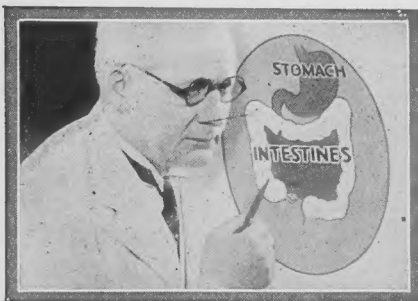
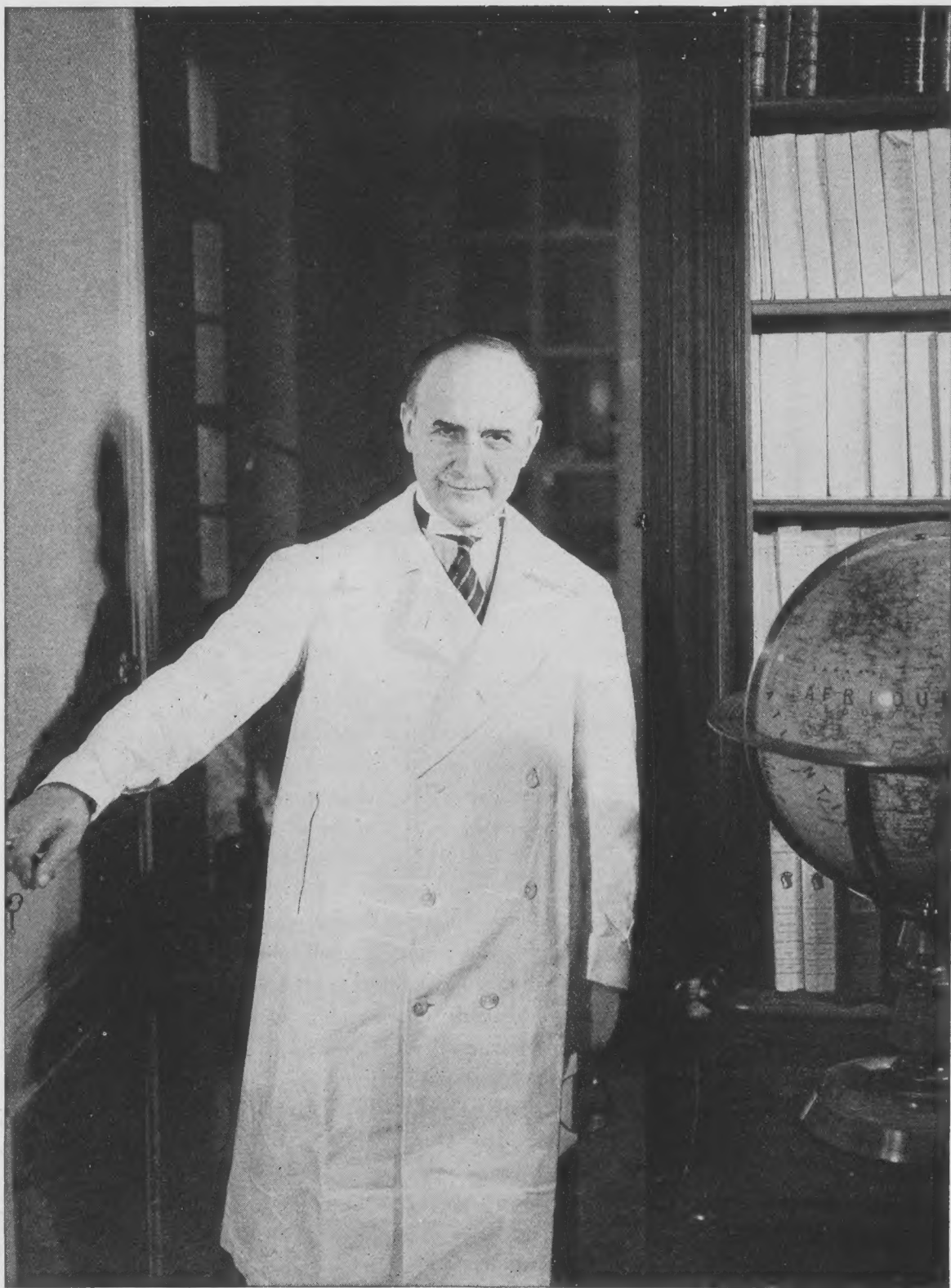
When made a part of your regular diet, fresh yeast softens accumulated waste matter in the intestines. It also "tones" and strengthens the sluggish intestinal muscles. Poison-forming residue, which leads to skin blemishes, headaches, colds, etc., is cleared away by natural means.

So get a supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a grocery, restaurant, soda fountain or drug store, and start eating it today! Eat three cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. Each cake, you know, is rich in *three* vitamins indispensable to health—vitamins B, G and D. Send for free booklet. Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

What Noted Skin Specialists Say:

DR. BRUENAUER, noted Vienna dermatologist, says: "Fresh yeast purifies the digestive system, producing a healthier bodily tone. The skin is protected against blemishes."

DR. SÁNCHEZ-COVISA, Spain's leading skin specialist, reports: "Pimples and boils usually result from constipation. Yeast is of great aid in their treatment."



(LEFT)

Poisons that spread from here cause most skin trouble. (RIGHT) Keep intestines clean by eating Fleischmann's Yeast daily—just plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any other way you like.



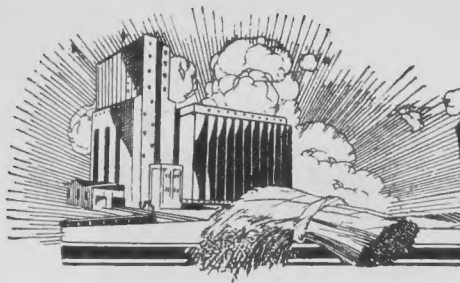
(RIGHT)

"I was feeling quite run down and my face started to be all pimply and sore," writes Margaret Bell, Toronto, Ont. "I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. After one month, I was feeling much better and my skin cleared up wonderfully."

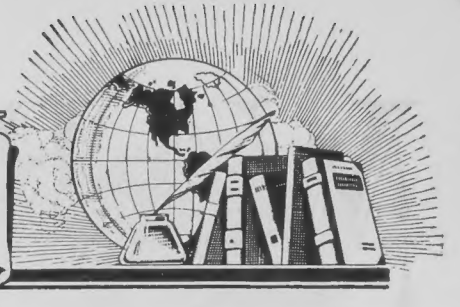


Buy Made-in-Canada Goods.

To give real benefit Yeast must be fresh. So insist on Fleischmann's Yeast . . . Eat three cakes every day!



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 9

O Canada!

THERE is not a right-minded Canadian who will not hang his head with shame after reading the evidence offered before the Committee that was investigating the Beauharnois affair. Shame will turn to righteous indignation when it is revealed that the probing halted before those best able to give evidence were called upon or permitted to produce it. To an ordinary citizen those public servants, meaning the members of the Committee, who were responsible for halting the investigation are worse offenders than the men who gave and received bribes.

The basal blunder in this whole matter of the development of the St. Lawrence was the failure of the Federal and Provincial governments to reach an agreement for joint control of this river. It is unnecessary to allocate the blame for failure. Those in charge of affairs were either asleep on duty or lacking in statesmanship. Later events show that the necessity for election funds and the persuasive eloquence of the spoilers from the Lower Province rendered wise and patriotic action impossible. Wisely handled, the waterway to Lake Ontario should have cost nothing. The power rights should have paid for the full construction of the canal. If the canal is ever built, the people of Canada will pay a tax that will be next to ruinous. This is the price of electing as leaders those who are lacking in the three qualities every statesman should possess—vision, honesty, devotion to the interests of all the people.

When joint action failed the government of Quebec acted alone. The nature and condition of its action were clearly set forth in the investigation. The government, the New Power Company, and all those who benefited from the plunder must be content to share the condemnation. It is possibly true that if the Federal Government had not sanctioned the deal and if the Ontario Hydro-Commission backed by the government of the province had not agreed to purchase a block of power at a price away above the cost of production, the New Company could not have succeeded in its scheme. But everything worked according to schedule. Personal wrong-doing, political corruption and high finance—when these three are operating together anything may happen, and in this case what happened was disgraceful in the extreme, inflicting upon individuals, political parties, governments, and worst of all upon the fair name of Canada.

It is unnecessary, after the full reports in the press, to enter into details, and to single out individuals for condemnation. In time the people of Canada will see to it that there is full punishment for dishonesty, political corruption and betrayal of public trust, and as far as possible there must be restitution of money or property wrongly acquired, and cancellation of privileges improperly bestowed. In addition to this the demand for further investigation will become more and more insistent. A half enquiry is no enquiry at all. Personal and political fears should not halt an investigation.

There are, however, a few principles governing statecraft that can well be emphasized at this time. In the first place it is necessary that Federal and

Provincial jurisdiction be more carefully defined. The Fathers of Confederation were naturally unable to vision all the complications that might arise in the building of a nation. There are some adjustments that the Sons of Confederation must make. The dead hand must not weigh too heavily. The British North America Act is badly in need of repairs. The clauses pertaining to navigable waters call for revision.

Next, the time has surely arrived for both local and federal governments to cease from disposing of great national assets to privately-controlled and privately-owned corporations. Almost without exception they are blood-suckers. Public lands, timber limits, mining privileges, water-powers, have all passed from public to private ownership. Is it not time that some of Canada's wealth was preserved for Canadians?

Then the practice of soliciting and receiving contributions to election funds, after the present fashion, should cease.

It matters not whether the money is received from a corporation in return for privileges obtained or hoped for; or whether it is a gift from manufacturers or from owners of public utilities. The willingness of political parties in Canada to receive aid from the wealthy takes legislative and administrative power away from the common people. Nor are bribes offered by the favored only to individuals and political parties but to municipalities, provinces, and even indirectly to financial concerns that may be helpful in time of emergency. Moreover, governments themselves have learned the art of bribing business concerns, special classes, and constituencies, so that often in elections the intelligent

will of the people finds no expression. One thing that cannot be condoned is malfeasance of office. It is a recognized principle that no one, who is a member of a legislature, shall directly or indirectly receive any payment apart from his salary from the government. It should be taken for granted that no member of the Senate or House of Commons should have a voice in granting favors or privileges to companies in which they are directly or indirectly interested. It should not be a merit but a demerit in a politician when he looks after his friends.

One of the disheartening things in Canadian Parliamentary life is the display of party feeling. It came out during this investigation and indeed blocked the investigation. Just who was responsible and what his motives were must be learned later. Any explanation so far offered is altogether unsatisfactory. The partisanship came out again in debate. There may have been a childish satisfaction to leaders in calling one another names, and what they said to each other and about each other may have been quite true, but except to back-seat partisans their speeches seemed very undignified. Perhaps, when the discussion reaches the Senate the members may have "more poise and more royal margin," but even that is doubtful.

The strangest thing in it all is that after the investigation the only change promised is a new directorate and submission of a question to the Supreme Court. "Much cry and little wool," as the man said who attempted to shear a hog.

A Little Too Scientific

IN EVERY department of life the expert seeks, and on the whole wisely seeks, to direct the lives of the people. The people are beginning to resent over-direction. The following from the Literary Digest voices the objection that is felt in one field:

"Our readers are probably familiar with the story of Mrs. Shelley's 'Frankenstein'—a student who took pieces from cemeteries and dissecting rooms and fashioned from them a monster in the form of a man. Once the thing was made, however, it could not be controlled, and turned upon its maker and destroyed him.

"The story strangely reminds us of the 'Frankenstein monster' that is being created out of unrelated bits of over-emphasized health lore.

"Without doubt this present interest in health and hygiene is most commendable and promises much good. It is, however, being carried to extremes, and is getting to be a burden.

"The housewife is caught in a maze of vitamins, calories, carbohydrates, and 'acid-producing' foods, and does not know which way to turn. She is up against the problem of fattening the children, 'slenderizing' herself, and satisfying the brute that comes home hungry and tired in the evening, and it has just about got her down.

"Raising a baby in these days is a big undertaking, and one frequently hears a mother say that she does not see how she could possibly take care of two, when one takes her whole time. As a result we are killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

"In order to raise a few children well, we are making such a fuss about it that most of the children are being raised by folks who have no standards whatever. If a mother might be expected to do all of the things that some of the health cranks are advocating, she would need to have a Ph.D. degree from the university, but not many of the Ph.D.'s have children, so that suggestion doesn't seem to help a bit.

"This health business is getting to be a 'racket,' and we are much in need of folks brave enough to break through a lot of these silly rules and insist that there are other things worth while, and that one can be healthy without making it his life's work.

"Common sense and a fair appreciation of what is really essential is about all that is necessary."

The World Spirit

AT THE risk of repeating what has been said over and over again, it seems not out of place to give prominence to the words of Sir George Paish, former editor of the London Statist, and one of the world's leading economists. Speaking in the United States he said:

"Without desiring to be severe, I am compelled by the facts of the situation to state, and to state definitely, that the spirit of nationalism in the United States is in no small degree responsible for world trade depression, as well as for the depression in the United States, and that unless this spirit is changed, both in the United States and in other countries, from that of nationalism to what I may term universalism, that is, the spirit which promotes a policy beneficial to all nations, any remedy of the present situation cannot be found.

"The distress in which all nations find themselves today must inevitably increase until there is a real danger of both a trade and a credit breakdown. The policy that is being pursued, not only in America but also in Europe and in other countries, is forcing the world into bankruptcy and with it into revolution. It is impossible to survey the political conditions now prevailing in the world without a feeling of great anxiety. Already, many revolutions have taken place in South America and a good many in Europe, and others will undoubtedly take place if this policy is persisted in.

"The remedy is not an effort to be more self-contained, not an effort by each nation to do without the rest of the world, but an increasing effort towards co-operation with other nations in the interest of the common well-being."

"NEITHER EAST NOR WEST"

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY wishes to announce that copies of the magazine may now be obtained on the news stands in Eastern Canada. While we have had many readers east of the Great Lakes, the western provinces have in the past been our chief stamping ground. Now, in response to persistent requests, our new policy is in force, and it shall be our earnest endeavor to serve our future friends in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes as faithfully as we have their western cousins. "For there is neither East nor West—"

WAR *the Great Liberator*

by
Lady Hay Drummond-Hay



yet come. "True valour" richly gemmed the pall of the world's blackest tragedy.

All the same, I cannot see the "terrible beauty" of War through the eyes of Mr. Ernest Raymond. Or for that matter, entirely agree with Mr. John Galsworthy's outraged contradiction thereof, in the *Sunday Times* of March 25th, 1928. Mr. Galsworthy writes that he read Mr. Raymond with deep attention, and put down the article "with deeper revolt."

Glorification of War is the traditional basis of all Histories, primitive, pagan, scriptural, mediaeval and modern. It is the perennial paean of the male. Anything but "beautiful," since beauty is an expression of harmony, not discord. But hardly "revolting," though possibly distasteful in a too-recently bereaved world. Mr. Raymond evidently enjoyed his War. That is an individual mental attitude exalted and immortalized in the Classics. Some men, and few nations, are born fighters. Genghiz Khan, Richard Coeur de Lion, the Cid, and Turks, for instance.

Pacifists are ambitiously ahead of their times. The world is not ready for Peace. Man is not spiritually prepared for the Millennium.

Is there a man or woman foolishly presumptuous enough to believe that he or she does not need the chastisement of pain, adversity and experience in this life, merely to keep the soul *alive*, lest it die of inanition, or stifled in fatuity? And what after? The Catholic Church says Purgatory before Paradise. The Buddhists preach cycles of spiritual evolution. If individually we recognize and admit that spiritually we are imperfect—that further experience, possibly suffering, is inevitable as preparation for Perfection in some distant cycle of Eternity, how can we collectively aspire to the continuation of world-progress, not to mention a Millennium of Peace, in the stagnation of security, comfort, and lack of urge to improvement.

Fluctuating civilizations have been saved because "By War's great sacrifice, the world redeems itself." (J. Davidson.)

CIVILIZATION has been won for the world by War, not Peace.

The victory of the Greeks over the Persians at Marathon in B.C. 490, broke forever the spell of Persian invincibility, which had paralyzed men's minds. It secured for mankind the intellectual treasures of Athens the growth of free institutions, the liberal enlightenment of the Western world, and the gradual ascendancy for many ages, of the great principles of European civilization. The glory of Greece and prestige of her culture dimmed, flickered, and died, in the hothouse atmosphere of luxury and decadence. It was not eclipsed in the Spartan days of War.

HUMANITY owes more to War than it does to Peace. War never killed the soul of a nation, or rotted to decadence the morale of a people. Prosperity, luxury, apathy of satisfaction destroy individuals and nations. War did not destroy Rome. Peace caused the downfall of her power and glory.

Has Man reached that stage of moral and spiritual advancement where he can be depended upon to carry on human progress as destined by the Creator, without the impulse given by the terrible scourge of War and Revolution, to break down the barriers of fossilizing conservatism and blinding prejudice? War is often a major operation on a section of humanity, enabling it to live on. Man shrinks from the challenge of Reality, as war's inferno of destruction shrivels his tinsel heaven of Delusion at a blast.

Fissures of the irreparable, chasms of the unbridgeable, separate pre-war and post-war mentalities, even in the same person. Civilization is vitalized, culture extended, perspective widened and progress forced upon the world through War. The lessons of War are cataclysmic. Peace, after a certain period, consolidates the lessons of War. But humanity has not yet reached a sufficiently high spiritual development consistently and steadily to progress in peace, without the impetus of pain and suffering, urging escape and experiment towards amelioration.

War "as the finest form of sport," thus defined by Sir Harry Malet and Major Hervey de Montmorency, provoking a storm of unreasoned controversy, passed in 1913. Stark fear paralyzed the nations, freezing judgment, poise, tradition and chivalry. Not that the Great War was barren of Chivalry, or poor in heroes. But this mechanized age of mechanical fighting, scientific annihilation, and mathematical massacre, diminished to vanishing point the sporting chances of individual combatants. There is as little "sport" in modern warfare on land or sea—the air still excepted—as in certain modern forms of animal-hunting, pursued to the satisfaction and glorification of the world's "sportsmen."

In the days of man-to-man combat, War might have been regarded as the quintessence of "sport," but was already doomed as such several centuries before Christ, according to Archidamus, who, when he saw "a dart shot out of an engine brought from Sicily, exclaimed 'Good God! True valour is gone forever.'" (Plutarch.) Archidamus was anticipating an era which we may still proudly claim has not

Britain owes the foundations of her civilization to the invading and conquering Romans. Upon the bloody battlefields of B.C. 55 were laid the bases of our Empire. The Briton of Roman days was an uncouth, primitive, ignorant creature. The Roman schooled him in the civilization of the Age. Roads were built, portions of which still exist. Trees and plants introduced and cultivated, such as the elm, chestnut, cherry, poplar, rose, and lily. Soil was improved by the cutting down of forests and draining of fens. The mineral wealth of the country was exploited, iron-working in the Forest of Dean, tin mines in Cornwall, lead and copper mines in Montgomery, coal in Shropshire. At least fifty walled cities were built, including London, York, Chester, Caerlön-on-Usk, Colchester and Bath.

If Britain owes her first harvest of civilization to the Romans, she owes her liberties to the Norman Conquest in 1066 A.D., according to the historian Guizot. Bloodshed and war was again the price of progress, but it bought the Magna Charta, and the precious traditions of English freedom. From the perspective of centuries, Rapin declares that the coming of the Normans was "the first step by which England has arrived to that height of grandeur and glory we behold it in at present." It is highly unlikely that contemporary Englishmen could see any good in it at all, at the time.

The Wars of the Roses, releasing the sinister elements peculiar to all civil wars, had however, far-reaching results in the cause of progress. The Battle of Bosworth, 1485, placed upon the throne, Henry VII, first of the Tudors. Aristocratic Monarchy gave way to democratic Monarchy. The Tudors though despotic, based their authority upon popular support, and not upon one class alone. The era saw the beginning of Britain's sea-power.

The War of the Grand Alliance was essentially one for liberty, whether religious, civil or commercial. Had Louis XIV of France triumphed over the Grand Alliance (Holland, Spain, Brandenburg, Savoy and the Empire under the leadership of William III of England) the result would have been the extinction of Protestantism, the establishment of a French despotism over Western Europe, and the expansion of France in the New World to the exclusion of other Powers. Allied [Continued on page 32]





"I've had a queer feeling that I wasn't alone; that somebody was spying on me."

The Black Box of Silence

By Francis Lynde

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

NOT to be left behind in an age of progress, Carthage, awakening to its importance as a growing industrial centre and the seat of one of the oldest institutions for the higher education in the Middle West, had its Little Theatre movement, functioning at the moment in Vierick's Opera House. The play, handsomely ambitious for local talent, was George Bernard Shaw's *Candida*, and as the curtain fell upon the first act, pretty Betty Lawson, daughter of the professor of Physics in the college, and most captivating of *Candidas*, was obliged to respond several times to curtain calls before the applause would permit the orchestra, led by Herr Schomberg, to begin playing the intermission.

Though the house was well filled, three of the five seats in the right-hand proscenium box were empty. The two remaining were occupied by two young men, both about of an age, both Carthage born and reared, and both graduates of the local college. But with these basic particulars the

similarities paused abruptly. Owen Landis, the one sitting partly in the shadow of the box draperies with what appeared to be an overgrown portable camera on his knees, was slenderly built, with a thin, eager face and dark hair and eyes—the eyes of a dreamer and enthusiast. His companion, Walter Markham, was a type not uncommon in the prosperous Carthages of America, the young-man-about-town of a small city; well-dressed, well-fed, yet not without a glimmer of penetrative shrewdness in his eyes to prove his right to claim kinship with his hard-headed banker father.

It was after the orchestra was in full swing in the interlude that Landis drew an electric extension

cord from his pocket and connected the box on his knees with a light socket in the wall. Next, he appeared to be focusing the camera-like box upon the musicians. A moment later, at the click of a switch, a most astonishing thing came to pass. Though Schomberg was lifting the harmony with accelerating time-beats of hand and baton in a *fortissimo* passage, instantly the bowing of the violins, the 'cellos and the bass, the fingering of the brass and wood-wind, the tapping of the padded sticks on the kettle-drums became merely so many soundless gestures in a pantomime; all in a dead silence broken only by a murmur of surprise running through the audience and the muffled thumpings of the scene shifters behind the drop.

With mouth workings translatable as wrathful, though silent, maledictions heaped upon his musicians for the trick he supposed they were playing upon him, Schomberg went on waving his arms in the time beating, scowling fiercely to right and left. For an interval measurable in seconds the soundless



"No," he agreed mildly, "nobody should be narrow. But I don't care so awfully much for Canby; for one thing, his eyes are too close together."

pantomime continued; then, suddenly, and as if there had been no gap of silence, the various instruments burst into full voice, taking up the music at the precise point in the score which would have been reached had there been no interruption. A wave of half bewilderment swept over the house, followed quickly by enthusiastic applause; the audience evidently taking the pantomimic interregnum for a skilful bit of stage business on the part of the orchestra.

"Wonderful!" Markham exclaimed, under cover of the resumed music. "As you said, Owen, it has to be seen to be believed. Why didn't you keep it up a bit longer? It was just beginning to get a good start when you switched it off."

Landis shook his head. "I didn't dare to let it go on. In two seconds more there would have been a panic. I figured that for just about so long Schomberg's men would go on bowing and fingering automatically—as they did. But when realization came there'd be chaos. I meant to anticipate that moment, and I did; couldn't let it go over the brink, you know."

"Black magic," Markham commented. "That is what they would have called it in our forefathers' time; and, incidentally, they would have roasted you at the stake. Is this what you've been working on all these months that you've been holed up in your laboratory den?"

"You've said it."

"Well, now you've got it, what's the answer? I mean how does it do it?"

"As I've told you, it is simple enough in principle. The radio transmits sounds and can even amplify them. The problem was to find a potential which, instead of transmitting and amplifying, would neutralize the sound waves. Assuming that such a potential existed, all it asked for was a pretty long series of experiments."

"Which you patiently waded through, oblivious of everything else under the sun, as usual," Markham put in, with his good-natured smile. "Now you've found the answer to your problem, what are you going to do with it?"

The curtain was rising upon the second act of the play and Landis carefully deposited the box of black magic on the floor at his feet.

"Come around to my shop with me after the play and I'll talk it out with you," he said, adding: "Most inventors and discoverers are short on practical sense—common sense—and I'm no exception. Maybe you can supply what I'm lacking in that respect."

Two hours later the two young men were seated in Landis' workshop laboratory, a small detached building in the rear of the Landis residence lot in Cedar Street, with the black box on the table between them. On the walk from the Opera House Landis had tried to explain, as untechnically as he could, the successive steps taken in the development of his astonishing invention.

"What you've been saying about the 'steps' is mostly Greek to me," Markham offered. "Just the same, I can surround the fact accomplished, all right—having had the practical demonstration. But now the question arises, what have you got? Can it be put to any useful use? Or is it only another clever electrical toy?"

"Possibilities?" Landis queried. "They are almost unlimited. The trouble is that they are bad as well as good."

"Shoot," said the son of small-city wealth, "I'm listening."

"Noise is one of the chief annoyances of our civilization. I once heard of a rich man who built himself a fine mansion in a hill suburb of a city—somewhere up in Michigan, I believe it was. After he had spent a fortune on the house and grounds, a railroad came along and laid out a busy switching yard at the foot of this man's particular hill. The noise was so unbearable that he pulled his house down in disgust and moved away from the city and the state."

"And this little trick of yours would have given him quiet?"

"Absolutely. The potential, or whatever you choose to call it, will operate at a distance—I don't know yet just how far—and it will pass either through or around obstructions. The Michigan man, if he'd had my box, could have trained it upon the railroad yard, turned a switch, and slept in silence as profound as that of a mountain top, so far as the railroad noises were concerned."

"Huh! sounds a good bit like Alice in Wonderland. But what else?"

"Disturbing rackets of any sort; the night noises of a city, the early-morning steam whistles, the honking of autos, the tenant in an apartment building who keeps everybody awake with his piano practice or cornet tooting, your neighbor across the street or next door who works his player piano or victrola or radio loud speaker overtime."

"But see here; if you stop the racket for yourself, you stop it for everybody else, as well, don't you?"

"At short distances, as tonight in the theatre, yes. As you'd imagine, I tried a lot of these distance

experiments. Take, for example, a steam whistle a mile away: in the immediate neighborhood of the whistle the sound is normal, or nearly so; a listener within a radius of, say, a quarter of a mile would scarcely detect any muting of the blast, though it is really muted at its source. Beyond this inner circle the sound diminishes quite rapidly until, at about half a mile, it has vanished completely."

"But how about the man with the canned music across the street?"

Landis smiled. "He and his roomful of listeners would be out of luck. Perhaps he might take it as a hint that he'd opened a sufficient number of cans for the time being."

"In your demonstration tonight you connected the thing with the theatre lighting circuit. Does that mean that you are tied to electric power plants for its use?"

"Not at all. I made all of my earlier experiments with battery current. An automobile storage battery will operate the box for a limited time."

Markham nodded slowly. "If I hadn't seen it function . . . Don't you know, Owen, it all listens a good bit like a pipe dream."

"So it does to me. But what is worse, I can't get away from the feeling that I'm in the fix of the man who invented the Frankenstein thing."

"Meaning—?"

"Meaning the frightful uses to which this contrivance of mine could be put in the committing of crime. Don't they suggest themselves?"

"No, I can't say that they do—not on the spur of the moment."

"You might say there is no end to them. Noise is the burglar's chief menace: with this box of mine coupled to a lighting socket he could wreck the lower story of a house or blow the strongest bank vault in perfect security so far as the noise was concerned. So, also, with the use of firearms. A man could be killed in the open street in broad daylight and there would be no noisy alarm given, and nobody would know where the bullet came from if the killer kept his weapon concealed. You see what I mean. In the possession of a criminal there is simply no limit to the harm the thing might do."

Markham filled and lighted his pipe and smoked in thoughtful silence for a minute or so before he said, "How many people know about your invention, Owen?"

"Up to this minute, just two of us; you and myself. I haven't talked about it to anybody. My home folks think I've been working on an improvement for the radio, and I've let it go at that, partly because the whole thing was experimental and I didn't want to have to answer a lot of curious questions. But now, as I've said, I'm like the man who invented the Frankenstein thing in Mrs. Shelley's story. When I think of all the harm it might do in the wrong hands, I feel as if I ought to tie a stone to the box and pitch it into the river. That is why I'm telling you about it, Wally; why I said a while ago in the theatre that perhaps you could throw in a little of the hard common sense that I'm lacking."

There was another thoughtful pause, and at the end of it, Markham said, "You are quite sure nobody else knows about it?"

"I hope I am."

"Have you any reason to doubt it?"

"Not what you could call a reason; no. But I have worked here in the lab. a good many nights, sometimes until quite late, and there have been moments when I've had a queer feeling that I wasn't alone; that somebody was spying on me. Pure auto-suggestion, I guess. A time or two I set traps outside under the windows, but nothing ever came of that."

Markham nodded. "Yes, I suppose you've been cautious; or you have thought you were. But I know you of old, Owen. When you are interested in anything you happen to be doing, you are blind and deaf to everything else. However, we'll let that part of it rest and pass on to the material things. You want to make some money out of this invention of yours, don't you? Or are you too much of an inventor to look that far ahead?"

Landis smiled. "I'm not quite so much of a dreamer as that, Wally. If I could only be sure the thing wouldn't be put to evil uses—"

"You'd like to see some hard cash results," Markham finished for him. "That is right and proper—and human."

"I suppose so; though while I was at work on it I didn't think so much about making it shake the money tree for me in any direct way: what I did think was, that if it should prove a success, it might help me find a place as a research man with one of the big electric companies."

"Too modest, as you usually are," grunted Markham. "There's a frilly fortune in that box if it's properly exploited. But to make money out of an invention you have to spend money. Suppose you let me talk to Dad—in strict confidence, of course. He is pretty hard-headed, as you know, but he can see through the hole in the millstone every time, if there is a bright and shining dollar on the other side of it."

"You'd do that for me?"

"Sure I would. Why not?"

There was a moment of silent embarrassment, and then Landis said, half-apologetically: "Give me a day or so to think about it, Wally. It isn't that I don't trust you or your father; it's just that I want to see if I can't fight down that feeling about the criminal possibilities. It's fearfully good of you to offer to step in, and I—"

Markham cut the grateful protests short.

"Take as much time as you want, of course. And never mind the acknowledgements. We've been pretty chummy for a good many years, you and I, Owen, and it would be a pity if either of us wouldn't give the other a hand when the chance offered." Then, with a glance at his watch: "Midnight—time all truly good people were in bed and asleep. If it wasn't so late I'd stay a bit longer and rawhide you about another matter. But I guess the other matter will keep."

"It needn't be made to keep, if you don't want it to. It isn't late for me. What have I been doing that I ought not to have done?"

"It's t'other way around—sin of omission. I was watching you tonight when Betty Lawson was on the stage. I guess you know good and well what I saw?"

Landis flushed boyishly and looked down.

"Made a holy show of myself, did I? But you didn't see anything more than you have known for a good while."

Markham laughed. "Nothing more than all Carthage has known, for that matter. But, say, boy—what do you think a girl is made of? For a half-year and better you've buried yourself in this work shack of yours, and if you've thought anything at all about Betty, you've taken it out in thinking. What social pleasure she's enjoyed she's had to forage for in other directions. I've chased her about a little—not nearly so much as I wanted to—but you've simply ignored her, Owen; you know you have."

The laggard in love spoke up quickly.

"You are not saying it all, Wally—not speaking for yourself, I mean. But you don't need to. I've known ever since last Alumni Day how it is with you. You are in love with Betty, yourself. That is one reason why I've buried myself in my job here—to give you and her a chance to find out where you both stand. No, don't make any mistake; it isn't any silly knightly chivalry on my part—just common decency. If I should marry, I'm not even sure I could feed and clothe a wife. And when poverty comes in at the door—"

"Oh shush! You needn't quote proverbs at me. Don't you suppose I know that I don't stand a Chinaman's chance with Betty? What I'm beefing about is the way you scamp your chances with her. As to the board and clothes—why, say, Owen, if you make up your mind to cash in on this black box of yours... But that's neither here nor there. What's needing to be said just now is this: there's another Richmond in the field. Did you know that?"

Landis' face fell.

"No! You don't mean that, Wally!"

"I do, indeed: this new fellow, Canby, who is cutting such a wide swath with his wonderful development scheme for Carthage; going to make it another Chicago overnight, and all that. He is rushing Betty to a finish, and she seems to like it. You saw the big flower show that was passed up to her tonight on the stage: that was Canby's. He was her escort; drove her in from the campus, and drove her home after the play, I suppose."

A gridironing of fine lines appeared between Landis' eyes.

"I don't like Canby, Wally—what little I've seen of him."

"Of course you don't. Yet I dare say you can't put your finger upon the thing that's wrong with him. Just the same, he is exactly the kind of brute to take a girl's fancy; good-looking, dashing, man-of-the-bigger world; that sort. Betty is plenty sensible, but at the same time she is human. There; I've said my say, and now I'll toddle along. What do you do with this priceless casket of yours overnight?—take it to bed with you?"

"Not quite that; I keep it here." As he spoke, Landis knelt before a small safe half hidden under the laboratory work bench, opened it, put the black box inside and twirled the combination upon it.

"I see; safe bind, safe find," said Markham, with



"The Smithbury bank was blown up last night, or early this morning."



a laugh for the weak pun. "Let me know when—or if—you want me to have a talk with Dad about the financing. So long."

So much for the night of the Little Theatre Association's production of Shaw's *Candida*. At a comparatively early hour the following morning, Wally Markham, getting out his roadster to drive to town for a box of congratulatory roses to be taken to the successful *Candida*, was called to the telephone. A strained voice that he barely recognized as Landis' came to him over the wire.

"Is that you, Wally? For heaven's sake, come around here to the house as quick as you can. My safe's been opened and the black box is gone!"

LANDIS was waiting at the driveway gate when Markham's roadster came to a stand before the house in Cedar Street, and his thin face seemed to have grown haggard overnight.

"It wasn't my imagination, after all—that feeling I told you about last night; the feeling that someone was spying upon me as I worked," he said, as he led the way through the drive to the small workshop in the rear of the lot. And as they entered the small building: "This is just as I found it a few minutes before I phoned you. I haven't disturbed anything."

Markham stooped to look into the safe, the door of which was standing open.

"It was opened on the combination?" he said.

"Of course—it had to be. The thief knew what was inside and knew that he couldn't dynamite the safe without taking a long chance of destroying the thing he was after. I found it just as it stands now; the bolts shot, and the dial standing on the final figure of the combination."

"Um; that brings on more talk, right at the beginning of things. Somebody knows your combination. Have you ever written it down anywhere?"

Landis shook his head.

"Well, does anybody know it—besides yourself?"

The question seemed to plunge the inventor into a deep pit of embarrassment. "I—I don't think so," he stammered.

"You don't think so? Don't you know?"

"I can't say, positively, Wally. But—but the one person who may know the combination is as far above suspicion as the stars are above the earth."

"Come clean," said Markham, with his good-natured grin. "If I'm going to help, I've got to know the inside—all of it, haven't I? Who is this person who may know?"

"I'll tell you, and you'll see that there's nothing to it—that there can't be. One day, a few weeks ago, I brought Betty out here to show her an electrical toy I'd been tinkering on. I was keeping the thing in the safe, as I do anything that I don't want to leave lying around in sight, and when I began to spin the dial she knelt beside me, saying she'd always been curious to know how a combination lock on a safe worked."

"And you showed her?"

"Of course. I explained how the tumblers were made and put together so that each time the dial stopped at the proper figure one of the tumblers would be left in the 'open' position."

"Was that all you did?"

"Not quite. To illustrate what I meant I unscrewed the back plate of the lock and called off the series of figures so she could spin the dial and see for herself how the mechanism worked."

"You are sure nobody was listening in while you were spreading all this out for Betty's benefit?"

"Why, yes; as sure as one can be of anything. It was only a bit of byplay, as you might say, and there isn't a shadow of doubt in my mind but that Betty forgot the figures before she was an hour older. But even if she didn't, she is out of the question; she isn't the one who opened this safe last night. You know that as well as I do."

"Naturally," Markham agreed, rather too readily than not readily enough, adding: "As you say, Betty probably forgot the figures as fast as you called them off to her. So far as that goes, there is now and then an expert who can open a simple lock like this by putting an ear against the door and listening for the sound of the tumblers as they come around into place. The question is, Who did it?—in this particular instance. Have you any reason to suspect anyone you know?"

"Not the slightest. But there is one thing certain, Wally. Whoever opened the safe knew what was in it. I'm convinced of that. Which means that the thing I feared most has come to pass. The thief knows what the black box will do, and it will be used to swell the sum total of crime in this crime-ridden day!"

Markham straightened up and as he did so he found himself facing the window directly over the laboratory bench; a double sliding sash moving in horizontal grooves.

"Don't you shut that window at night?" he asked.

"It is left shut all the time, excepting on hot days, and it is always fastened at night, as you see it now."

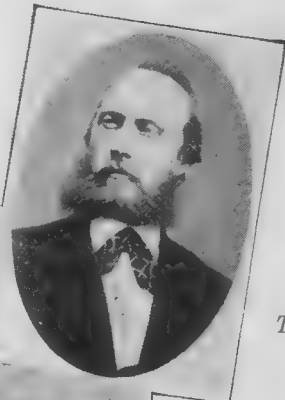
First Legislative Council

In the North West Territories

By Mary Markwell



Mrs. David Laird



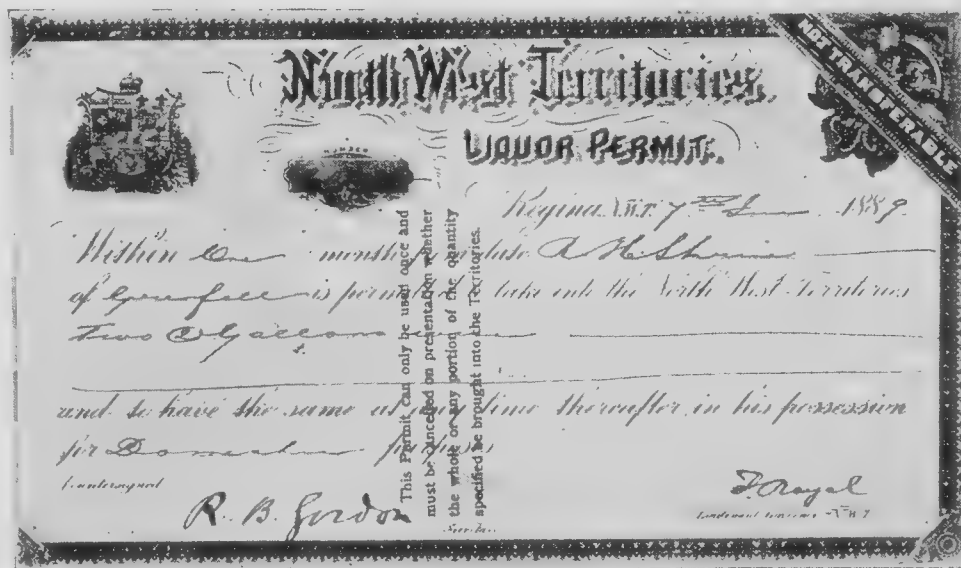
The Hon. David Laird



R. B. Gordon, Hon. Jas. Ross, Lt.-Gov. Macintosh, J. R. Noff, D. J. Goggin are sitting in the front row.



The Old Government House, Regina



A Liquor Permit of 1889

Livingston, Swan Lake, N.
November 27th, 1877.

On this date the First Council of the North West Territories met at Government House, at two o'clock, p.m.

His Honour, the Lieutenant Governor, took the Chair.

Present, Mr. Matthew Ryan.

There being no quorum, the House adjourned.

(Sgd.) Amedee E. Forget,
Clerk of the Council.

THE above words, set down in the Minutes of the First Council of the N.W.T. are of historic value today. They proclaim the beginning of executive authority, initiating a scattered and a divided race into reciprocal relationship; marking the advance of changes to come, and establishing certain powers to the homestead laws, long awaited.

The appointed Members of the First Council were Hon. Matthew Ryan, Hon. Hugh Richardson (members *ex officio*), Hon. Lawrence Clarke, Lt.-Col. Macleod, and Mr. Pascal Breland, who was a son-of-the-soil.

It being November weather, the difficulties of transportation in those early days may be understood when it is told that the Member for Macleod, Lt.-Col. Macleod, was obliged to travel by wagon from Macleod to Franklin (Alta.), from Franklin to Saint Paul, Minnesota, by rail; thence to Moorhead, Minn., by stage from that point to Winnipeg, Manitoba, where a dog-train was provided to make the overland journey to Livingston, N.W.T.

From Mr. Amedee E. Forget the writer got a description of the opening day of the First North West Council: "It was a cold, stormy day in November. Only Mr. Ryan had arrived. At the appointed hour, two o'clock, p.m., His Honour rose from his chair and his tall, commanding figure led the way to the 'House' (which was the living-room of his dwelling). The 'throne' of that time was a stout chair; but the proceedings were carried out with perfect decorum and great dignity I must say. There being 'no quorum,' the House adjourned."

A YEAR later the seat of government was removed to Battleford. There the Second Session was held, when the real business of harnessing the "wild-and-woolly-west" was begun: It was at the Second Session the first petition

for a public school was presented by Pete Moise Ouilette and Pierre Landry, in the form of a petition. A notable fact follows, the Council was able to provide \$2,000.00 for school purposes, the first school being set up at St. Laurent. Other petitions were: "For the Preservation of the Buffalo," and also a petition "to Provide against Infectious Diseases."

The petition asking for "Preservation of the Buffalo," was timely indeed, and was necessitated by certain facts applying to local business. It was shown that "In 1877 the prairie had exported 30,000 buffalo hides to the U.S.A. In 1878 the number dropped to 13,000, and in 1879 values reached a vanishing point when only 5,000 hides found a market."

These facts awakened the government, for upon the buffalo depended not only the sustenance of the native Indians, but traders and homesteaders alike suffered a diminution of income.

HON. DAVID LAIRD'S administration lasted from 1877 until 1881. We have a scanty record of the great work undertaken by one of the most capable and efficient officers sent to direct affairs of the Great Lone Land. In the *History of Saskatchewan* these words are recorded: "The vice-regal residence, during the first years of Hon. Mr. Laird's gubernatorial residence, Government House might be called 'an Indian encampment.' The Governor's larder was an Indian cupboard; there swarmed the various hungry tribes, who looked upon this "Son-of-the-White-Mother-Queen-Victoria" as a foster father, expected to do the white-rabbit and silk hat trick to supply their wants, which were many."

But when the time to make treaty with the Indians came, it was Governor Laird's word that brought about a peaceful solution to a ticklish undertaking, i.e., the transfer of one hundred thousand square miles of territory (by Treaty number 4) to Canada, as likewise was Treaty number 6, signed by the savage chiefs without dispute—although argument there was—in peace and amity.

The Treaty of Qu'Appelle, being the most famous of all the Indian treaties, it is interesting to know the names of those connected with the action: To that historic Treaty are appended the signatures of

[Continued on page 45]

TRACK 1



Some weeks later a weird-looking figure boarded the train for the east. He wore thick-rimmed, owlsh, tinted spectacles, long unkempt hair, a seedy coat and unmatching baggy trousers, a melancholy shoestring tie and run-down heels.

"YOU don't look like a student," roared Wingham Senior to his son.

"How is a student supposed to look, Dad?" Mr. Wingham was apoplectic. He went into his opinion of the present-day, sport-chasing, wide-trousered, ladies'-pride college students.

Buckley Wingham was "on the carpet." After one of the most joyous seasons of his popular and athletic career . . . the one in which he had broken two distance track records . . . he had finished three marks shy of passing in his exams. Buck had really tried hard to pass too; for he wanted to do well in his studies; he wanted to be an all-round man.

Only three marks!—Gosh! Too much popularity all right! He surveyed himself in the glass opposite. No; he didn't look like a student, as his father said. Why—none of the boys did: glistening hair, ruddy athletic cheeks, care-free look, gay tie—

"You can tell what a man is by his appearance," went on the older man. "However—" and he looked brighter, "I'm glad the faculty are giving you a chance to save an extra year by going to Summer school. I am also glad that for that you've got to go away down to North Eastern U, where there won't be any Crofton students or friends that you know; so get away from the athletics . . . forget sports for a while, forget the lady-friends and the parties, and try as I say to look like you meant business!"

Buckley looked a little pained. "I suppose you'd want me to wear a long rusty black coat, iron-rimmed spectacles, ruffle my hair like a newspaper editor, and grow my nose long?"

"—If you did it wouldn't do any harm," snapped Mr. Wingham, returning to his newspaper.

A funny, whimsical look came into the athlete's face. "Maybe I'll do something like that."

The father looked after him in surprise.

THE idea intrigued Buckley. What was just a random, passing thought began to grow into amazing proportions. It appealed to his youthful dramatic instinct. "Why not 'look' like a student on this trip to Summer school? Nobody would be there he knew! He was cutting sports, social affairs—happiness in general—for this term of grind; why not look the part? His dad was right; a mechanic should wear overalls."

What a lark! It would be one way of brightening what promised to be a dull summer. Yes! and save

The Negative

By Maurice Shannon Corbett

Illustrations by John H. Paul

his skin and aid him to pass; for the Summer U was notorious as a place of good times. They would leave him alone!

And . . . some weeks later, with no one seeing him off, a weird-looking figure boarded the train en route for the east. A positively negative young man; he wore thick-rimmed, owlsh, tinted spectacles; long unkempt hair, and clothes much suggestive of poverty; a seedy coat and un-matching baggy trousers, a melancholy shoestring tie, and the ensemble was completed even with run-down heels.

But as he sat in his seat and received the cold impersonal sniffs from the passers-by that his appearance warranted, the realism of it gave the adventurer almost a touch of fear. Now he was going to learn what the underdog got. He had to buckle on his courage as he thought grimly of the term he was going into; that college land of hero-worshippers and back-number haters.

As the train whistled to start, he glanced out and saw a billboard with the ad thereon depicting a glowing college athlete. He waved whimsically at it: "See you later, old man; but—for now—'Au Revoir'."

DOT MORRISON, charming co-ed, boarded the train and was soon hailed by two others of her own kind.

After joyous greetings, Dot looked around the rest of the coach. "Aren't there any other unfortunates with conditions on their way to Summer school? Where are the boys?"

"No men on the train, Dotty," Miriam Fisher sang out, "You're out of luck!"

"Who's that fellow with the book down there, he looks like a student?"

Helen Smith careened her head around: "Oh, that awful-looking sap! He's not from North Eastern anyway. Maybe, though, he's one of the teachers . . . does look like he is on his say to Summer U."

"Sh-h-h! He's coming this way!"

Buckley, for it was he, was nervously passing. At that moment the car gave a sudden lurch, and, in the air-clutching struggle for footing, he dropped his book. Dot picked the book up and, having noted it was an Engineering Calculus, handed it back to the owner with a friendly smile, saying: "Here you are, Engineers!"

Buck, confused, mumbled thanks, and hurried on, hearing behind some subdued giggles and the words: "Goodness, is that fellow an engineer?"

Safe in the men's compartment he mopped his brow. He had recognized that pretty girl as Dorothy Morrison, captain of North Eastern's lady hockey team, which had played the Crofton co-eds last winter, and whom he had much admired. This thing was going to be harder than he thought. He commenced to tone himself down a little, realizing that the booby prize can get as much attention as a first prize.

The girls, always ready to find something to laugh at, were discussing the peculiar young man who had passed. Miss Fisher was boisterous.

"What do you think of him, Dotty? He's been amusing us on the train all day."

"He's a man, anyway," solemnly said Dot. "We'll have some fun with him when he comes back."

"What a man!" echoed the Smith girl. "Did you ever see such a specimen?—such clothes! . . . and the way he looks over his glasses!—and his nose looks as if he had erysipelas—"

"—Or—maybe he drinks!" They all giggled.

Buck was returning. They watched him come.

"Goodness! he's combed his hair!"

"He has broad shoulders though, hasn't he?" Dot murmured.

Buck came abreast.

Dot winked one eye at the others; and, with a twinkle, looked up at him. "Hello!" she perked.



Crofton's pride, in normal life, had little fear of the opposing sex, and he was thinking admiringly of a girl whom he had seen skate as fast as any man; and behave a true sports-woman; so, absently, his reply was easy and admiring.

Something clicked inside Dot; there was a strong assurance to this shoddy chap that belied his appearance. She'd like to get him to stay, and, searching for an opening, eyed the book: "Are you a Summer school student?"

"—Er, yes." He stopped and eyed the other two warily; their eyes studied him like gimlets.

They didn't encourage strange young men—even college students, but this promised such awfully good bait that—"Sit down." Miss Fisher moved over mischievously.

There was no excuse. He sat down beside one young lady and with two facing him. "If his dad could see him!—not even in the college yet and at his old tricks! It must stop."

Dot opened brightly: "I see you're taking Calculus, I've got a supp in that myself."

"Er, yes." Solemn and dignified: he was acting.

"Are you a teacher?" curiously queried Helen. (School-teachers on vacation became students at Summer school...and were great rivals of U students.)

"Oh, no!—I'm from—" he hesitated, "—I'm from Crofton."

"Oh! you are!" came Dot, "I played hockey against them; did you see us play?—North Eastern?"

He almost said: "Yes, I refereed the game—don't you remember me—?" but, gosh! wouldn't that ruin things! So he lied solemnly; "No. I didn't see it."

"Oh..." Dot was disappointed; she was proud of her sporting activities. "Don't you like sports?"

Buckley was game to his plan: "No... I have a weak heart, I never indulge."

The girls eyed Dot. This was good—they knew her worship of games and athletes.

But Dot accepted it as a challenge; she warmed to her subject. "Oh, but you should take them up, it would cure you!" Her eyes brightened; "It's the only thing that's really any good in the world—sport!"

He regarded her in enthusiasm: a twin soul!... He caught himself. "No," he replied in a solemn voice, fondling his book, "my plan of life is to study, to fit myself for useful life, and—" he looked at them sternly, "—not to waste the golden moments." To illustrate his words he opened the book of Calculus... which, unfortunately, was upside down.

The two girls snickered. Buck held his expression gamely. Young Miss Morrison took a breath, looked at him—as at something from the other world, and said "My goodness!"

Then she added: "You know, Mr. Wingham, opposites interest; so you make me feel guilty—you see I've always shelved my study and scraped through on my nerve, caring for only fun and sports, and your... uh—sermon makes me feel like getting out my books too."

He was agitated... was he recognized? "Er, how did you know my name was Wingham?"

The girl opened her blue eyes. "Why, I see it written on your book there."

"Did—did you ever hear it before?" The half-scared expression on his face changed the look of amusement on their faces.

"Why no. Not that I can remember." Dot regarded him surprised.

"Thank God!" he thought inwardly... if this lark should ever come out...

"Ah, look who's here!" a loud voice hailed the group; looking up the owner was discovered as a dashing-dressed, husky young man. The girls arose with greetings:

"Why, Barty Cope, of all—Good old North Eastern..."

After hilarious exchanges, Mr. Cope looked down with a slight frown at the bespectacled Buckley. Who was this funny object beside his beloved Dot? The object rose.

"—Er, take my place, Mr. Cope, I—I'd like to look over my book—"

Dot intervened, eyes twinkling as she looked at the two "extremes;" "Barty, meet Mr. Wingham, he's from Crofton."

Mr. Cope coldly shook hands with Buckley. "Where?" he asked.

"Crofton."

"I guess North Eastern never competes against them," Cope's tone was slighting.

"You'll have to excuse Barty," Dot came in; "he thinks of a place solely in terms of its athletics, that's what he lives for."

Buckley grew hot. "Oh, Crofton's coming along in sport, why we—" he stopped himself; "of course, I'm not up in that sort of thing." He looked at his book. "You'll excuse me, I—"

They all gave him a rather hilarious send-off, and wending his way down the aisle, he heard Cope: "Where did you pick up that goof?"

[Continued on page 41]



Manson's lip curled, "Say Dumbell, this race is a half mile; I don't think you could even walk that far."

Unscrambling the European War Egg

By George M. Battey Jr.



Vosstanye (or Insurrection) Square in Leningrad, formerly Petrograd, formerly St. Petersburg, the erstwhile capital of Russia.

LADIES and Chinamen: Look at the pair who have been nominated to cure the depression, abolish war and bring peace and prosperity to a badly battered old world — Charles Fortunatus Chaplin and George Bernard Shaw!

This act appears to be just about the worst right-handed punch ever delivered to the statesmen, international bankers, butter-and-egg men and other students of history since time began!

Somebody will please page King Carol of Roumania, the well-known ladies' man; Will Rogers, the rollicking cowboy; and "Bossy" Gillis, the

Massachusetts gasoline magnate elevated to the post of town mayor, who made the big-wigs of Newburyport step lively. These gentlemen deserve front row seats in the big circus tent, wherein the Bolsheviks, the Germans and the Turks are cutting such didoes while the man in the street peers around the corner for that promised better day.

Speaking from London, where he attempted to make his debut as a motion-picture actor, Mr. Chaplin said:

"Old men, not flaming youth, are trying to get up another war. I have been all over the continent of Europe lately, and patriotism and nationalism are everywhere in evidence. Old men are behind it all, and if another war breaks out, I hope the front-line trenches will be filled with old men."

An old man listened in on this Chaplin tirade without taking up arms. He was the spiritually youthful Irish dramatist, humanitarian and wit, George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw said he would go to the front as a peacemaker, and so, accompanied by Lady Astor as a fair representative of the British Parliament, and by Lord Astor, he proceeded to Moscow to beard Chief Commissar Stalin in his den. Mr. Shaw has refused consistently to visit the United States, but he walks nonchalantly into the den of the Bolshevik Bear, where he notes evidence of an investment in Yankee dollars which have flown generously from capitalism's fountain source. The incomparable Shaw observed his seventy-fifth



This is a worker's settlement in Ussachevka, a district in Moscow, which not long ago was mere waste territory.

birthday over there; he addressed the Bolsheviks as "comrades" and predicted their "Piatiletka" would succeed.

In passing Berlin the party stopped a while to get the latest news of the Hoovertorium. Fireworks were popping, and no mistake. What was going to happen next nobody seemed to know, but everybody was convinced that something was bound to happen.

Before leaving England Mr. Shaw addressed the British Institute of Journalists and twitted his fellow wielders of the pen for what he termed "time-lag" in the comprehension of great events, and for a style of writing which reminded him of "old-fashioned governesses in an old-fashioned cathedral town." Approaching one of the horns of the present world dilemma, Mr. Shaw declared:

"We have had a war which was an extremely foolish one, and which had the curious effect of doing a number of things which were the very last things the people who made the war intended it to do... The press has not yet recognized that the Russian revolution has taken place. We have not yet found out that the Russian Soviet has come to stay. In consequence, we have thrown away one of the most magnificent chances we can ever hope to see in our lifetime and a political friendship that might have been of great value."

The speaker added that a sort of union of Germany and Austria under the Anschluss customs plan or some other was inevitable, and he concluded with the warning, "We have got to face up to the future and stop dreaming about the past."

In reflecting upon what Mr. Shaw said with respect to the wayward effects of the Great European War, we recall at once a striking parallel. George Willis Botsford, the historian who has written helpful books for Canadian school use, wrote of that remarkable religious movement which spread from west to east for two hundred years after 1095:

"The Crusades affected Christendom in ways of which the promoters... had never dreamed. The pope had hoped to reunite the East with the West; but the hostility which immediately sprang up between the crusaders and the emperor widened the schism. Instead of bringing the states into more complete subjection to the papacy, the movement created in them a more independent spirit. It opened an outlet for the warlike energy of the nobles, who, after wasting their resources in these expeditions, were less able to resist their kings. At the close, therefore, the latter were in a better position to put down feudalism and to build up centralized states of the modern kind."

The Crusades represented a return visit in payment for the call of the Saracens upon Europe via Spain long before; and in Russia today we find not only the leaders but a mighty host of 160,000,000 people — men, women



The Kremlin, Moscow.

Empires Totter Under New Political Economic Order as Leaders Engage in Greatest Socialistic Gamble in History - - -

and children—embarked upon a crusade intended to throw overboard everything suggestive of the oppressive Czarist regimes, including the worst abuses of capitalism. History has furnished some strange phenomena, but none stranger or more complex than the Russo-German crisis, which to some critics looks like an enormous fungus growth which should be lopped off the main body of society and to others like a healthy manifestation of human hopes in a new world order. The 1648 Peace of Westphalia, which sought to settle differences in Europe following thirty years of religious warfare, dragged into an eternity of indecision and vagueness; and the Treaty of Versailles has become a mare's nest of compromises as the result of bickerings at Paris, Geneva, Lausanne, Sevres, Locarno, San Remo and London, in which Allied jealousies and cross-purposes have allowed some of the choicest fruits of victory to slip from their grasp. Despite the fumbles, however, the procession will go on.

Except for the defection of Russia in 1917, the war might have ended a year earlier, the League of Nations might have functioned smoothly, and the whole course of human history been changed. It is this fact and immediate aims which give to the Russian problem such tremendous importance, and emphasize the possibility that the way of Russia and Germany may become the way of the world. The complications have been aptly expressed by Prof. Irving Babbitt thus: "When studied with any degree of thoroughness, the economic problem will be found to run into the political problem, the political problem in turn into the philosophical problem, and the philosophical problem itself to be almost indissolubly bound up with the religious problem."



New government buildings being erected at Moscow. They will be nearly all glass and steel, with each floor almost one continual long window facing on all sides.



A general view of the construction on the Dnieper River Dam at Kichkas, Russia. The dam, which will be the world's largest when completed, will furnish hydro-electric power for industrial purposes.

IN discussing the various problems of Europe and Asia we need to unfold the scroll of history and to consult the adequate set of maps mentioned in the article preceding this, which related to the forgiveness and forgetting of war debts. Here are some points which seem to stand up as fact:

1. The Great European War was fought because Germany challenged the right of Britain to dominate world trade, notably the trade of the Orient. The squabble revolved chiefly around the matter of building a railroad in Turkey which offered a threat to traffic through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean Sea.

2. Germany believed Italy would aid her, while Russia would remain neutral, hence she would be able to defeat Britain and France. The British merchant marine was to be wiped out in the submarine campaign, and British bottoms to be replaced with her own.

3. German victory would have consolidated Central Europe or Mitteleuropa under her domination, given her an open road through the Near East and subjected India, with its enormous commercial treasures, to her will.

4. The Putsch into Mesopotamia and Palestine was immediately intended to cut the Red Sea trade artery, thus to a large extent isolating

food for the starving. China needs surplus wheat.

7. Germany now seeks, with the aid of Austria, Russia and Turkey, to gain objects denied her during the war; and Allied discord makes these objects possible if not certain.

8. The economic structure having suffered severely, surplus capital has been thrown more recklessly than usual into the breach of broken-down diplomacy, and this policy has found its highest expression in the support Russia's Five-Year Plan has received in the United States, and in the frantic effort to keep Germany from going Bolshevik.

"Russia has become the leader in overland expansion," says Botsford. "With the advent of the industrial revolution the possession of an ice-free port became more essential than ever before. Bound in by other countries to the west, she attempted to force her way through the Balkans. Checked on every hand, she next turned eastward, gradually occupying the vast region of Siberia."

And P. S. Reinsch, another chronicler of events, notes:

"Of all European powers, Russia is in some respects the most successful as a colonizer in Asia. Herself semi-Oriental, she is not so far above the various tribes of the Asiatic plains as to misunderstand them. The Russians have an insinuating manner and great tact [Continued on page 46]



A workman in a Leningrad mill putting heads on matches.



Illustrated
By
R. S. Herbert

The ape leaped with the box in his arms and squatted on Kerney, his little head cocked, listening to the macabre tick of the clockworks.

At Six o' the Clock

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

THE harbor of Saint John in the later days of the war looked like a chimaera, like the nightmare of a madman, or the most inspired creation of a color-crazed artist. The ships—painted garishly in slanting stripes and whorls of weird design, their hulls, their funnels, all bedight with drab hues in pattern most bizarre. Camouflaged, they were, that the questing eye of the periscope might not spy them as they blended with the shades of sea and sky. They were no longer ships, but were wolves of the deep, lean, gaunt, mysterious, clad in their armour of color, ready to run invisibly apast the watching eyes of death.

From the window of his hotel room, high above the city of back-breaking hills, Bergin, a cigar clamped between his thick lips, tiny, porcine eyes glittering in their casements of flesh, like black beads deep set in dough, plump, ringed fingers toying with the small gold mitrailleuse that was his watch-charm—Bergin surveyed the strange kaleidoscope along the docks, below the tall grain elevators and long conveyors, with appreciation that had in it more than a suggestion of derision.

He pulled out his watch, and as if for him just to glance at the dial that by night was luminous, sufficed to bring results, there was a furtive knock at the door and when he spoke a guttural command to enter, the door opened and Kerney stepped into the room, closing the door behind him and giving the key a deft turn. Kerney's eyes, gray and wavering, met the small orbs of Bergin for a mere second, then stayed away from them. Kerney could look a man in the eyes if he had to, but with Bergin he had strange business and he rather wished—this docksider, this gambler and tout—who had been everything

yet was nothing—that Bergin had no eyes. It would be better, mused Kerney, to do such business as this with a blind man, not with a great toad who watched you steadily, unblinkingly, whose eyes were so small and in the flesh embedded that you could not even surmise what was in them.

"Have a cigar," said Bergin. "And sit down. Are you all ready?"

Kerney merely nodded. He helped himself to a cigar from Bergin's dark leather case outheld to him, sat down in the mouse-colored, over upholstered chair and bit the end off his perfecto. It was evening now, the whistles of the factories made a shrill din and the town-clock went through its monotonous, hourly spasm—up-down, up-down, up-down, up-down—then six long, slow resonant strokes. People were leaving the ships and factories now, streaming out, going homeward, laughing and talking. What if the weird ships lay at the docks and rode at anchor in the stream? The front of battle was far, far away. It didn't touch them, save when the octopus-armed thing that was War, reached into their little heaven and plucked away a son, a brother, a father. Perhaps a ship had been burned to the water's edge by a U-Boat down the Bay of Fundy. But then again, perhaps it was only a rumor.

Bergin was a big business-man—nobody knew precisely what the big business was—maybe munitions, maybe foodstuffs—lots of fortunes were being built up on death-dealers and life-givers. Bergin got by.

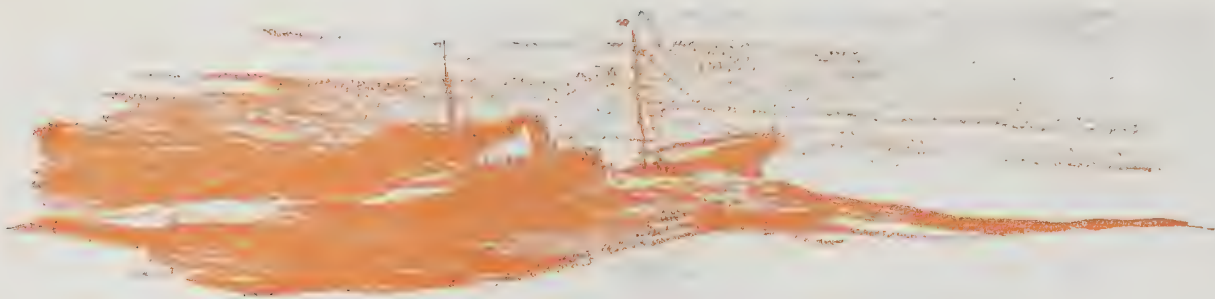
He had papers to show his interests were legitimate enough and he contributed to all the relief funds, helped the Red Cross with great generosity and stood as rigidly as the most rigid when bands played the national anthem.

"We will blow them into hell," said Bergin softly, the cigar still between his gross lips. "Of them there shall not be left a bone upon a bone. And this vessel, the Arranmore—she will go down to the bottom, a hole in her big enough to run a tugboat through. Does it not appal you, my friend—that you should bear a part in such a holocaust? She carries—let me see—all in all, with her officers, her gunners, her crew, some thirty souls. It is a pity, but war is like that and is it not better that thirty should perish than that the thirty be permitted to carry across the means of killing thousands? Obviously it is better. So here is the little box—"

From a brown Gladstone bag that sat on the luggage-bench at the foot of the bed, Bergin produced an oblong box of brown cardboard—an inoffensive, guileless-looking box such as contain alarm-clocks purchased from the stores. When, though, Bergin lifted the top, a thin metal box was seen to fit the other perfectly and in this—

"See," he said to Kerney, whose eyes, no longer shifty, but fixed, glued, upon the box, were filled with the shrinking of his spirit, the cowardice that always beset him at the outset of any evil act and haunted him until, the act accomplished, there succeeded to it triumph, gloating, renewed confidence in his ability to defeat the laws of man and mock at those of God.

"I see," whispered Kerney. "Simple little affair, what?"



"Ah," smiled Bergin. "It is a masterpiece. The key, you will observe, is at the top and this dial beside it—Now, I move the indicator about, you observe, and the pretty little alarm-clock is all set to go off this time tomorrow—at sunset. What time more fitting to bid swift adieu to life—pleasant, unexpected adieu, for they, the fools, with straining eyes and extended binoculars and telescopes, will be scanning the seas for the shark-fins that are periscopes. It is a merciful death—far more so than that which waits on the passage of a torpedo through the water to find its mark amidships. Here there is no doubt, no suspense—just death."

Kerney licked his thin lips, that were dry, cracked and stiff. Kerney could do such things as this that Bergin was paying him for, but to talk callously about them, as Bergin did, to speculate upon them and seek to justify their doing—that was too much for him. It was wholesale murder—nothing more nor less. But he had already killed in fashion even as cowardly. So, one murder or thirty—what matter? In his boyhood he had been taught something of his religion, of the commandments. He recalled—"He who shall offend in one, does become guilty of all; that is, the observance of the other commandments will not avail him unto salvation." And Bergin was paying him well. And who would ever know? This Bergin, for all his grossness, his huge size and seeming ponderousness, was smooth as a worn sixpence, was a schemer and a reckless one. Kerney had confidence in Bergin's power and ability to see him through. For it was to Bergin's interest as well as his own that there be no hitch in their plans. Justice, in cases such as this, was swift and dire, and enemies within did not receive the courtesies of war, such as they might be, vouchsafed to those without.

Bergin, the infernal machine held still, almost fondly, it seemed, in his fat white hands, was staring amusedly at Kerney. Bergin had no use for such as Kerney, no use for any of the tools he employed in his work. He despised them. He did not fear them, for the seal was upon them and if they had it in their power to hang him or put him before a ready firing-squad, he had it in his, likewise, to see them to the traitor's death.

"Not afraid?" he said lightly, elevating the dark bushy line of his brows. "I am going with you tonight, my friend; it will be dark as Hades. There will be someone on lookout at the bow of the Arranmore, but when you swarm up the anchor chain with the little clock here strapped to your back, the lookout will become suddenly deaf—as deaf as he will be blind and dumb. Tonight he will leave the ship—desertions are common these days. And when she heaves up anchor and sails down the Bay with her cargo of ammunition, she will be carrying this box, that is not listed in her bill of lading, this stowaway more important than all the passengers. Now, it is early, but if you care to dine with me—"

Dine—Kerney shuddered. He did not feel like eating. What sort of man was this, who could take things so casually—think of food in the same moment he thought of wholesale destruction; Kerney was not made that way. He had not always been the rat that Bergin took him for. He came from a family of sturdy, seafaring stock, known all along the Fundy shore for their courage and honesty. But he, from early youth, had been a drunkard, a waster, tangled-up in this messy affair and that. He lived by his wits, and, since pickings these days were poor, he had listened readily to Bergin, sent to him by whom he could not guess, but quick to see he had been directed to the right man.

"I have no stomach for food," said Kerney shortly, putting away the half-smoked cigar and lighting a cigarette, inhaling its smoke with relief. "I think I'll go now, Bergin."

"You will not forget—to come back?" Bergin's eyes, in the swift-thickening twilight were invisible; there was only a flat white face, oddly marked by the black brows.

"Told you I'd come back," muttered Kerney.

"Your word is good," said Bergin. "Around midnight then."

KERNEY left the hotel and walked swiftly through the streets, grateful for the evening coolness. He had not given much thought to what he was about to do, save to save his conscience by telling himself he was only a cog in the machine; that Bergin and those behind him were really the guilty ones and that if he didn't do it someone else would. Anyway, in what was this different from hurling a grenade into a trenchful of men. It was war—sure, that's what it was. And Bergin was paying him well for it. Bergin had come across very handsomely already. And there would be more when he had fulfilled his obligation.

Kerney, after walking about until dark, went to Sharkey Dan's place on Water Street. He had a small dinghy moored to the iron rail of the steps at the foot of the Hill of the Three Lamps. Bergin and he would row to the Arranmore where she swung heavily, straining on the cable of the single bow-anchor that held her. He saw her riding-lights, isolated pinpoints in the darkness. He pictured himself boarding her, his hands gripping the icy links of her huge chain; reaching her hawse-pipe, getting on top the fo'c's'le . . . no easy task . . . and with that accursed thing strapped to him . . .

Bergin was in the hotel lobby waiting when Kerney came there. Kerney's hat was pulled low

over his thin, ferret-like face. More than ever, he feared men's eyes tonight. He nodded to Bergin, glanced at the clock. Bergin gestured towards a chair, rose as Kerney seated himself, and went upstairs. Kerney waited impatiently, wishing the business were over and done with. Then Bergin came down, the box under his arm. Kerney joined him and they went out. To the clerk, idly paring his nails behind the counter, they were of little interest. And the streets were pitchy black, since no lights burned in the seaport towns along the Fundy shore.

"I will row," said Bergin when they clambered into the dinghy.

It had not occurred to Kerney that Bergin might be a sailor; and yet, thinking of it now, as the little boat fought strongly upstream against the outrushing tide, he recalled having seen the fringe of a tattooed mark on Bergin's forearm once when his cuff slipped back. Bergin rowed well and quietly over the dark water to the lights of the Arranmore; the dinghy slid under her bows and Kerney gripped a gigantic link of the chain cable, until Bergin shipped the oars and slipped the painter about the chain. The box, that Kerney had held in his lap where he sat in the stern-sheets, Bergin took now, and, opening it, wound the mechanism. He had rigged an arrangement of cords that enabled Kerney to carry the thing on his back, untroubled by it, as with practiced agility he climbed up the cable into the gloom of the vessel's overhanging bows. It was touchy work after he had reached the hawse-pipe. How terrible, he thought, if he should lose his numb hand-hold and go tumbling down into the dinghy. Would the machine explode, killing him and Bergin, tearing the steamer's bows apart? Kerney's hands seemed to lose all power and in his heart was a great, shrinking sickness. But he had to go on and up. Unexpectedly his groping hands touched a line that hung down there . . . a godsend.

He lay flat on the Arranmore's fo'c's'le, winning back his breath, eager to be through with this. He could see nothing, but he felt that the watch was over there leaning against the port rail. The radiance of the masthead lights did not come near the decks. The darkness was unrelieved as Kerney crept down the ladder into the forward well and tiptoed across it. He could find his way in deeper darkness about such vessels as this . . . tramps from Clydebank, built all on the same general scheme. He went down into the stoke-hold, where dim bulbs burned and there was gleaming brass and the [Continued on page 24]



He had rigged an arrangement of cords that enabled Kerney to carry the thing on his back, untroubled by it, as with practiced agility he climbed up the cable into the gloom of the vessel's overhanging bows.

SADIE bent over the ironing board, smoothing, with her coarse brown hands, a gossamer, nainsook, baby dress. She was unexpectedly dexterous with the dainty lace frills. A crooning smile played in the corners of her wide mouth.

Her mother, sitting by the kitchen window with her lap full of mending, looked at Sadie, a puzzled frown on her wrinkled face. Her daughter had always been a little difficult for Mrs. Kyle to understand. Today the old lady felt compelled to speak her mind plainly.

"Sadie," she said, "it does beat all, to see you standin' there, foolin' away at them dainty baby duds, and you in that terrible get-up. You're queer! I can't make you out, nohow!"

The old lady pushed her hand into a very worn sock, contemplated the holes, and sighed.

The younger woman raised a smiling face to her mother's half-veiled reproof. "That so, ma? What's wrong with me this time?"

"I can't see what you want to go traipsin' 'round in them pants fer all day long, and you nursin' a baby. It don't look natural. Fact is, t'ain't decent. It's time you had more sense. Why in the world can't you put on a proper house dress, and act like a woman. I did think, once you got a baby, you'd change your ways a bit; but your baby's three months old, and you ain't a mite different. What's ailin' you?"

Sadie answered a bit sharply, "Well! I can't let the farm fall to pieces, just because I've got a baby, can I?"

"There ain't no need for you to do farm work, at all. You've just got crazy notions."

"I guess I'm the best judge of what's needing to be done around here," Sadie replied, and banged the iron down on the board.

"There, you needn't get yourself into a tear, just because I speak my mind. But I think you're makin' a big mistake. Neither Stan nor any other man thanks a woman for takin' over his work. There's other ways o'bossin' a farm, besides bein' a hired man and puttin' on overalls. Stan ran the farm hiself fer seven years before you married him, and I guess he done it all right. If you'd look around this house, there's lots o'things need fixin' that would keep you busy enough, without goin' out to the barn and fields, and gettin' yourself all smelled up with cattle and horses. T'ain't fair to the baby, neither. Here you've got a sweet little girl, after you've been six years married and we all thought you'd never have any children, and you go around like a man, and everybody's talkin' about you. You must be queer."

Sadie was about to reply, hotly, to her plain-spoken mother, but the telephone rang, and Mrs. Kyle went to answer it.

The old lady was having one of her lengthy chats with a neighbor. Sadie finished ironing, and laying



She wished she might be a farmer, pitching her strong body against nature, warring with the elements, making things grow.

Consummation

By Elizabeth Rydon

Illustrated By John Little

the little garments carefully aside, went out and sat on the porch. She did not often indulge in an idle period during the daytime.

Her mother's outburst had irritated her. She had heard most of it before. She knew, too, that the neighbors discussed her masculine habits and labors among themselves, and scoffed at her. She resented these busy-bodies, though she seldom complained of them. Sadie realized that their cattishness was the result of both ignorance and lack of understanding. Her mind drifted back to the days in Bradley when she had been the general servant of Doctor Cannon's wife. Mrs. Cannon had taken her when she was fifteen, and trained her with an eye to the future. Knowing Sadie to be the dull, unattractive type of girl who did not appeal to men, Mrs. Cannon hoped the girl would be almost a lifetime investment. Sadie stayed with the doctor's family seven years, because her mother was a widow with four other younger children to

provide for. Mrs. Kyle went out nursing by the day, and with the help of Sadie's small wages, managed to keep her children clothed and fed until the boys had good jobs and the girls married.

Sadie was past twenty-one before she realized that she had never had a date with a boy. If she ever went to a concert or to church, some of the doctor's children usually accompanied her. She had developed into a large limbed, flat-breasted woman, with a round, simple looking face, and coarse complexion. Her black hair was straight and unmanageable. Her mouth was wide, and she grinned often, showing large, white, uneven teeth. Yet, from her nose up to where the white skin of her forehead disappeared into her black hair, there was a subtle beauty. This beauty was not outstanding to a casual observer, but after you had looked at Sadie for some time you were impressed by the exquisite shape of her nose and the aura of fur-like softness which surrounded her fine grey eyes. Heavy dark eyebrows set wide apart, lent them depth, and this intriguing softness.

Something had been growing within herself since the marriage of her youngest sister—a feeling of frustration and resentment. The wedding guests, at the party which her mother had spread for them with Sadie's wages, had joked about her unmarried state. They took it as a matter of course that she would remain a spinster, remain somebody's servant, meekly handing over her wages to her mother. It was perfectly true

that men never flattered her with their attentions, so that the jokes were somewhat justified. What angered Sadie most was their thinking her too dumb to feel hurt about it. To them, she was a simple, good-natured girl.

Her spirit burned. She was sick and tired of her meek and mild life; absolutely fed up with Mrs. Cannon, and her dishes, and housework, and children with all their demands. Was she never to have any money of her own? Was she always to be a dumb slave with no feeling?

WHEN her next pay day came, Mrs. Kyle arrived as usual to spend the afternoon, have a good supper at the doctor's expense, and collect her daughter's wages. She had the habitual whining complaints of bills needing to be paid.

"I do declare," she whimpered, "seems like I can't catch up with things, and now, of course, I won't have Daisy's wages to fall back on!"

Sadie was unsympathetic. "You never did have much of Daisy's wages to fall back on, did you, ma?"

Mrs. Kyle looked at her sharply. "What do you mean? Daisy gave me all she could spare. A girl out to business has to have clothes."

"Certainly!" Sadie admitted bitingly, "And a girl in service wears her mistress' cast-offs, if she happens to be anywhere near the same size!"

"Well, I do declare! you ain't jealous of Daisy, are you?"

"Not at all, ma, but now the girls are married and the boys send you money very often, and you are quite able to support yourself, why, I don't think you need my wages any longer."

Mrs. Kyle was speechless for a moment. "You mean you're goin' to keep your money for yourself?"

"Yes, you don't need it, and I do!"

"But what could you need it fer?"

"To save up for my old age, since you've all told me that I'm not likely to get a husband, and, therefore, shan't ever have a docile daughter to support me."

The look on her mother's face made Sadie's heart beat faster, but she determinedly stood her ground.

Mrs. Kyle rose, sniffing. "If that's your mind, Sadie, and you're goin' to turn against me, now that I'm old and alone, I guess I better be goin'. Good-bye!" She looked pathetic, but Sadie was unmoved. The mother went out quickly, drooping as she went.

From then on, Sadie was a different girl. Mrs. Cannon was afraid to inquire into the change for fear her valuable servant would leave; but she increased Sadie's wages to prevent them being offered as an excuse.

Sadie, somehow, felt that she was on the verge of a great happening. Something delicious, and exciting, and adventurous seemed stirring within her. She thought it must, perhaps, be the spring. The passing of winter always made her feel that she must burst open the walls of the house and escape. She liked to get outside to dig flower-beds, and rake up the yard, and plant vegetable seeds.

The Cannons lived on the edge of the little town. The red brick house, built on a hill, overlooked surrounding farm land. Sadie took to leaning on the back fence and gazing down, meditatively, upon the farms below. The farmers, ploughing and planting, looked like toy creatures on a model panorama, when viewed from the hill. Sadie longed to be down there, stumbling in the soft earth after a team of fine horses. She was as strong as some men. She felt she could plough, and seed, and harrow, with the next one. She wished she might be a farmer, pitching her strong body against nature, warring with the elements, making things grow. Her spirit caressed a beautiful emerald patch below her, which was a field of fall wheat. It lay like a voluptuous jewel against the deep rich brown of new ploughed soil.

Sadie gripped the fence with her thick, red fingers. "If I could only be down there, be a part of it, with no irritating, greedy relatives, no exacting mistress, no dragging round of meals and dishes!"

Then the voice of Mrs. Cannon, calling her, tore painfully through the fabric of her dreams.

WHEN Stan Saunders drove into Cannon's yard, one spring morning, with his usual supply of vegetables, he was doing nothing more than he had done weekly for several years. But, when Sadie came out of the back door to make her customary selection, he did not, as formerly, get on with the business of selling vegetables. He stood, smiling broadly at Sadie. He was not a very tall man, but stocky and strong. Thick shouldered, fair haired, and almost slavish of features. He had something of the simple country look which Sadie possessed, though he was pretty shrewd with his business.

"Gee!" he said, diving his hands in his pockets, "You're all dolled up this mornin', ain't yuh?"

Sadie grinned. "Maybe, Stan," was all she ventured. She felt more self-conscious than she ever had before in her life.

She had spent her wages on a pair of new shoes and stockings and a pink and white striped house dress, just to do the work in. Moreover, she had gone to the town's best hairdresser, had her long, black hair shingled and marcelled. The change in Sadie was breath taking, if you didn't mind her complexion. Stan didn't. He was seeing, for the first time, that beautiful, alluring softness about her brow and eyes.

"Gosh! I'd never believed you could look so swell, Sadie Kyle. What you been doin' to yerself?"

"Just keeping a little of my hard-earned money for my own use, that's all."

Stan was a bachelor, a confirmed one, the neighbors said. He had been farming alone for several years. Apart from what he grew himself, he made a nice little profit by buying fruit and vegetables from commission agents in a nearby city, and selling them, in turn, to the town's people of Bradley.

Perhaps the spring weather and this new Sadie were too much for him.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "I got a new Ford. She's a peach. Can I take you drivin' tonight?"

Sadie seemed not to hear. She was examining the vegetables.

Stan's face got very red. "Aw, yeh ain't mad, are yeh? Don't think I'm gettin' fresh or nothin', do yeh? I mean all right. Sadie, will yeh?"

Mrs. Cannon appeared in the kitchen doorway. Sadie answered hurriedly, "Sure, I'll go after supper."

Mrs. Cannon was not impressed with this changed Sadie. She looked from one to the other of the pair, suspiciously.

For two weeks Sadie and Stan went driving almost every evening. The girl felt as if everything in her life had become detached from her. She sat in the open car, beside Stan, with the sweet wind rushing over her face, and inside her something bubbled and sang. Some urge within her seemed to want to fly. She was not in love with Stan, she was in love with life and movement. But Stan didn't understand that. To a man, that rapturous look on a girl's face could mean only one thing—the attraction of sex.

He stopped the car on a side road, one beautiful, pulsing, thrumming evening.

"What are you stopping for? Something wrong with the car?" Sadie asked blankly.

For answer, Stan turned squarely round and sat facing her. "No, not the car," he said bluntly. "It's me! Sadie, I want to marry you! Will you?"

She had expected it, but it had come, like a ball you have been waiting for and is over shot. Her mind fumbled it for a moment, and her hands in her lap clasped themselves tightly over her gloves, as if, indeed, she had the ball, but it might yet slip through her fingers.

Stan was impatient. "Gosh! I'm crazy about you, girl. It's as if you'd suddenly woke up. You seem all new and wonderful. Say you'll marry me, Sadie!"

Sadie's wide grin came out. She turned full to him. His arms shot around her swiftly. Her thick arms went around his neck and hugged him tightly. Manlike, his mouth searched for her lips, and found them in hungry satisfaction. A little later, Sadie leaned back in the seat, somewhat dazed from her first experience at love making. She did not like it over much. She felt rather spent after Stan's fierce outburst, but her broad smile was still there.

"Will you marry me, Sadie?"

"Sure I will, Stan! I'd love to!"

He reached for her again, exhilarated. She fended him off. "You stop!" she cried. "You're too rough!"

He threw back his head and laughed, happily.

"When will the wedding be?" he queried.

"Whenever you say," she replied, guardedly.

"Great!" he cried. "We'll get married next week!"

"But Stan—?"

"It's settled!" he shouted, and started the car.

THERE was no wedding party for Sadie. One of her sisters was having a baby, and her mother had closed the family cottage and gone away to dance attendance on a more favored daughter. Mrs. Cannon was quite furious because Sadie would not put off her wedding until after spring housecleaning. Altogether, the marriage was a very quiet, simple affair.

All this mattered nothing to Sadie. She lived as one detached. She had an appearance of gloating, almost as if she had rubbed Aladdin's lamp; her wish had miraculously materialized. One of the small farms in the valley, over which she had so often brooded, was now to be hers. There would be no Mrs. Cannon commanding—Sadie do this, or Sadie make that. A whining mother and selfish sisters would make fewer demands and still fewer unflattering remarks. She was free, and she felt like Gulliver in Lilliput, capable of taking the whole land up in her arms.

The first time Sadie appeared at the barn in overalls, high boots, and a cap, Stan stood still in amazement.

"Gosh!" he exploded. "Fer a second I couldn't believe my own eyes. Thought you was a man! What's the idea?"

"I've come to work," replied Sadie, calmly.

"Work!" ejaculated Stan. "Ain't you got plenty up at the house? Besides, you've worked since you was a little kid. I want you to take it easy now."

"I've done all the work I need to do at the house, for a while. And I don't want to take it easy. I'm not going to spend my days doing housework. I hate being in the house. I like being outside. Are you going to stop me?"

Stan pulled back his cap and scratched his head, perplexed. "What will the neighbors say at me lettin' my new bride work 'round the barn?" he queried, helplessly.

"Dang the neighbors! Let 'em mind their own business. They'll have plenty to do."

"But they'll talk, just the same."

"Let 'em!"

"But what can you do 'round here, Sadie, more'n a few chores?"

"Don't worry, there's plenty to do by the looks of things. Look at this barn; almost everything needs mending or fixing. I ain't only going to do chores. I'll do the same as you, I've always wanted to."

"You mean out in the fields?"

"Sure, why not?"

Stan shook his head. He couldn't figure it out. This was not the pink and white, marcelled Sadie that he had fallen in love with. The cap did not become her.

"Oh, well," he said, sighing in bewilderment. "I guess you'll get over it. Go ahead, as long as you are happy."

[Continued on page 27]



The first time Sadie appeared at the barn in overalls, high boots and a cap, Stan stood still in amazement.

"Making Medicine"

By the Hon. Frank Oliver

INDIAN place names and descriptive phrases as we have them in English are frequently uncouth and sometimes meaningless. But it would be a mistake to assume that the original idea was similarly expressed in Indian words. The difficulty arises from the translation having taken form when the white man's knowledge of the Indian language was limited and the various shades of meaning of its words were not well understood. When fuller knowledge was acquired and proper translations might have been made, it was too late. Names and phrases had already become fixed.

Possibly the term "Medicine Man" has suffered more than any other from awkward translation. There is in fact no English word or phrase that properly describes the place in the social system of the Indian races occupied by the person who is spoken of in English as the "Medicine Man." I do not undertake to define just what his position is, or was, for I don't know. And I don't believe that any other white man does. I know that he is not what we would understand by the name we have given him. Preparing or administering medicine was not the chief (if any) part of his service. That was especially the work of the "old wives" (wise women who had graduated in the school of experience) whose practical knowledge of disease symptoms and of medicinal herbs and their uses was of undoubted value from generation to generation. Whatever else he might claim to be or do I know not; but I do know that he claimed supernatural powers used ostensibly in healing as in many other important affairs of life.

Because the Medicine Man undertook to heal without drugs he is usually written down as an imposter, who played on the ignorance and superstition of his fellows. Possibly that is the fact. But on the other hand I am not so sure that under modern conditions it may not be necessary to revise that view. There are today too many thousands of devout believers in non-medical healing amongst well educated and highly cultured people of many different outlooks throughout the world to compel the Indian to be marked as a fakir merely because he undertook to heal without medicine and used methods understood only by the cult of which he was a member. It may fairly be noted that the Indian Medicine Man maintained his reputation through untold ages of Indian history; which argues that his pretensions must—or at any rate, may—have had some foundation.

In this connection I am reminded of an incident that occurred in 1882, on the occasion of a "thirst dance" that was held by a gathering of Crees on the flat, between the site of the present Edmonton City power house and the foot of the first bench of the river valley on which the Hudson Bay fort was situated.

THE Thirst Dance of the Crees is I believe practically the same as the Sun Dance of the Blackfeet. It is in fact a great pagan ceremony common to all the Indians of the Great Plains. I do not know the initial inspiration or final objective of the Thirst Dance. I do not know anyone else who does. I can only tell what I saw.

The Indians of the district with their families gathered in large numbers. A long open-top tent of green boughs was erected with a tall pole in the centre, strongly stayed. Outside the tent, or screen of boughs, and extending westerly from the entrance were several little pens made of small poplar poles. There would possibly be eight or ten.

The main ceremonial feature within the tent was the initiation of young braves by torture. The little pens outside were the places in which the sacrifice of the Thirst Dance was performed.

The torture—the initiation ceremony—by which young men became braves, was striking—not to say ghastly—enough. From the top of the central pole several strong leather lines hung to the ground. The candidate was fastened to the end

of one of these lines by two wooden pins which passed through the flesh of his breast on either side of the breast bone. The several candidates were fastened to lines at the same time and danced around the pole amid a chorus of shouts and to the sound of the drum. As they danced circling the pole they threw themselves backward so that the wooden pins by which they were fastened to the lines would after a time tear away the flesh and so break their connection with the pole. When this occurred they had become qualified as braves, and were in the enjoyment of full tribal citizenship. Until it occurred they were not—and could not be—so accepted. Clearly the situation carried with it an intensity of interest for the relatives and friends of the several candidates for honors, as well as for themselves, that need not be enlarged upon.

There were other ceremonies that were less spectacular but may have been quite as important from the pagan point of view. Of these the Thirst Dance seemed to me even more "uncanny" than the making of braves. It was a form of pagan sacrifice performed in fulfilment of a vow made when interceding for supernatural help. A hunter might be in danger from a wild animal; a mother might fear for her child; an endless variety of occasions might give cause for the vow to be made. At the beginning of the ceremonies each dancer took his or her place in one of the little pens already mentioned. The time was mid June. The sky was clear and blue, the sun hot, the days long and the cool of night was short. There was not a breath of wind. The dancers must not drink, or eat, or rest from their standing position, nor shelter themselves from the sun for three whole days and nights. They must keep time to every beat of the drum by the jolting motion from the knees upward that is Indian dancing. The feet are not lifted. Each dancer carried a goose bone whistle with which from time to time were produced discordant and unearthly sounds. The dancers, eight or ten in all, were mostly approaching middle life. Perhaps a third were women. At night the scene was especially weird. The weary and dishevelled dancers, the changing shadows from the fire lights; the blanketed Indian watchmen moving around singly and silently; the movements of the dancers to the never-ending beat of the drum, with such shrieking of whistles as might suggest a soul in torment, created a picture to be remembered for a lifetime.

The torture by which braves were made had the redeeming feature that it was a test of the courage and endurance of young men. It had in it the element of competition. It proved possession of the qualities that were a first necessity in maintenance of the tribal life, as that life had been. It

was not a matter of mystery and was not obviously related to the supernatural.

The Thirst Dance was altogether different. It was essentially of the unseen, the mysterious, the supernatural. The dancers had vowed to the Manitou (the spirit of good) or for ought I know to the Mucho-Manitou (the spirit of evil) and were paying their vow. That they had devout belief in the sanctity of the sacrifice was amply proven by the torments of thirst and weariness to which they had condemned themselves and stoically endured.

On the morning of the third day the dancers had gone forty-eight hours without water or rest and still had twenty-four hours to go before their vows would be fulfilled. The first and second days had been hot and there seemed every probability that the third would be still hotter. Early in the forenoon of that day Kenneth Macdonald, owner of river lot twenty (now the penitentiary property) and one of the most intelligent and reliable of our settlers (he was an ex H.B. Co. employee and came from Stornoway, in "The Lewis"), came into my store and incidental to making some trifling purchase mentioned that the thirst dancers had already suffered severely and were in for another bad day. He spoke Cree, and understood it thoroughly. He went on to say that "Shining Elbow," the Medicine Man of Blue Quill's band (from the neighborhood in which is located the present railway town of Willingdon) had "made medicine" during the night and had recently given out that for the relief of the dancers he would bring rain that day. No one was allowed to give drink of any kind to the dancers, but if rain fell they would be entitled to all the benefit they could get by sucking from their blankets or clothing any moisture that was caught.

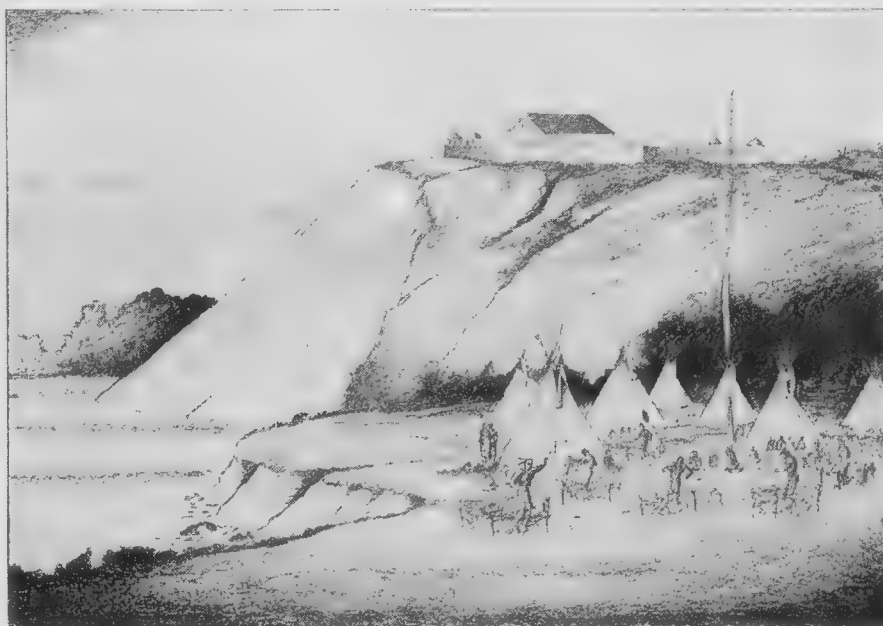
At the time Mr. Macdonald spoke to me the sky was an absolutely clear blue dome, and so remained for several hours. But about two o'clock in the afternoon there appeared in the south-western quarter of the sky a small and very black cloud which at first was no bigger than a man's hand. Within an hour it had overspread the sky and there was a sharp and welcome shower. In another half hour or so the sky was again as clear and blue as it had been before.

Having been present I can personally vouch for the circumstances as above stated. That the sky clouded, the rain fell and the sky again completely cleared within a couple of hours was a matter beyond question. The promise of the Medicine Man to bring rain on the afternoon in question was a subject of common talk amongst Edmonton people generally throughout the forenoon. The occasion arose during a direct appeal to unseen and higher powers in the dance of sacrifice. The case for supernatural intervention would seem to be fully established.

On the other hand: On relating the incident years later to a weatherwise plainsman, he offered in explanation that if, say, about two o'clock in the morning the sky showed cirrus clouds, that was a promise of rain twelve hours later. His suggestion was that Shining Elbow had seen such clouds in the early morning and based his promise not on magic but on his knowledge of weather signs.

THIS explanation of the "Indian medicine" is simplicity itself—if it really explains. For my own part, during a long residence in the prairie west I have never seen weather signs that were infallible or even moderately reliable.

I am not a believer in magic either of white man or Indian, as a proven fact. I do not think that such belief is good for the human mind in the guidance of human action. But I cannot deny that taking the records, both the most ancient and the most modern, there is what appears to be some evidence in its support. I will only say that if there is human knowledge of the mysteries of the unseen I believe that the miscalled Indian "Medicine Man" fully shared in that knowledge and therefore in the power that comes from knowledge. If there is no such knowledge then he had none.



The river bank on which the Hudson Bay Fort was situated near Edmonton was a favorite gathering place of the Crees.

Bedroom Filet for Beauty and Dignity

FILET lace—be it fine or coarse—white, cream or natural—is at the top of the mode for practically any use to which it can be turned.

In the matter of table linens, the coarse Russian filet, as it first seemed to be called, but which appears to come to us now impartially from France, Italy and China—is in immense favor. The deep cream or natural linen-colored tones in which the various versions of it come, are vastly becoming to our dark polished woods—a fact that hasn't been overlooked when it has been adapted to bedroom use in the manner of the room illustrated.

The filet spread, curtains and table cover illustrated, are intended to suggest occupation for the woman who crochets, with an ultimate transformation of her bedroom in mind. Accessories such as these would bring distinction to a room that would repay its owner for the making of many patient stitches!

For the encouragement, however, of those of my readers who do not number such needle-craft amongst their accomplishments, let me hasten to add a description of one of the most effective bedrooms I have seen in many a day, in which this self-same idea is completely carried out by the aid of imported filet pieces that had, I am sure, never been intended for the rôle.

Of course we make no fuss at all about casting a filet dining table cover in the character of a bedspread. That is done every day.

But a much cleverer trick than that has been turned in the room I mention.

For curtains at the long, rather dignified windows, filet panels that had no doubt been designed for use on long narrow tables of the refectory type, were used. Of course they had to be selected with the greatest care—for if you have ever bought so much as a set of doilies or pair of long runners for your table in this hand-made lace, you have learned how much the size can vary, even though the design is identical. This is because so much of the work is done by groups of women in the countries from which it comes—and as you know, it is unlikely that any two women will work at just the same tightness, even though they use the same size needles and thread; thus their finished design will not measure the same.

Patience and perseverance, however, located four panels of the same size, resulting in two pairs of most distinguished curtains. The bedspread and table



The Window Curtain

APPROXIMATELY 27 balls mercerized crochet cotton No. 3 are needed for a pair of curtains; steel crochet hook No. 1.

Mesh is worked same as instructed for bedspread.

In working curtain, use pattern for scarf.

Begin with 173 ch. and along ch. work 33 holes. These 33 holes correspond with the 1st 33 holes of lower row of pattern, beginning at front edge. Omit holes and border for back edge when working curtain. Continue border up front edge, working remainder of

rows in holes, until curtain is right length, 63 inches were used in curtains illustrated.

Loops for Rod—s.c. in 1st hole, ch. 25, s.c. in next hole. Repeat across width. Fasten off

Scarf for Dressing Table

APPROXIMATELY 16 balls mercerized crochet cotton No. 3; steel crochet hook No. 1.

Mesh of scarf is made in same way as bedspread.

Begin with 213 ch. and along ch. work 1 row of 41 holes (A-B). Follow pattern. Latter gives only one end of scarf. Continue border along edges and holes across centre until scarf is right length, and make 2nd end reverse of 1st.

Rose motifs are in front corners.

Scarf illustrated is 54 inches long, and if a longer scarf is required, more cotton must be allowed for it.

Tassels—Cut 35 ten-inch lengths of cotton for each tassel. Tie threads around centre, fold double and bind a half inch down from top. Draw one end of tying thread through corner hole of scarf and fasten end in top of tassel, letting tassel hang 1 inch below corner. Make tassel for each corner in same way.

[Continued on page 57]

*The Needlewoman Can Make Her Own
—The Less-Gifted Can
Purchase a Set*

By Katherine M. Caldwell

covers of course presented no problem at all—these come in many sizes. With the low price at which much of this imported hand-made filet is being offered today, it would not be impossible to manage such an outfit complete, for from perhaps twenty-five to forty dollars.

Now we shall return to the craftswoman who will fashion her own filet lace—and success to her!

Perhaps these sizes will not be exactly right for her windows and furniture—but in a design so simple as this one, she will have no trouble in expanding or reducing it.

The Bedspread

APPROXIMATELY 90 balls mercerized crochet cotton No. 3; steel crochet hook No. 1. Work is done on a scale of 2 meshes to the inch, either way. Patterns are given for single bed size and for other sizes all that is necessary is to add to width, extending border as required.

Ch. 173, turn, treble crochet (tr.) in 13th ch. from needle, *ch. 4, 1 tr. in next; repeat from * to end, 73 holes in row.

This is lowest row of pattern (for foot of bedspread) (A-B).

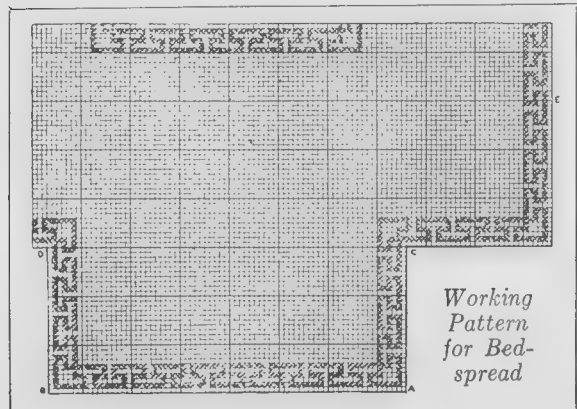
Follow pattern row after row, to C-D. Each hole or space of pattern is made of 4 ch. and 1 tr., and each closed mesh or block is made of 5 tr., not counting tr. with which preceding hole was closed.

At C, add 150 ch., working 30 holes along it. Do the same at D. (Pattern does not show this side of bedspread, which should be worked to correspond with opposite side.) In 41st row after C centre motif begins (E-F) and pattern for foot of bedspread shows 1st 7 rows of centre.

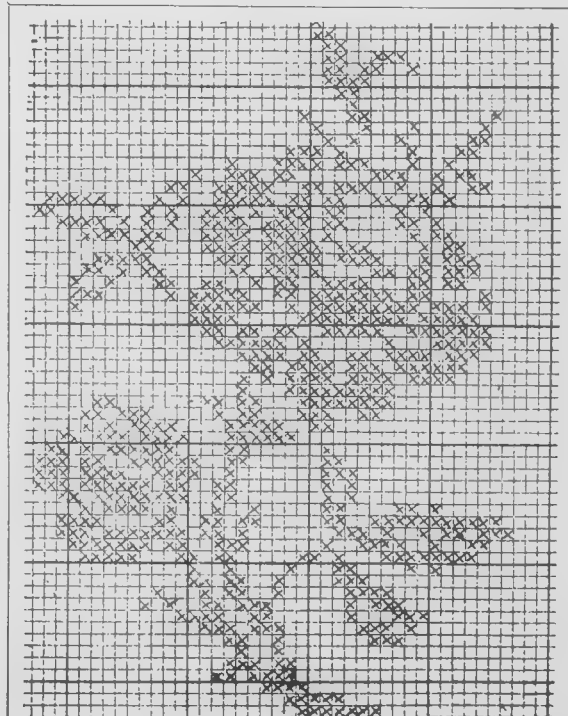
After that, work should be done with centre motif pattern, beginning with 8th row from bottom of pattern, or lowest row of centre rose spray (G-H).

Sides should be continued on their present width, enclosing centre motif in border and repeat the edge border throughout length.

After centre motif has been completed, work holes across entire centre, border at side edges, until spread is right length. In the spread illustrated, 18 inches were added to cover bolster-roll or pillow.



Working Pattern for Bedspread



Pattern for centre of Bedspread

"KUM - INN"

By Gertrude E. Walker

MRS. MERRY stretched luxuriously. No need to hurry this morning. It was only nine thirty, the Malcolms would not arrive until twelve and she had arranged with Olga to have dinner at two.

She glanced out at the lake, it shone like spun glass in the shimmering sunlight. The waves splashed an invitation. Not a move from John's cot on the verandah. Junior lay like a little cherub, his fair hair curled about his face.

Suddenly she hopped out of bed, donned her bathing suit and ran down to the lake. Swimming with easy strokes she was soon far out. Looking back at the cottage, John was on the verandah now. She waved him to come out, but his return wave seemed to stop in mid-air. Then she saw the reason.

A car had driven up in front of the cottage and seemed to literally spout people, a second followed.

Disgustedly she turned shoreward. No enjoyment in the swim now, just get back to more unwanted guests. It certainly wasn't the Malcolms. As she swam nearer she could count them, nine!

"Hello! Didn't we get here early?" The voice carried out to her. That hateful John Harmer. "We decided to start early and have breakfast with you. You can avoid the crowd that way too." She could hear that silly cackle of his.

She had promised Olga there would only be the Malcolms today. Grace Merry felt like turning round and swimming far out where they couldn't reach her. A thought of John's helplessness, if she did, made her smile.

"Mummie, hurry up! I didn't never get no good-morning kiss," hurried her long strokes, and in a moment she was standing holding Junior in her arms and extending what welcome she could to the uninvited guests.

Excusing herself as soon as possible, she hurried into the house to dress and try and appease Olga.

"Olga" she called, no answer came. "Mrs. Merry" she was hardly inside the kitchen door, "I not want to cook for all those people today," the tone was not sullen but resentful. "You say only the Malcolms. Look there!"

Mrs. Merry's eyes followed the accusing finger. Still they were nine and not one of them a real friend.

"Olga, what can we do? I didn't invite them. They just came!"

"Tell them go home again." Olga had all the stolidness of her race.

"We can't do that. I'll help you all I can. We won't need to entertain them. We'll just give them cereal and coffee for breakfast. It's all we have."

"You too polite. Dishes to wash for eleven. Olga do it this time but no more. No hot dinner!" Olga's tone was final.

"Couldn't we have fish and mashed potatoes? I think we have pie enough."

Olga shrugged her shoulders, but her eyes followed Mrs. Merry with a loving look.

Already from the living-room came the sound of the gramophone turned on. John Harmer appeared at the kitchen door immaculate in white flannels.

"Gee, I like the name of your camp, 'Kum-Inn.' It just makes you feel you want to when you see that name."

Breakfast over, everyone felt the need of a rest. "Starting so early, you know," they explained. Soon from every couch and bed came snores and groans in various degrees of inharmoniousness.

In the cottage Mrs. Merry tried to soothe Olga and at the same time plan two meals for fourteen out of what had been intended for four grown-ups and two children. On the back verandah John Merry

scaled fish. It was about half past eleven when the last laggard roused and donning bathing suits, which came at the proper moment, from the cars, raced for the lake.

Mrs. Merry hurried about putting the cottage to rights, straightening cots and beds and replacing records, etc. "Maybe they will go after their swim" she said to Olga.

DREAMS

By H. Reginald Hardy

*Dreams beneath the shelter of the cherry-blossom bough!
There it was I used to lie and dream of wealth and fame;
Those were days of happiness, and things are different now,
And yet it seems, though years slip by, I'm dreaming just the same.*

*Dim within my heart they burn like the twilight glow . . .
Memories of happy days long and long ago;
Lanes that lead to brimming pools, meadows clover sweet,
Berry patches on the hill by the waving wheat!*

*Little hopeless dreams of things that never can come true!
How I miss the honest hearts, the faces memory brings;
Ah, some are softly sleeping on the hillside in the dew
'Neath the rustling birches where a lonely robin sings.*

*Dreams of care-free loiterings down a hidden way,
Secret trystings on the hill at the close of day;
Many are the dark regrets burning on my brow . . .
Wonder, if I did return, would they know me now?*

*Dreams within my little room above the busy square!
How they haunt me through the day and wake me through the night.
Harking back unto a time when all the world seemed fair,
Thronging 'round my weary head in free, unfettered flight.*

*Laughing lips of golden youth, tender eyes of brown,
Stolen kisses at the gate as the cows came down
Far-off, long-forgotten things, Oh! How sweet they seem,
Drifting through the shadowings of my pensive dream!*

"No go, they not that kind."

The Merry verandah looked like a family boarding house when the Malcolms' car drew up at the door. Mrs. Merry hurried out. "Come on in, we've been watching for you."

Mrs. Malcolm looked at the verandah. "'Kum-Inn' seems to have justified its name" she smiled at Mrs. Merry.

"We didn't know a single one of them was coming. I only know about three of them. At the present moment I couldn't even tell you all their names. They arrived before we had breakfast."

"Never mind, Grace" Mrs. Malcolm smiled down at her.

"But I planned all week on this visit with you. Come in! There surely is room in my own cottage for my friends."

"The friends know enough not to overcrowd. We'll not stop today. Harry needs to go to Sunnyside so we'll just take this opportunity and go on there. I'll come down some day next week and we'll have a long quiet day. Suppose you give us Junior today. Mary will be disappointed if she misses her play with him."

Grace Merry looked up at her friend. "You have chosen the better part, like your namesake. Will you come down Tuesday then? You drive down early in the morning and Harry can come down with Jack.

Stay over Tuesday night and perhaps Wednesday. I know there'll be no pleasure for you here today."

IT WAS after nine that night when the Merrys watched the last tail light dis-

appear.

"John Merry," Grace sank into a chair on the verandah, "I'm through! I've been hostess for the last time to people I don't know, nor want to know, while my own friends go because we have no room for them."

"I know, Grace" he spoke quietly, "it was an awful day, but," with a man's hopelessness, "what can you do?"

"That may be the best solution a man can offer, but I'm going to do something. Another day like this and Olga leaves. She told me so tonight. I have a strong suspicion she thinks that will rouse me as nothing else. I'm sure she thinks I'm easy, maybe I am.

Do you know one of those self invited guests sympathized with her having to work so hard. I heard her telling Olga what an easy time the maid at their house had, all grown-ups, and so often none of the family at home."

"Of all the nerve!" there was no hesitation in John Merry's tone.

"I thought that might rouse you," Grace laughed. "But Olga was equal to them, her answer tickled me. 'I no like that.' I knew just what Olga's face looked like. 'I like Junior. No one home at your place, you away making it hard for other girls.' Mad as I was I had to laugh."

"That's like you Grace, mad as you are you have to laugh. I'm with you, but let's leave it for tonight. You are tired, so am I and I didn't have half the work you did."

"Well, I didn't laugh when the Malcolms went on. I was mad then, but I didn't blame them."

MONDAY, as she and Olga cleaned the cottage, they discussed ways and means.

"John," Mrs. Merry greeted him Monday night, "the name of this cottage is being changed. It is no longer 'Kum-Inn,' from now on it is 'I.G.O.' I ordered the new sign today."

"'I.G.O.' what on earth does that mean?"

"To you, 'I Go.' To self invited guests, who question, the answer is I'll admit disconcerting, 'Invited Guests Only.'" She waited a moment to let it sink in.

"Grace," John's face was a study, "isn't that rather drastic?"

"Was yesterday drastic?" She could hardly keep her face straight.

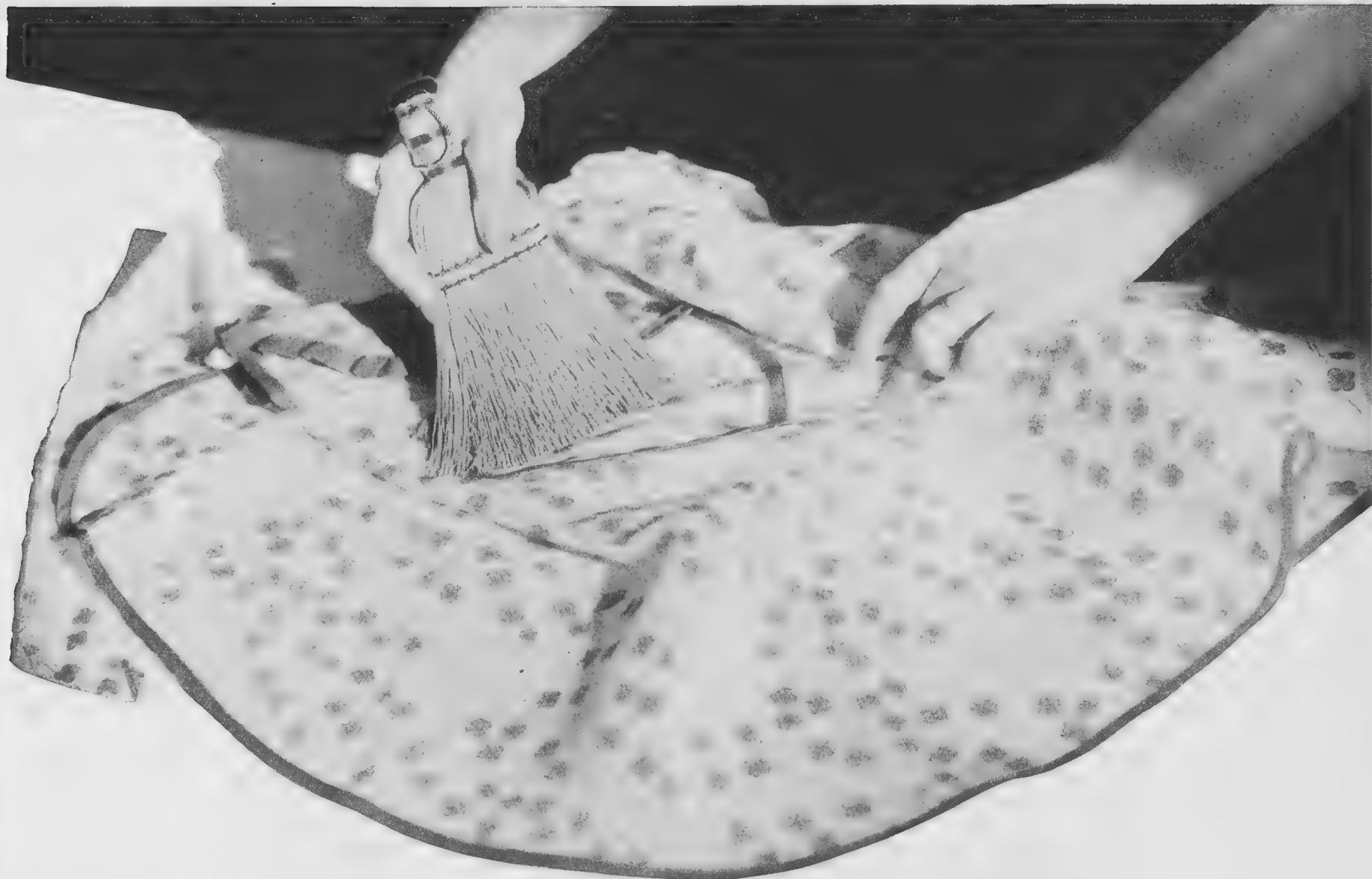
"Well, have it your own way, but, when they are here, how is that going to help?"

"That is as far as I have reached at present. The rest will work out. Junior was so plaintive today. 'I not like going away without my mother' he said so often and clung so close to me. I was heartbroken. We built this cottage so we could have the benefit of the fresh air and water and I might be with him all the time and, most of that self-same time, I'm cooking for self invited guests. As I said before, I am through! at least," the laughter came uppermost, "I hope to get through."

"Whatever you do don't lose that ability to laugh. I heard your 'I'm through' the first time and I'm with you, so long as you don't stop laughing."

That's just what I might do if this kept up" she twinkled back.

Tuesday afternoon the two women sat rocking on the verandah watching the children playing in the sand. "I see you have changed the name of the cottage," Mrs. Malcolm [Continued on page 51]



why can't you clean an apron with a whiskbroom?

Brush an apron? Or a shirt? Or the other things that make up the family wash?

You'd never in the world try it. Common sense tells you that you can't brush out that kind of dirt. It's greasy dirt. (There's grease of some sort almost everywhere, you know—even in perspiration.) Grease is what makes dirt stick so tight to clothes. You have to loosen its clinging grip before you can get the dirt out. And that's where you need the friendly help of Fels-Naptha—it brings you an added grease-loosener. Added for that very purpose!

Fels-Naptha combines unusually good soap with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. So much naptha you can smell it! Briskly, tirelessly, these two cleaners swish through the fabric, dissolving grease, loosening dirt and washing it away. The dirt comes out without hard rubbing. And your clothes have that freshness—that sweet, fragrant freshness—found only in things that are completely clean.

Because Fels-Naptha works so effectively, you don't have your hands in water long—which helps

keep them nice. For even water alone may make finger-tips "shrivel". Moreover, Fels-Naptha contains glycerine, which every woman knows is soothing to hands.

Fels-Naptha does an excellent washing job whether you soak or boil. Whether you use washing machine or tub; hot, lukewarm or even cool water. Get some today at your grocer's. (The



FELS - NAPTHA
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

10-bar carton is the most convenient way to buy it.) Use it next washday. The airy sweetness of your clothes will tell you that in Fels-Naptha you've found a capable washday helper.

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Sign Posts on the Road to Beauty

By Lois Ardwyn

BEAUTY is based on health, so the first step toward a beautiful appearance is to be sure that your body is in perfect running order. Constipation is a deadly foe of beauty; it is usually caused by eating too much starchy or sweet food, or through not drinking enough water, combined sometimes with lack of exercise. Remedy these mistakes and you will soon feel well and look well. Use whole wheat bread, bulky vegetables such as spinach, celery, beets and other greens, tomatoes, and plenty of fruit. Do a few bending exercises morning and night. Drink two quarts of water a day.



Health of mind is another aid to beauty. Why are there so many people who look unhappy? They live in the same world which others, often very much less fortunate, find good. They are embittered by life, and yet others find life a glorious adventure. What makes the difference? What is it that causes them to make others, as well as themselves, miserable? There is only one sane answer: their mental viewpoint is wrong.

Self-consciousness is a real curse to many women. Parents often sow the seeds of this handicap by careless and tactless remarks which inflict misery upon sensitive children. Once established, it takes tactful handling and will-power to overcome it. After all, self-consciousness is a universal trait—every woman wants to be liked and every woman is afraid she won't make a good impression. A real desire for self-improvement will bring love and appreciation to every daughter of Eve.

A clear complexion glowing with healthy color is a most important asset. Milk is a valuable skin food. Use the top part of rich milk which has been standing in a cool place for several hours, patting it on your face and neck at bedtime. It will keep the flesh firm and improve the texture of the skin. As a bleach for sunburn, freckles and sallowness, buttermilk is excellent. It is effective when used just as it comes from the dairy; better still when one ounce of glycerine and one drachm of simple tincture of benzoin is added to a half-pint of buttermilk. A few drops of oil of lemon give it a refreshing perfume. Sour milk is almost as useful as buttermilk if you strain off the solid portion and use only the whey. Soak a large pad of cheesecloth in the lotion and keep the face and neck moist with it for half an hour.

Milk allowed to dry on the face makes a good protection from the drying effect of sun and wind.

A COARSE skin with enlarged pores needs special treatment. Before going to bed cleanse the skin thoroughly with cleansing cream, wipe it off with face tissue. Then wash the face with warm water and pure castile soap, rinse well in warm water and then in cold, dry carefully. Afterwards use a good astringent cream that will refine the skin and close the pores. Here is a simple recipe: Beat the white of one egg, mix in one ounce of honey, and add three ounces fine oatmeal. If the paste is very thick, it may be thinned with witch-hazel or rose-water. Spread it thickly over the nose, cheeks and chin, where relaxed pores usually occur. To keep the paste off the bedclothes, wear a mask of muslin with holes for the eyes, nose and mouth, and pieces of tape tied loosely behind the head. In the morning remove the paste with warm water, followed by cold; dry carefully and massage a little skin food all over the face. Leave this on whilst you finish dressing, then wipe off with a pad of cotton-wool dipped in rose-water, and powder as usual.

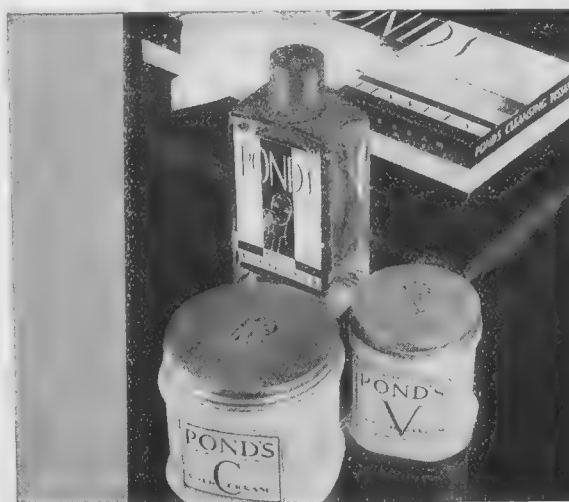
The cause of those discouraging skin blemishes, spots and pimples, is often internal, and if your diet is wrong or your elimination is faulty, the skin



is bound to suffer. Having remedied these mistakes, the following external treatment will be found beneficial. Make a thick pasty lather with tar soap and smooth it over the skin, leaving it on until it dries. Then moisten the skin again and bring the soap up to a lather. Rinse well and spread on a paste made of milk and yeast. Add sufficient fresh, sweet milk to a cake of yeast to make a creamy paste. Apply to the skin and leave until dry, sponge off with tepid water and follow with a cold rinse. Pat the skin dry and powder with plenty of bismuth powder. A week's treatment once a day should cause the spots to disappear.

The thin neck, young or old, needs oils and stimulants. First cleanse thoroughly. Then apply a mixture of skin food and olive oil to the neck, chest and chin in upward curving strokes. Start at the base of the throat and with both hands work out and up to the tops of the shoulders in half circles. Then start under the chin and follow the line of the chin to the ears. Do not rub or stretch the skin. The best movement is a succession of pressings-in with the cushiony part of the palms at the base of the thumbs.

For certain cases of excess fat there are chin straps which can be used according to directions, at home. To remove the roll of fat at the back of the neck, slap with the palms of the hands or a patten wrapped in cotton-wool which has been dipped in astringent. No part of the body needs thorough cleansing more often than the neck. For long thin necks collars should fit snugly, hair should be arranged low; knotted scarfs and turned-down hat brim are becoming. The short neck should avoid bulky collars, beads, low hair arrangements, earrings, and turned-down hat brims.



NEXT to the skin there is probably no single detail of a woman's appearance as important as the hair. Yet today we see more faded, lustreless, dry and brittle hair than ever before. This is the result of neglect to massage the scalp and brush the hair twice a day; too much shampoo of the wrong kind, drying by artificial heat, and wrong methods of waving. Brushing is the surest and cheapest way to healthy, beautiful hair. Place a piece of muslin over the hair brush, the leg of an old silk stocking is convenient. This keeps all dust and dandruff from falling back on the scalp as it is brushed off the hair. After a general brushing, part the hair and brush each section separately.

To counteract the loss of natural oil by hot drying and waving, equal parts of olive oil and castor oil should be patted into the scalp (after it has had a thorough tonic-rub) and allowed to remain on all night, using a towel to protect the pillow. A shampoo with pure castile soap and water should be given in the morning. Rinse thoroughly to get rid of all the soap. Both dry and oily hair are benefited by this treatment about every ten days. A tonic prescribed by a qualified hair specialist is a necessity to the care of the hair.

Five minutes' massage each night, combined with the daily brushing, will transform dull, lustreless hair. The correct way to massage is to place the palms of your hands on the head, press firmly and rotate them so that the whole scalp moves. Move the hands an inch higher and repeat this process until the whole head feels glowing. Change the style of your hair-dressing occasionally and add new life to your hair.



HYGIENE of the mouth is one of the most important aids to health and beauty. In perfect health the breath has no disagreeable odor, but halitosis is the result of constipation, catarrh or defective teeth. When you have cured the underlying cause you will find local treatments of great value. After cleaning the teeth use a disinfectant mouth wash. There are several good ones on the market of you may make your own from this recipe: Borac acid, fifteen grains; tincture of myrrh, fifteen drops; tincture of lavender, fifteen drops; oil of wintergreen, fifteen drops; oil of cloves, ten drops. Distilled water to make one pint. One tablespoon of this mixture added to a glass of warm water should be used night and morning after cleaning the teeth, and always before meeting others socially; do not neglect this gargle.

LOVELY, shining eyes are the most valuable of beauty assets. While it is true that we cannot alter the size and color of the eyes, it is possible by proper care to have clear and expressive eyes that sparkle with health and vivacity.

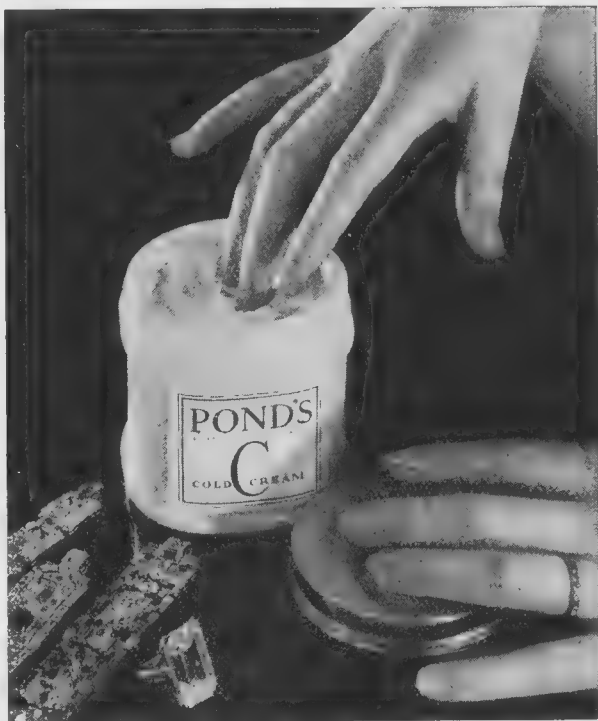
Should the sight be at all defective it is wise to have them examined by a reliable oculist and the cause of eyestrain removed. Everyone can do a lot to strengthen the eyes by daily treatment. A solution of boracic acid in warm water used with an eye-cup is most beneficial. Once a week, give the eyes this treatment: soak two pieces of cotton-wool in a hot solution of boracic acid and water, squeeze them out and apply one over each eye. Leave these hot compresses on until they cool. Remove the pads and massage with this lotion: Alum, sixty grains; milk of almonds, one and a half ounces; rosewater, six ounces. Massage gently, very gently, round the eyes and across the temples with an upward rotary movement. Then use cold compresses sprinkled with the lotion.

Exercises for the eyes are very helpful. Look at some object level with your eyes, then look straight up, then down, then back to centre. Relax the eyes after close work by blinking rapidly for a minute.

[Continued on page 28]

Princesses, duchesses, ladies of proud old foreign title . . . patrician leaders of society in our own America . . . they share one birthright of race and breeding . . . beautiful skin, flawless as diamonds . . . To these women, to all women, as Lady Violet Astor says, "Pond's have done a wonderful service." . . . Miss Anne Morgan says, "Pond's, through providing such excellent products so inexpensively, helps women achieve an attractive appearance." . . . "All honors,"

1 Pond's Cold Cream is the first step in Pond's Method . . . Generously apply as often as needed during the day, always after exposure . . . Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface . . . At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of dust and grime.



3 To tone and firm the skin and keep the pores fine, Pond's Skin Freshener is indispensable . . . When you have wiped away the cream, wet a pad of cotton with Freshener and do a brisk little tap dance all over the cleansed skin . . . to banish oiliness and "shiny nose" and make you look eighteen!



2 To wipe away the cream swiftly, completely, use Pond's Cleansing Tissues . . . White or peach color . . . They are so much softer and half again more absorbent by laboratory test . . . They whisk away all cream and with it every vestige of dirt, make-up and powder, leaving your skin immaculately cleansed.



4 A smooth, well-bred finish adds so much to one's poise . . . Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder—face, neck, shoulders, arms . . . It gives protection from sun and wind and makes your powder cling for hours . . . Marvelous to keep your hands always soft and white.



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At Six o' the Clock

Continued from page 15

slow hiss of steam, and sullen heat. But, as Bergin had foretold, no one stirred there. The Arranmore would sail at sunrise; her officers and crew slept now. There was fire enough beneath her boilers.

Kerney's hands were black with coal-dust, and his clothes soiled, when he climbed again from the stoke-hold, crossed the well, mounted the fo'c's'le ladder and descended the anchor-chain into the waiting dinghy, answering Bergin's eager, whispered question with a triumphant, "All right." It was done now. Kerney felt that gloating, triumphant thrill, that blessed lightness as of a tremendous burden removed from his shoulders. It had all been so easy. Bergin handed him a roll of bills before they cast off and drifted downstream, only guided by the needless oars. For Kerney it was another chapter of crime closed and sealed forever. Soft.

The dinghy was moored again at the slimy waterstairs and on the wharf they parted, Bergin to climb the Hill of the Three Lamps; Kerney to go as quickly as he could to Sharkey Dan's and the liquor his body craved, that was, just now, the most important thing in life for him . . . liquor, plenty of it . . . good Barbadoes rum, as much as he wanted of it.

There was no one in the bar of Sharkey Dan's boarding-house and crimping-joint, notorious since the days of the great windjammers, except Dan himself, a squint-eyed, smooth-tongued rogue, who stood behind the counter with shelves of tumblers and fancy bottles, empty now, for a background. On the mirrors, done artistically in soap, were pictures of birds and sea-serpents, executed with many a frill and flourish. There were vessels cleverly cased in beer bottles and a venerable model of the great Marco Polo occupied the place of honor atop the shelves, her first crew having been rustled in Dan's establishment.

Kerney slapped a new ten-dollar bill on the bar. Dan, who made it a point to know his customers' likes, produced from under the floor-boards at his feet, a squat black bottle which he opened with a twist of his big fist, and set, along with a smoky tumbler, before Kerney, who picked them up and walked to a table in a shadowy corner, there to drink himself into a stupor . . . to drink freely, happily, his work well done. The Arranmore would weigh anchor at dawn; by six o'clock, sun-down, she would have rounded Cape Sable, her nose pointing into the Atlantic. And, just then, at six, when in the city the bells were ringing and the whistles blowing, a huge spout of water and debris, of mangled bodies and twisted iron, would shoot up into the sky. The Arranmore, laden with explosives . . . Kerney shuddered and smiled, gloating on death. It would be another of the mysteries with which old Fundy abounded; only he had Bergin would know the truth.

So he drank deeply and felt a warm, grateful glow of well-being creep over him. After a few hours his head rested on his outspread arms and he slept soddenly . . .

SLOWLY, Kerney awakened. His eyelids seemed to be closed with gum, his mouth was parched and bitter, his throat raw and his head . . . ough! He shook himself, blinked into the semi-gloom of his surroundings. He fought for recollection, which came reluctantly . . . Bergin . . . climbing the Arranmore's cable . . . placing the thing that ticked in the stoke-hold . . . going to Sharkey Dan's . . . getting

drunk . . . Then this must be Dan's place . . .

"Dan's! Hell!" He struggled up on his elbow and glared about him. He was in a lower bunk, in a steamer's fo'c's'le; the light came grayly through the double thickness of her port-holes. He heard the thrum-thrum of turbines, the swish of the waters parting from her bows. Alarm in his bloodshot eyes and haggard face, Kerney clambered out of the bunk and stood, swaying, groggy, cursing his predicament and the inferno in his splitting head. He staggered towards the fo'c's'le door, but before he could reach the knob, it opened and a seaman, bare-armed, wide of shoulder, with a grim, coffee-colored face and insolent black eyes, stepped inside, shut the door and stared at him questioningly.

"What's wrong with you, mister? What's all the cursin' about? Don't you like your berth? I'll see the steward at once an' maybe they'll move you aft, kick the old man outen his cabin an' let you have it. My name's Loughran . . . I'm bosun on this 'ere ship. You pipe down."

"Set me ashore!" Kerney's lips bared his teeth wolfishly. "You shanghaied me, you dirty scuts! You can't get away with that. I demand to see the captain . . ."

Loughran's big paw came up and out, flat, and covered Kerney's face, pushing him back brutally, sending him sprawling, swearing, mouthing, into a tumbled berth.

"You sober up first," said the bosun. "And hold your lip, m'lud. You're better aboard the Arranmore than lyin' drunk in a dockside . . ."

"The Arranmore . . .! You say this is . . ."

Loughran stared in puzzlement at Kerney's stricken face, its cracked lips

plucked by his dirty, yellowed fingers. He bit at his nails; then he flung himself out of the bunk and hurled himself against the bosun, clawing at him, uttering incoherent words, mad with fear.

"Where are we? What time is it? For God's sake tell me!"

"Heading for Briar Island, mister. It's about noon. We didn't like to disturb you, seein' as you were slumberin' so peaceful-like."

Kerney did not hear him. Kerney's hands fell and hung listlessly at his sides. His eyes stared vacantly into nothingness or into the hideous future that he dared not try to vision. The Arranmore . . . a doomed ship . . . shanghaied aboard her . . . he who had marked her for destruction. What could he do? Tell them . . . he glanced furtively at Loughran and dismissed the temptation to confess. Men like this would have no sympathy for such as he. And he would be forced to name Bergin, who had said, "If it comes to a choice between death and confession . . . death is the better bet, my friend." If the laws of his own people did not get him; the vengeance of Bergin's surely would.

Well then, find the thing and heave it over the rail. Yes, yes, there was lots of time for that. He would do that. The strong hope helped and sobered him. He smiled in sickly fashion, wiped a hand across his clammy brow.

"Too much booze, bosun," he said. "I'll wash up, I guess. I hardly expected to wake up here, aboard this hooker." He gestured at the bleak walls of bunks in the Arranmore's gloomy fo'c's'le. "Can't blame me for being excited, can you?"

Loughran grunted and turned away. Kerney made him sick . . . a wharf-rat,

a shifty-eyed good-for-nothing. Only utter necessity had forced him to grab Kerney; several of the hands had deserted at the last minute.

"Can't blame 'em," muttered Loughran. "What with mines and torpedoes, goin' to sea ain't fun any more, if it ever was. But I'm half sorry I picked up this fellow. He can't look a man in the face."

The Arranmore plowed sluggishly through a Fundy fog, thick as soaked wool. But there came no warning hoots from her whistle. On the dripping bridge her master and chief mate stared tirelessly into the murk and a look-out was stationed in the bow, another in crow's nest aloft. But even so, they sailed through an interminable, yielding wall of grayness that opened for them swiftly and as swiftly closed about them. Kerney, issuing from the fo'c's'le, after laving his face and hands, could barely descry the structure of the bridge. He was thankful for the thick weather. If only he could get down into the stoke hold and find the thing . . . His watch had run down and he had set it again by the bosun's. It was well past noon now, there was ample time before six.

Casualty, though with fast-beating, uneasy heart, Kerney went down into the well and crossed to the engine-room door. The heat, dry and welcome at first meeting, billowed up at him. He stepped in and stood on the grill, staring down into the lighted pit. Oilers were at work there, three of them. How could he hope to get by? He braced himself for the ordeal, hating to run the gauntlet of curious eyes. But he must. Boldly he went down the ladder, but he had no sooner set foot on the hot plates of the engine-room floor when he was stopped. A short, square-jawed man, the chief engineer, blocked his way, a challenging glint in gray, uncompromising eyes. Evidently a hard-boiled outfit, this of the Arranmore, thought Kerney, hating them, wishing himself safe ashore and removed from the necessity of saving these fellows from death. If only they knew of the thing that ticked, ticked, relentlessly, far back in the starboard bunker, their arrogance would melt away—

"Any business here?" demanded the chief. "If not," he jerked a thumb aloft.

"Thought I might bear a hand," mumbled Kerney. "I was shanghaied aboard this vessel. I'd sooner be down here where it's warm."

"Then see the mate, and he may send you down next watch—since it's so bad for your health up there."

"Next watch! But I—"

The chief engineer, even as the bosun had done, stared suspiciously at Kerney's agonized, pasty face.

"On deck, you!" he said coldly. "I don't want you here. If you're cold, go in the galley and hobnob with the doctor. Get out now and don't show your nose here again unless you're sent."

Kerney, defeated, panic-stricken, climbed the ladder. He was trembling when he stood on deck with rage and futility. The fools—the utter fools—didn't they know? But how could they know anything? They wouldn't trust a stranger around their precious engines—afraid of damage, afraid of the very thing that he alone could save them from. He stood irresolute, staring over the rail into the sea scarcely visible through the fog. He was a poor swimmer, he would never reach shore.

[Continued on page 68]



Courtesy of Canadian National Railways
Market Slip at St. John, New Brunswick

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**but only this soap dares tell you
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Don't think other soaps can give Palmolive results. They can't. To keep that schoolgirl complexion, use Palmolive!



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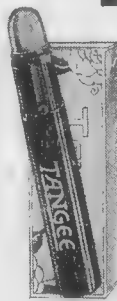
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JARDIN DES MODES of PARIS, greatest French fashion magazine, says: "Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE well answers these requirements, because it blends with your individual, natural coloring."

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Tangee Lipstick, \$1.25. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact \$1. . . . Crème Rouge \$1.25. Face Powder, soft and clinging, blended to match the natural skin tones, \$1.25 and 75c. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1.25 and \$1. Day Cream, protects the skin, \$1.25 and \$1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart. \$1.25.



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Western Women Begin Athletics

By One of the Beginners

"DO YOU run the hundred? What's your time? . . . Oh, that's no good. You won't make the team on that. What about the running broad? . . . Here, Margaret, you put the shot, don't you? Can you turn out to practice tonight? . . . Who's going to try out for basketball? Five o'clock, mind. . . . Did you play on the High School team? . . ."

The speaker is the Captain of Athletics in the first week of the term in any Canadian university. Her words signalize a new era. Ten years before the war, there were no women competing in athletics in Canada. By 1918 there were a few. Today, beside the great host who take part in bonspiels and in tennis and badminton tournaments, there is a respectable number of girls in their teens or their early twenties who play the strenuous games of basketball and hockey, and specialize in various "events" in track and field athletics.

The movement began earlier in the East than in the West, but it is growing among us every year now, as all mothers of daughters know. One province has organized a basketball, and another a hockey league. The Western universities have a joint organization of their own to cover all sports, with an agreement which covers officials, eligibility of candidates, and finance.

Games matter more than organization, however, and games were being played before there was a single league. It was in the winter of 1921 that the first inter-provincial venture was made, when the University of Manitoba arranged to send a women's basketball team to play the Universities of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The venture was a bold one. Those of us who planned that journey could have only a vague idea of the amount of money required over and above the lamentably expensive railway tickets. What should meals and "extras" cost? We hardly knew. What about hotels? We had a vague understanding with some individuals in the other universities that arrangements could be made for us to sleep in their residences. What if these people failed in the negotiations?—We hoped they would not. So with all the funds we could muster, and with half the student body to see us off, we met one night at the station for a leap into the unknown.

We had no coach with us. We had felt that we could not afford his fare. We had taken berths in a standard sleeper because we knew no better, and then, in an effort to economize, we lay two in a berth, and slept not at all. We ate just as little as could possibly be eaten, a proceeding which did not make for efficiency, and when we were not in the train we walked, carrying our own suitcases for economy's sake. But we all had our party clothes with us.

Next morning the crisis of the first meal was upon us.

"We've got to have somebody to handle the money," said the popular voice. "Let's elect Gladys."

So Gladys, a girl with an acutely developed sense of responsibility, was duly elected and took upon her conscientious shoulders the burden of our heterogeneous finances.

A SERIOUS blow fell at Saskatoon. By somebody's carelessness at one end or the other, the telegram announcing our dates had not reached the right person, and the University was not expecting us. We filed out of the train, brave in our ribbons of brown and gold, drew up in close formation on the platform, and proceeded to wake the echoes with a Manitoba yell. It probably persuaded the station master that he had a party of lunatics to deal with, but it produced no other effect whatever. No



The First Inter-Provincial Basketball Team of the University of Manitoba

group of students in the Saskatchewan white and green came forward to welcome us. No taxi driver approached to say that he had been ordered to find us. In fact, nothing happened at all. The little crowd began to melt away when the train pulled out. It was only too obvious that we had not been met.

"Perhaps they're late for the train," suggested someone hopefully. "I think the University is a good way out of the town."

Under the influence of this optimistic idea, we waited five or ten minutes in the waiting room, while a silence as of the dead fell upon the precincts. Nothing happened. Apparently nothing was going to happen.

Of course we telephoned at last, and, of course, people hurried down to dispose of us. But that was not a happy visit. It was extremely inconvenient for the University of Saskatchewan to arrange a game on three or four hours' notice, and it was practically impossible for them to put us up for the night. They thought, without saying so, that we had been careless, and we silently accused them of incompetence. Perhaps, they felt better when they had beaten us, as they did; we certainly felt none the better for being beaten. The game was played under the old-fashioned girls' rules, which always involved a considerable amount of "holding" and "elbowing," to say nothing of the

mental tension inseparable from standing inactive on the dividing lines, and, although we would have denied indignantly that we were poor losers, there is no doubt that we went to our hotel beds (four of us in each room, the rooms very indifferent, and most of the girls without any experience of hotels) in the possession of several first-rate grievances, plus several troublesome consciences. I shared a room with the captain and the responsible Gladys, and the last thing I heard before I dropped off to sleep was their hushed voices in gloomy debate, each girl maintaining that she and she alone was the guilty cause of her team's defeat.

Many subsequent happy visits have effaced all the sting, and left only the fun of the memory.

NEXT day we went on to Edmonton, the common purse terribly depleted by that unsatisfactory hotel night, the girls all more or less bruised and sore and silent. The University of Alberta was expecting us. They soothed our wounded spirits, gave us a very good time, and even insisted on our staying all day Sunday instead of leaving on Saturday night as we had intended.—Unsophisticated they. Nowadays teams are expected to do their work and then relieve everybody by disappearing on the first train.—But they also defeated us. Already the famous Commercial Grads' team was in existence, and was beginning to do for Edmonton, and to some extent for all Alberta, what it has done ever since, set a standard in basketball high beyond any that the other provinces have reached. This defeat, however, left with us only a natural regret.

We left Edmonton on the return journey with the prospect of a last game in Brandon, a game that absolutely must be won if we were to be able to look the rest of the University of Manitoba in the face. Terribly poor, and scrimping on our meals, we travelled down towards Portage la Prairie, where some genius in time-tables had discovered that we could make an early morning change into a westbound train. Nine different voices charged the porter to waken us in good time. We went to bed. That night we did sleep. I myself never stirred until I was roused by feeling the train come to a standstill and make a fairly long pause.

"This isn't Portage, is it, porter?," I called with a sudden misgiving.

"No, ma'am. This ain't Portage yet, ma'am. Better get up, though." He sounded frightened. I drew up the blind and realized the awful truth.

I pass over the subsequent scurry, hopeless from the beginning. Nine women cannot dress and pack their overfull suitcases in six minutes, however little they regard appearances.

[Continued on page 27]

Western Women Begin Athletics

Continued from page 23

With uncombed hair thrust under our hats, and coats dragged together to hide deficiencies beneath, we trooped towards the door just as the engine moved off. And that was that.

What were we going to do? The question pressed upon us as soon as the wretched porter had escaped from our reproaches. Must we weakly telegraph the Brandon team at this eleventh hour to say that we were not coming? Must we go home to tell our friends that we had lost two games and then had missed the train and failed to play the third? Perish the thought! Let's see that timetable.

The timetable brought some comfort. The invaluable Gladys, slightly haggard by this time, discovered that we would reach Winnipeg in time to catch the train we should have taken at Portage. But what about finances? Never could we afford the price of another meal and of extra tickets.

"We'll buy our own breakfasts," offered our gallant team.

"And the railway will have to carry us free," said Gladys, the indomitable. "The whole business was their porter's fault. I'm going to insist that they give us passage back to Portage."

She did. And they did. Could there be a better proof of her efficiency? While she interviewed the officials, each girl paid a hasty visit to the lunch counter at her own expense and swallowed a minimum of food, nervously afraid of being recognized in this miserable plight by some classmate. We dragged those heavy suitcases home that evening with one victory to our credit.

Such was the beginning of inter-provincial basketball.

THE sport has developed since then. The Province of Saskatchewan has a league, composed chiefly of High School teams. It still retains the old-fashioned rules. Alberta, playing under men's rules, has no league,

but has several remarkably good isolated teams. For some years back her girls have easily won the crown in inter-university basketball, in which games are now played regularly every year. Manitoba is in much the same state as Alberta, with a good city league in Winnipeg, and the general average of play not so high as farther west. The Universities of Alberta and Manitoba have both challenged the Commercial Grads, and been beaten well but not disgracefully.

In the ten years that have elapsed since 1921 we have discovered many things. We have discovered that it is not fair to expect the home university to provide lodgings for the visitors. It is now specified that visiting teams find their own accommodation, which may thus be of any grade they like. We have discovered that the cheapest and pleasantest way to travel is to engage a tourist car of our own, in which each girl can have a separate berth; the University of Manitoba always has its car attached to steam at Edmonton or Saskatoon, and uses it as a hotel during the day and night of the team's stay. We have discovered the lowest sum on which a girl can be expected to get appetizing and satisfying meals in the dining-car. Thus we can make our budget intelligently. Usually we find the steward very ready to arrange a *table d'hôte* meal when we tell him our price, so that we do much better than on individual orders. We have discovered that it is false economy to leave the coach at home. The team gains enormously in self-confidence from his presence, and he can act as business manager as well. No longer have we a poor over-worked Gladys. We have learned not to scrimp on taxis. We are much more comfortable, and yet we travel more cheaply than we used to do.

Above all, we have learned to leave our pretty clothes at home.

Consummation

Continued from page 14

She ran up, and hugged him, and kissed his cheek with a loud smack, like one might one's brother. "We'll have fun together, Stan. Let's go shares on the work, and you help me with the dishes because I just hate 'em. Will you?"

Stan smiled, as over a child that needs a lesson. "All right, it's O.K. with me; but there ain't no call for you to do it. I can make us a good living."

As the months flew on, Stan grew accustomed to this odd arrangement. He even liked it. They worked at everything together. Work became an adventure. Sadie was like a freed spirit; and she lived in the spirit of growing things. The money that other women spent for feminine frills Sadie spent in farm equipment. She never stayed a minute longer in the house than she had to; so that it became nothing more than a place to eat and sleep. Sadie's mother, after one brief visit, left her strictly alone. She expected trouble between Stan and Sadie, because she saw that Stan was the same as most men—he liked a comfortable home, not a bunk house. She half feared her daughter was not quite right in her head, though she dared not say so.

The neighbors found Stan Saunders' wife an ever fruitful subject for gossip.

Enough tales went around the community to fill a book.

Needless to say, under Sadie's management, the little farm blossomed almost to magnificence in a few years. She poured out her pent love for living things, lavishly. The animals and birds seemed to know how much she cared for them. They gave back fulfilment with equal lavishness. The gossips were consumed with jealousy, but Sadie seemed not to know it. She lived in a world that no human entered, not even Stan.

They had been married five years, when, one winter evening, Stan let his farm journal fall to the floor. He was sitting near the kitchen stove. Leaning his arms on his knees, he gazed into the red glow coming through the open damper. Sadie sat near him, mending a flannel shirt. He turned his head and looked at her. Being Sunday, she had put on a cotton dress. The lamplight was kind to her rough complexion. Stan saw again the soft loveliness about her eyes, the one thing that seemed to be ageless and changeless about Sadie.

"Sadie, girl," he said softly.

She looked over at him with her wide grin. She saw that he was about to grow sentimental.

"What now?" she queried, brightly.

[Continued on page 28]

Take them to the Dentist, Mother, before school starts!

Their future health, their school work, may well depend on the condition of young teeth. Make sure they're in good repair.



FREE AMOS 'n' ANDY PRIZE

Have them right in your own home on cardboard cut-out figures. Six inches high, full colors, with fold-back flaps so they can stand on your radio. Be sure to get yours.

AMOS



KING FISH



BILL HAY



PAL



ANDY



FRESH-AIR TAXICAB

MOTHER: Simply write a note giving your child's name and address—also name of dentist and date of visit. Address the Pepsodent Company, Toronto, Ont. The free Amos 'n' Andy prize will go forward at once. Expires October 1st.

IN TORONTO nine children in every ten need dental care! That is true in Montreal, Vancouver, and other cities. Those are tragic facts brought out by surveys.

It's a wrong but common belief that baby teeth don't matter. First teeth diseased may ruin those that follow. Many systemic troubles of later years are the result. Guard teeth under your dentist's supervision.

Why we sponsor this advertisement

The Pepsodent Company publishes this advertisement because our business is built upon the vital principle of better teeth. Hence our interest is selfish, for it's those who are most concerned about their teeth that eventually turn to Pepsodent—the film-removing tooth paste.

Your dentist will tell you about

film on teeth. That it should be removed because it harbors the germs of decay and other troubles.

What film does to teeth

Film glues germs to teeth so stubbornly ordinary ways cannot remove it. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive.

Pepsodent tooth paste removes film—gently. It embodies the finest, softest polishing agent known. Pepsodent is safe, completely safe, to the softest children's teeth. Use Pepsodent twice each day.

Pepsodent

Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year



"Pink tooth brush"...

*I don't like
the looks of that—*

YOUR gums may bleed, slightly or occasionally, without causing you any pain. Perhaps it would be better if they hurt you severely!

For then you'd do something, immediately, about "pink tooth brush"—the first visible sign of a congested and unhealthy condition of your gums.

And, as your dentist will unhesitatingly confirm, "pink tooth brush" is often the forerunner of stubborn troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease—yes, even pyorrhea.

Modern life encourages weak and flabby gums. The foods you eat are soft, and lack the stimulating roughage that keeps gums firm and healthy. The circulation of the blood within their walls grows languid, sluggish. Wastes clog the tiny cells, the gums break down—begin to bleed.

Rouse your gums with Ipana and massage!

So wake up your gums! Massage them with Ipana when and while you clean your teeth. Use either the brush or your finger. Spur the fresh, clean blood to swift circulation through the tiny cells. Let it sweep away poisons and wastes. Regular brushing of the gums with Ipana will soon restore them to firmness, to hardness, to health!

For Ipana contains ziratol—a preparation long used by the profession for its efficiency in toning and invigorating tender gum tissue.

Ipana, as well, keeps your teeth flashing white. It has a delightfully refreshing taste. It gives to your whole mouth an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness.

Get a tube today; use this modern and scientific dentifrice for one full month. Note how much firmer and sounder your gums are—how much whiter your teeth.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

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BRISTOL-MYERS CO. 1-A-6
1241 Benoit St., Montreal, P. Q.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp.

Name

Address

City

Prov.

"Ain't we never goin' to have no children in this family?" he asked, bluntly.

Sadie drew in a quick breath. "No, we ain't if I can help it?"

"Why?"

"Because I ain't no mother woman. I guess I've seen too much of other folks' children to want to be bothered with any of my own. Besides, I'd hate being tied in a house, you know I would."

"You wouldn't need to be tied in the house. We could hire a housekeeper, and even a nurse girl, for that matter. I want some kids—like other folks."

"You mean, you think I could have children and still keep on working outside?" Sadie asked in astonishment.

"Sure, why not! Women seem different these days. If they ain't fond of keepin' house, why, I guess it's all right. But nobody else can have the children. I guess it's better to be a good farmer than a poor housekeeper, anyways."

"Well, I don't know, Stan. I never just thought of it that way," Sadie said, dubiously.

He left his chair to go and kneel beside her, his face pressed against her firm, muscular breast. "I'd miss having you outside now, Sadie girl. I like it. Perhaps I'm asking too much. This farm is the envy of the country side, if you only knew it." She put her arms about him, and sat thinking.

SADIE had been sitting a long time on the porch. Her mother could see her through the screen door. She was a bit fearful now, that her outburst of criticism had angered her daughter. She began to realize that Sadie, for all she was so undomesticated, was giving her a good home; and in return Sadie allowed her mother free rein in the house. It must be admitted Mrs. Kyle had made a great change there in three months; and the baby was the apple of her eye. She couldn't understand why Sadie wanted to let someone else tend her pretty baby girl; but there was nothing dainty about Sadie. Mind, soul, and body, she belonged to the earth, to the wide outdoors; she did not intend to be turned away from it—not even for a pretty baby.

Sadie sat so long, that Mrs. Kyle was worried. Was Sadie planning to get rid of her? But the younger woman was not thinking of her mother, rather, of her husband.

She saw him walking up the lane from the barn. He was stooped a little, and he looked older than he really was. Was he disappointed in his wife? Did he regret marrying her? Had she been too blindly greedy for her own desire? Just what did he think of her, she wondered. For he was the very soul of patience, seldom complaining.

He came up on the porch and flung himself down in a seat beside her.

"Gosh!" he said. "The days is gettin' warm again, and ain't things growin'?"

He turned to look at Sadie enquiringly. "Say, Sadie girl, you ain't sick or nothin' are you?"

She did not answer, and he peered into her face. "Gee!" he exclaimed in amazement. "Be you cryin'? Is them tears in your eyes? What's up?"

She put her coarse hands over her face. Stan got up quickly, pulled her hands away, and drew her up beside him.

"Tell me what's the matter," he demanded.

Consummation

Continued from page 27

She told him what her mother had said. He smiled, and nodded his head.

"Let her rave," he said, "if it does any good. Don't pay no attention. You're the smartest farm woman in this country. Every blessed thing on this farm loves you, includin' me. Crops just seem to jump up and smile at you. I never saw anything like it. And say, Sadie girl, don't you be frettin'. I don't want you to be one bit different. I like you best the way you are."

He held her tightly to him, and said softly in her ear, "You're wonderful, the best pal a man could have. All I needed was that frilly, little midget in there, in the basket, to complete you."

It was enough. They understood each other.

He let her go, and she walked away towards the poultry houses. The years had brought big changes on the farm. A large new barn, with several out-buildings had been erected. There

was system in the management of things. The Saunders were in very comfortable circumstances; but all the gain would matter nothing to Sadie if she should lose the joy of laboring at things.

She stood on a little knoll, and let her eyes rove over the fields and buildings. There was the emerald green of young grain; the animals thrilling over the succulent new grass; the little chickens vibrant with new life; the very air pressed teeming against her with unexplainable feeling. She felt big, and able to hold it all to her. It was hers, part of her, and she part of it. Dimly, in her simple way, she comprehended the full spirit of motherhood—not just the dainty baby which her mother doted on, and of which even she herself was a little shy, but the full motherhood of life—the spirit of growth. She drew a deep breath of the luxuriant air. Here, was consummation—and fulfilment.

Sign Posts on the Road to Beauty

Continued from page 22

Thick eyelashes and fine eyebrows add to the beauty of the eye. Eyebrows should be tidy but not overplucked. A little eyebrow brush used every day and a hair tonic massaged into the brows occasionally, will keep them in good condition. White vaseline will increase the growth of the lashes.

Good health governs the beauty of the eyes, and when the whites have a yellowish tinge or are dull and blood-shot, do not delay in consulting your doctor. Care of the eyes gives ample return in comfort and beauty.

THAT wonderfully expressive part of the human body, the hand, needs special care if youth and beauty are to be retained. Too much water and exposure to wind and weather are the chief enemies of the hands. Keep on hand a bottle of pure glycerine and juice of a lemon, to be rubbed on the hands whenever they are taken out of water. Use rubber gloves for work in water, and canvas or leather for other heavy work. Put an extra quantity of the glycerine-lemon lotion on the hands at night, and wear old, loose, ventilated gloves. Thin hands may be improved by the daily use of a nourishing hand cream.

Brittle and ridged nails are caused by acidity of the blood, and your doctor should be consulted. Warm olive oil rubbed on the nails will help to make them strong. The daily manicure should not be neglected.

Beautiful arms are the necessary accompaniment of lovely hands. When having your bath, scrub your shoulders, arms and hands with a good soap and a soft nailbrush, giving special attention to the elbows. If

your arms are too heavy rub a cake of reducing soap vigorously on the flesh until you get a foamy lather, let it remain on five minutes, rinse off with warm water, and dry carefully.

Cover the arms with a cleansing and bleaching cream, well rubbed in, and leave on all night. If the elbows are thin, use a good nourishing cream in place of the bleaching cream every other night. A pair of old stocking legs will protect the bedclothes.

A week of this treatment will make you proud of your arms!

IT HAS been said that the lips are the one feature of our face over which we have control. Lips are what we make them.

Lips that are continually being bitten soon become coarse and rough. Pale lips indicate the need for nourishing food.

Loose, flabby lips are improved by exercise, and a very simple one is to practise blowing out a candle. Imagine you are blowing bubbles, or whistle your favorite tune. Apply cold cream generously to loose lips, then open the mouth fairly wide. Keep the jaws open and try to bring the lips together. Follow this exercise by massage, a pinching movement with the thumb and finger, from the outer edge of the lips toward the centre. Remove the surplus cream with a piece of cotton dipped in an astringent lotion.

Just because the lips tell tales—of the state of our health, of the state of our minds, our temper, our regard for our fellow men, our attitude to life in general—we must be careful how we treat them!



Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

The Librarian

J. E. C., Saskatchewan: The Canadian Bookman for September, 1930, contains a column article that answers most of the questions you raise concerning the work of librarians in Canada. It mentions and describes briefly the work of the country librarian, the circulation librarian, the reference librarian, the children's librarian, the school librarian, the branch librarian and the library worker with the foreign born.

The holder of a B.A. or B.S. degree may now obtain through McGill University Library Training Courses the degree of Bachelor of Library Science (B.L.S.). This degree would be an advantage to those seeking library appointments although many library employees of today have not had such training but have worked up from junior positions.

The Savings Account

A. H. L., Manitoba: It would appear that you have made some headway in the art of saving and now you are confronted with the more difficult art, perhaps, of wise investment. Your present method, that of making regular deposits in a bank savings account is commendable because it establishes the habit of systematic saving and makes you familiar with some elements of banking procedure.

While, however, money in the bank earns some interest and is put to work by the bank, the depositor likes to feel that he is using some of his money in direct investments. In the present state of the market, industrial bonds and some preferred stocks probably afford desirable investment opportunities, but great care must be exercised in selection. Provincial and federal bonds should not be overlooked.

With regard to Canadian Government Annuities, you may secure a handbook of information by writing to the Annuities Branch, Department of Labour, Ottawa. As payments towards these annuities may be made through post offices, adequate facilities for doing business may be afforded to young men no matter where they are located. A Canadian Government Annuity is a fixed yearly income payable by the government of Canada for life in quarterly instalments, unless otherwise provided. The annuities described in the handbook are deferred annuities, guaranteed annuities, deferred last survivor annuities, immediate annuities and term annuities. There are no penalties or forfeitures if payments fall into arrears. If payments are for any reason discontinued they may be renewed at any time and if arrears are not made up the only effect will be that a smaller annuity is obtainable. The arrears may be brought up by a single payment, or by increasing the annual payment thereafter to be made.

Bible Class Handbooks

R. S. J., Alberta: Your inquiry with reference to a Bible class leader's handbook leads us to believe that 1,000 Acts and Facts Concerning Remarkable Men and Women, published at seventy-five cents by Pickering & Inglis, 229 Bothwell St., Glasgow, Scotland, is what you need. These paragraph anecdotes usually involve some moral issue that will provide plenty of material for discussion especially as each one is accompanied by a Bible reference text. All of these texts are indexed according to the order of the books of the Bible. An index of the names

of the thousand men and women is also provided and a glance at this shows that such outstanding personalities as Lord Bacon, Dr. Arnold, Sir Robert Ball, Prince Bismark, Thomas Carlyle, Dr. Grenfell, Harry Lauder, Ramsay MacDonald, Marshall Ney, Savonarola, Dean Swift, Prince of Wales, Professor Tyndall, General Wolfe, and John Wanamaker, are the subjects of anecdotes.

Identification

IT IS related of Madam Patti, the great singer, that after marrying Baron de Cederstrom, she went to Cannes Post Office where her letters were to be called for on the honeymoon. She produced her visiting card but the official demanded an old envelope or some better certification of who she was. All failing, she struck up, "A voice loving and tender." A crowd soon gathered and "It's Patti," was cried by all.

Gustave Dore, the eminent French painter, is also the subject of a similar story. He once found himself at the frontier without a passport. He appealed to the Customs Office as Gustave Dore, the painter. The officer invited him into his room. "Make me a sketch," said he. Dore drew the scene which had just occurred outside, so lifelike that the officer exclaimed, "Pass, Gustave Dore; no one but a great artist could do that."

One more such story concerns Mendelssohn. A Church officer in Switzerland was guarding a very precious organ that Mendelssohn had made, and his orders were to allow no one unless he knew who it was, to touch it. One day a quiet stranger stepped in and asked if he might touch the keys. Before the officer had time to stop him, he had struck off a measure of marvellous harmony. The man stood amazed. "My orders are," he said, "not to let anyone touch that organ. There must be something unusual about you." He played on and on until the man finally said, "You must be Mendelssohn himself, for nobody else ever played like this."

So far as young men are concerned, these stories point to the idea that in these days a young man should have command over some specialty that will make him stand out in the community. The world is not kind to the untrained and whether he be engaged in farming, in merchandising, in commerce, in a trade or in a profession, the young man should so strive that in time he may be recognized as a master in his calling. A half mastery is not good enough because in an emergency the one who has a half knowledge of a subject generally finds that it is the other half that would really come in useful.

Vocabulary Building

T. E. H., Manitoba: The Vocabulary Builder Notebook, fifty cents, is about the best plan I have seen for systematic vocabulary building. This notebook is of pocket size and contains fifty-two double pages providing study work for one year. The idea is that ten new words shall be mastered each week and for this purpose columns are provided under the headings of word, pronunciation, definition, example of use, and synonyms and antonyms.

Under this plan the word "inclement" is studied as follows: Word, inclement; pronunciation, in klem'ent; definition, severe, harsh, rough; example of use, The weather was inclement; synonyms and antonyms, cruel, rigorous—gentle, mild.

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MILES FOR BETTER ENGINE PERFORMANCE



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For a dozen years, a majority of the world's motorists have insisted on Champion Spark Plugs for the simple reason that they so obviously make every engine a better performing engine.

Install a complete set of the new and improved Champion Spark Plugs in your car now, and you will readily understand why Champions continue to excel and outsell throughout the world.

The New and Improved Champion Spark Plugs have a definitely increased range of spark plug efficiency and they make every engine a better performing engine. Better in power and flexibility. Better in starting, idling, and at top speed.

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SO YOU CAN'T STAND SPEED, MR. WATER-THIN? THEN, OUT YOU GO!



● You can't "burn up the roads" without burning up Mr. Water-thin. Speed means heat—and heat means the end of that fellow!

● Mr. Water-thin is the quart or more of thin, waste oil that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil. It's a quart so light-bodied, so quick to vaporize under heat, so useless in a motor, that Quaker State engineers call it "water-thin"—and take no end of care to throw it out!

● It is impossible for ordinary refining to remove "water-thin". But Quaker State refining can, and does remove it. Quaker State removes it by a special process which has been installed in every one of Quaker State's refineries—the *most modern refineries in the industry*. This process is a development of Quaker State engineers—a development that was made possible by years of experience and great investments in refining equipment.

● Quaker State replaces "water-thin" with rich, heat-fighting lubri-

cant. So Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—instead of three quarts and a quart of waste. You really get an *extra* quart of lubrication. *And that's the reason why Quaker State is the world's largest-selling Pennsylvania Oil!*

● And remember this, too. Quaker State is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it doesn't require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● You'll find Quaker State Motor Oil wherever you go. One dealer in every four sells it—and displays the familiar green and white Quaker State sign. Drive up—fill up. It won't take you long to discover that there is no better bargain in oildom! For in every gallon of Quaker State you get a full *extra* quart of lubrication that battles heat and friction and wear to a fare-you-well!

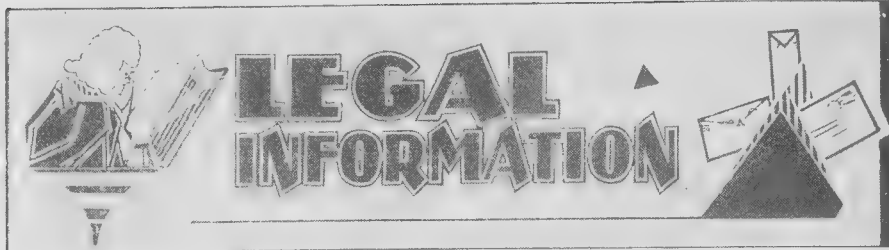
THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

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MOTOR OIL



This department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg Legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

A MADE a contract in writing with two brothers named B whereby the brothers were to cut all the brush on a certain one hundred acres on A's land and to burn all the brush before a certain date agreed upon, A agreeing to pay \$4 per acre for this work. The brothers set fire to the brush before the stipulated date and the fire spreading to a neighboring farm destroyed some of the buildings on it and the contents. A had warned the brothers not to set the fire until the neighbor's adjoining field had been ploughed, but they entirely disregarded these instructions. A was not present when this fire was set but was some miles away, nor had he been there for ten days before. Moreover he had personally nothing whatever to do with it, nor was he aware that it was then to be set on fire. The court held that the brothers by their negligence caused the loss to the neighbor's buildings, and the question to be decided was whether A, who had engaged the brothers, was liable for their negligence. The Court, relying upon a decision of the Privy Council where the facts were almost identical, held that he was responsible and assessed damages against him in almost \$1,400.00. The Court, in so holding A liable, stated that having authorized and entrusted the operation of burning to others, he must answer for their proceedings, however much they might have violated his instructions or the detailed conditions of his contract with them. Though the brothers disregarded his stipulations, yet this did not free him from responsibility. It also stated that when a person, through a contractor, does work which from its nature is likely to cause damage to others, there is a duty on his part to take all reasonable precautions against such damage and he does not escape from liability for the discharge of that duty by employing the contractor if the latter does not take these precautions.

Calgary, Alta.

Q. Would you please tell me if I have to pay notes signed by my daughter? A separator company left a cream separator here last fall and got my daughter to sign the notes in my absence, telling her that it was all right for her to sign my name.

Now the separator does not do the work properly. The company sent me a new part for it, but still it does not operate satisfactorily. They say they can do nothing more. Am I compelled to keep the separator and pay for it?—A Subscriber.

A. You are not liable for payment of a note signed by your daughter unless she signed your name to it on your authority or unless at the time when she signed the note she did so as your agent to the knowledge of both the payee and yourself or unless subsequently you have acted to show you have ratified her signing your name.

The ratification apparently has consisted in your dealing with the company as if you had purchased the separator and asking for an adjustment of repairs and substitution of parts.

Even though you are liable upon the note we feel that you would also be justified in claiming a reduction in the purchase price or rescission of the

contract because of the defective material in the machine. If it does not work satisfactorily then the company should not require you to pay for same.

The company will probably maintain that the machine is satisfactory, and it is a matter of evidence whether they or you would be successful in an action to determine this point.

* * *

Radcliff, Alta.

Q. I bought a sewing machine some time ago from an agent who said the machine was as good as new, but I now find that it does not work properly. I bought it on monthly payments and have paid regularly every month so far. Can they collect the money still owing?

I asked them to give me another machine, but so far they have not done so. The machine is in my husband's name, but the agent told me to sign the duplicate. Can they take part of my husband's wages when he didn't have anything to do with the transaction?—P. L.

A. The vendor has a right to require payments under his contract. If you neglect to make them he has the right to enforce his contract. If the machine is defective and does not fulfil the warranties expressed by the vendor or the warranties usually implied in a sale of a machine, then you will have the right to ask for an adjustment. The vendor should either make good the defect or make you an allowance on the purchase price of the sum which it would cost to repair the defect. If the defect cannot be remedied we believe you are entitled to ask cancellation of your contract and return to you of the monies you have paid.

Your husband will be liable on the contract if he authorized you to sign his name or if subsequently he has ratified your act by his making a payment on the contract, or in any way has dealt with the vendor as approving your action. If your husband is liable they can endeavor to force him to pay. If he is not liable your husband should defend any proceedings commenced against him.

* * *

Vancouver, B.C.

Q. I hold a first mortgage on a piece of city property in Saskatchewan whereby I receive rentals (if rented) and payments (if sold), also interest payable yearly. Would you kindly advise me whether or not it will be necessary to notify the mortgage prior to interest payments, and am I entitled to a copy of agreement made between mortgagee and tenant (or buyer) as the case may be?—F. J. L.

A. It is not necessary for the mortgagee to notify the mortgagee when interest and principal payments are due. However, it is advisable to do so in order to give the mortgagee no excuse for failing to make payments.

We believe that you would be entitled to a copy of the agreement with the tenant because, of course, that would be a material term of the mortgage. As the payments which you are apparently entitled to receive under the mortgage will be covered by the amount of the rent then the mortgagee should furnish you with a copy of the lease or agreement as evidence of the payments.



AT THE time when this article will have appeared in print the Dominion Parliament will have been prorogued. This session has been notable for the increase in tariff and also for the increase in taxation by way of a higher income and sales tax. Apparently relief will be given to the West, but just what form this will take still remains a secret. The general impression is that local boards will be set up in the destitute localities where application for relief by the individual will be made.

Perhaps the most outstanding aspect has been the inquiry into the Beauharnois project. The committee of the House of Commons, under the leadership of the Honorable W. A. Gordon, Minister of Immigration and Mines, has been investigating the affairs of this company, and the report, which is unanimous, has been tabled in the House. After condemning in no uncertain terms those in charge of the management and also criticizing severely the acts of certain politicians, the Committee makes the following recommendations as appears in a leading Western newspaper:

"1. That the Parliament of Canada take such action as may be within its power, and without prejudicing the rights of the province of Quebec to procure the development of this project in such a manner as will best serve the people of Canada.

"2. That should the rights of the Dominion and the province of Quebec come in conflict, every effort be put forth to arrive at a satisfactory agreement, so that the project may not be imperilled by delay.

"3. That definite action be taken to preserve the rights of navigation and of complete jurisdiction of parliament in respect thereto.

"4. That the order of reference, the reports of the committee, the minutes of proceedings, the minutes of the evidence taken, and the exhibits filed, be printed as an appendix to the journals of the house.

5. That a copy of this report be remitted to the speaker of the Senate for the information of that house.

"6. That such of the exhibits as have not been read into the record and are not on departmental files and were referred, to be copied and the originals thereof be returned to the person producing the same."

Regina, Sask.

Q. Would you kindly give me any information you can concerning National Accounting Systems, Ltd.

I bought ten shares in this company three years ago but I do not hear anything of the company's operations. —Mrs. E. Dale.

A. The information which we have regarding the National Accounting Systems Ltd. is that the company has developed a good system of accounting but so far has been unable to achieve any wide distribution for its products. You will realize that it is in competition with old established, financially strong corporations, and the company's difficulty so far has been to organize a sufficiently efficient sales staff so as to sell its products and get a market for its output. We have not any very recent information as to the financial condition of the company. You might be able to get this information by writing direct to the head office of the company.

Falmouth, N. S.

Q. What are the shares worth in the following companies; Mander Bros. Ltd., Varnish and Color, Wolverhampton, England; Noble & Hoars, Varnish, London, England.

How much are they capitalized for? Has their business prospered? How long have they been in business? Are they a large concern?

What are shares of Spearmint Tooth Paste Co. Ltd. worth?—W. G. L.

A. The service which we offer our subscribers covers only corporations carrying on business in Canada, so that we regret that we are unable to give you information regarding the English companies to which you have referred.

As to the Spearmint Tooth Paste Co. Ltd., we cannot recommend the purchase of its shares. The company has no particularly attractive record so far, and until it has a successful record of operation we cannot recommend the purchase of its securities. At the present time we cannot give you an accurate estimate of the value of the shares of the company because they are not listed on any of the recognized exchanges. Any sales which are effected must be made privately until such times as the shares are listed on one of the stock exchanges. At the present time we believe you will have difficulty in disposing of the shares at any price.

* * *

Quesnel, B.C.

Q. I have about \$2,000 to invest. I would like to invest it in something secure where I could get about 6% interest. Would you kindly advise me?—Reader.

A. You will appreciate that the security of an investment is fairly well indicated by the yield which it gives to the investor. The highest security such as Dominion Government bonds and the bonds of the strongest industrial and public utility companies yield only about 4%. They represent the greatest security which our country can offer. Any investment which yields about 6% interest will therefore be somewhat less secure and more speculative. It would be possible for you to purchase bonds which are fairly well secured which would yield you about 6% interest. The bonds of the Manitoba Power Co. Ltd. and Simpson's Ltd. at present prices yield about 6%. If you already have a number of bonds you might be prepared to purchase instead some preferred stocks, some of which can be obtained at a yield of about 7%. They are of course subject to any bonds issued by the company. Good-year Tire Preferred can be purchased at around 98, and will yield about 7.21% at that price. Some other good preferreds are Canada Bread "A" which at 90 will yield 7.77%, Canada Cement Preferred at 91 yields 7.22%, Dominion Tar and Chemical at 87 yields 7.47%, Canada Northern Power at 105 yields 6.66%.

If you have not any other bonds, we think that bonds should be your first purchase. If you want to combine a good bond with a good preferred stock you could probably purchase ten shares of one of the preferred stocks above noted and a \$1,000 bond of the Province of Alberta or the Province of Manitoba, some of whose bonds can now be purchased at a yield of about 4.70%.

We'd Rather You Wouldn't Buy!

First . . . shave a week at our expense



There's 2 ways to win a customer—by
"high pressure" and by merit. We
prefer the last. See coupon.

GENTLEMEN: We used to waste days wondering how to sell more shaving cream. An outsider gave us the answer when he said: "If Palmolive is all that you say it is, have men try it free. Let your product win new customers by what it does in practice." (Other manufacturers may be interested to know this has proved the greatest sales idea in our whole history.)

That policy still holds. We say, "Accept a free supply of Palmolive Shaving Cream and try it for 7 days. You be the judge." If you are disappointed, then we lose. Because 86 out of every 100 who make this test remain our steady customers, we venture the belief you'll be quick to change from present methods to this way that's new.

1,000 men told how

We were asked many times to make a shaving cream before we did. Finally, we had 1,000 men write down where other kinds had failed. Then, one by one, in

(Made in Canada)



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA, CKGW and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

12 months' time, we overcame each fault.

Through the olive oil principle we know so well, the finished formula possessed five unique advantages:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects, due to olive and palm oil content.

Please write

Palmolive is the world's largest selling shaving cream and it wins men by sheer merit. That's why you owe it to your face to send the coupon now and give new ways a test. Do not delay.

NEW! Palmolive Shave Lotion.

Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.



7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. WHM-9 64 Natalie St., Toronto 8, Ont.

(Please print your name and address)

It Stands Alone

MADE IN CANADA



See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy.



and
Colgate's
costs but . . .
25¢

COLGATE'S toothpaste has healthfully and completely cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

COLGATE'S has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

COLGATE'S now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

COLGATE'S sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

FOR THIRTY YEARS COLGATE'S HAS BEEN THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING TOOTH PASTE

1893

War, the Great Liberator

Continued from page 4

victory safeguarded Liberty, commercial and colonial enterprises.

The untold sufferings of our soldiers in Russia during the Crimean War inspired Florence Nightingale to inaugurate a system of trained nurses. From this developed our incomparable Nursing Services. Army reforms were also set on foot, due to action taken by Lord Herbert "The Soldiers' Friend."

The Franco-Prussian War resulted in the creation of the modern German Empire, and the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope, when the French troops were recalled from Rome to fight for their country. The defeat brought out all that is finest in the French nation. With great devotion to their country, and self-sacrifice, they paid the Indemnity to the Germans in advance of the time accorded to them.

The American Revolution not only laid the corner-stone of a new nation, but of a new civilization, upon whose youthful resources, enterprise and drive, the Old World draws for refreshment and energy. The Civil War in America brought freedom, eventually education and enlightenment to millions of slaves.

Japan's War with China was the beginning of the Awakening of Cathay, further roused by the competitive civil war. The modernization of China would have been delayed another fifty years or longer, if that unwieldy nation of 500,000,000 population had been allowed to slumber on in Peace. Within the last two decades, China, under the forced draught of civil war, involving requirements for modern arms, ammunition, aircraft, etc., as well as the more constructive implements of advancement such as rolling-stock, engineering material, educational supplies, has assimilated no little Western civilization. The Central Government in Nanking is manned by Christian Chinese. The status of women is vastly improved. Foot-binding is unlawful. China had to feel the lash of War for her regeneration, not the assurance of Peace and conservatism.

The defeat of Russia by Japan was the beginning of the downfall of the Czarist regime, and the birth of Bolshevism. War shook the Old Order, Revolution destroyed it. But in the case of Russia's Herculean experiment, it is too early to attempt to judge, or to predict the outcome.

THE Great War, as shocking and world-shaking as it was at the time, is an outstanding example of my argument. I worked through the War, and am under no delusions as to what it meant to the individual, the family or to the country. Nor am I ignorant of, nor do I try to discount the acute economic and social problems and difficulties of post-war conditions. So personal to most of us, and looming up so overwhelmingly near, that the war generation will never see it in perspective. All we can do now is to catalogue facts.

Four years of War forced progress, experiment and enterprise at unprecedented speed. The first post-war years saw reforms and innovations which would have taken decades of peace-time to achieve. Science and engineering were marshalled to, the

support of troops. Aviation was developed practically. Aircraft aided the Army and Navy, and in 1918 the Royal Air Force, as an independent Service, was formed from the Royal Naval Air Service, and the Royal Flying Corps. The Air Ministry was established.

The signature of the Representatives of the Dominions, separately appended to the Peace Treaty in 1919, established a precedent for concession of Treaty Power to the Dominions. For the first time, the British Empire was recognized as a "Power" in the Peace Treaty.

Largely influenced by services rendered by Irish regiments, the Irish Free State was established in 1921, and granted Dominion Status. Improved status of women, and their subsequent enfranchisement in 1918, was a direct result of the War, in great part, recognition of their national services at home and in war areas. The memorable efforts of pre-war "Suffragettes" must not be forgotten. But the War achieved for women rights denied by decades of Peace.

The foundation of the League of Nations as a clearing-house for international grievances in 1920 is, in theory, the supremely important result of the World War. No war in History has been productive of such a tremendously significant public mental attitude towards the desirability of Peace, or concerted international effort to outlaw War. Unfortunately, in practice, the League of Nations is a delusion. If it could be made into an instrument of advancement and progress for humanity and the world, the League would generously fulfil the ideal for which it stands. Instead of that, it is instrumental in endeavouring to cast the world into a solid mould, with fixed frontiers and national boundaries, which, if the League could have its way, would never again be changed. An impossible theory, and impracticable. Worse still, provocative of further strife and war. The world is not ready for a Millennium of Peace. We may be feeling the urge of the Will, but we know not yet the way.

It has taken War in the form of Revolution to emancipate the millions of Indian Purdah women. Peace would not have done as much in a century. It has taken War and Revolution to make China nationally-conscious, to transform Turkey into a modern nation, Italy into a Power, Germany into a united, virile, progressive people, in place of the stuffed-shirt of Militarism she was before the War. Russia has been thrust into the melting-pot, fed iron instead of ikons, forced into the habit of activity.

Who would care to predict that there will never be another War!

There must be suffering and War so long as Man learns only by painful experience, and humanity progresses towards freedom and enterprise only by violent disruption of the obsolete, decayed and obstructing.

Lasting Peace is inseparable from, and subject to Freedom. The world has never been free. It is not free now. Our most earnest peace-mongers and reformers are more concerned with the curtailment of personal freedom, restriction of emigration of peoples, permanent demarcation and limitation of national boundaries than skillfully-shepherded liberties. The world still needs War as the Great Liberator.



We Present

For Your Canadian Album



NORMA SHEARER

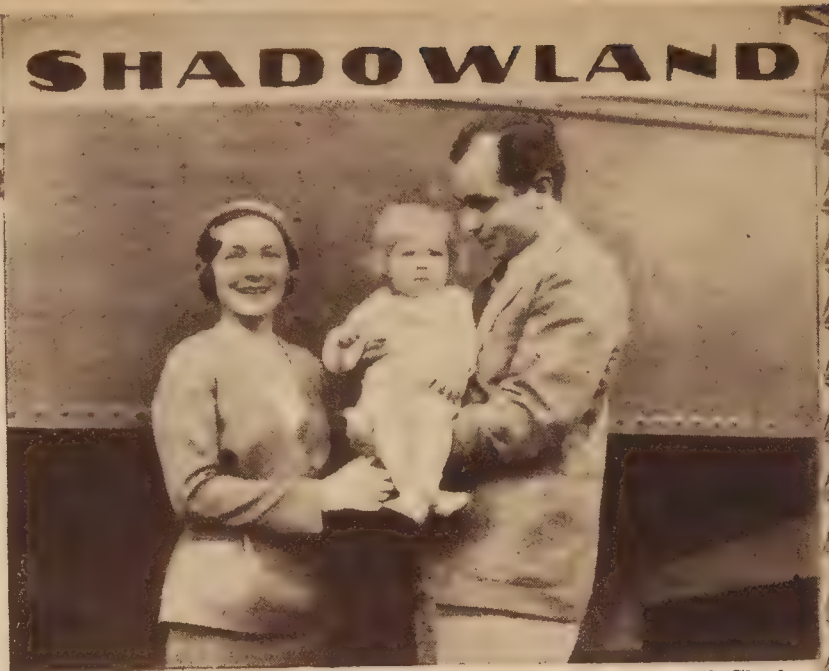
MISS SHEARER was born in Westmount, suburb of Montreal, one of a family of three. Educated in Montreal public and Westmount high schools. Went to New York in 1920 with her mother and sister to try and break into the movies. Reported with sixty girls for twelve to be picked for a college picture. This job lasted just three days. The next break was lead in a western picture, \$100 a week. It lasted just one week. Then she began to get feminine leads, resulting in a contract and chance to go to Hollywood. Miss Shearer was given the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for best performance by a screen actress in 1929, awarded for

"The Divorcee." She is an astute business head, one of the best dressed women on the screen, plays the piano, splendid horseback rider, an omnivorous reader and considered a brilliant conversationalist. Is five feet one inch tall, weighs 115 pounds, has brown wavy hair and blue eyes. Speaks French well, is partial to small hats and considered one of the best hostesses in Hollywood. This summer did Europe with her husband, Irving G. Thalberg, and upon her return took up residence at Santa Monica where her \$50,000 French Provincial beach house has just been finished.



Jackie Cooper is classed as a great fisherman but when this photo was snapped, Jackie Cooper was asking Wallace Beery, "How about that football team?"

SHADOWLAND



Helen Hayes, noted New York stage actress, with her husband Charles MacArthur, playwright, and Mary, their baby daughter, upon their arrival in Hollywood. She is appearing in both "Lullaby" and "Arrowsmith".

Constance Bennett has just had a five weeks' sojourn in Europe recovering from a recent operation. Miss Bennett says that she will be through with movie work when she has made a million dollars. Her next vehicle will be "The Dangerous Set"



"Steal the picture? What if they do?" inquired Richard Barthelmess amiably. "All the better for the show, isn't it, if everyone in the cast makes a hit." One screen star thus casually shattered the ancient credo that all film luminaries are "camera hogs"—unpretty but expressive term for much Hollywood behavior.

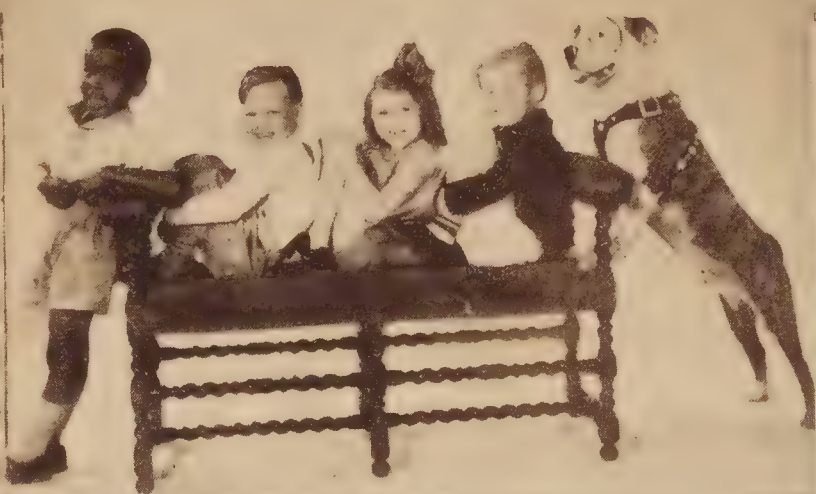


Arthur Edson, who filmed "All Quiet on the Western Front," was given an opportunity by James Whale in "Waterloo Bridge" to do a unique bit of photography. It constituted the final scenes in "Waterloo Bridge."



Marie Dressler, whose hobby is cooking, is reveling in some unique cooking utensils. She recently purchased an entire kitchen set of Mexican earthenware. Now this star is busy learning how to use the new collection.

SHADOWLAND



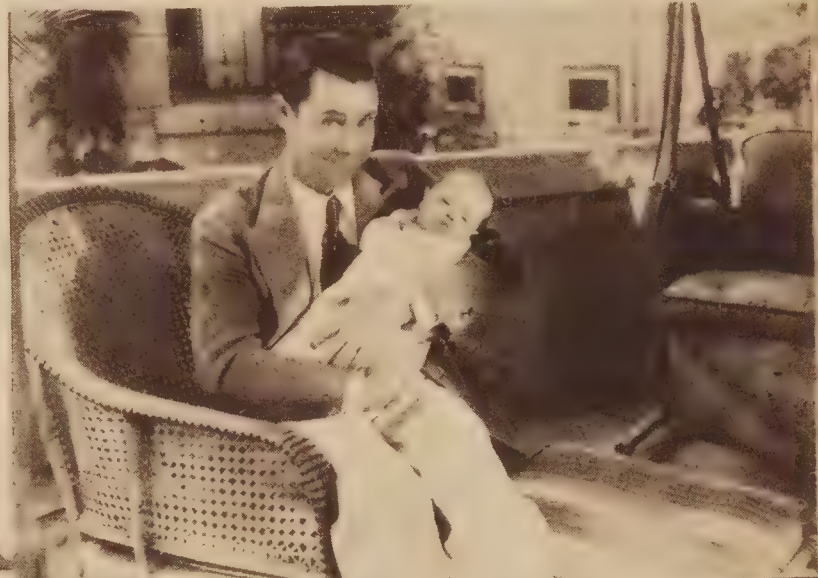
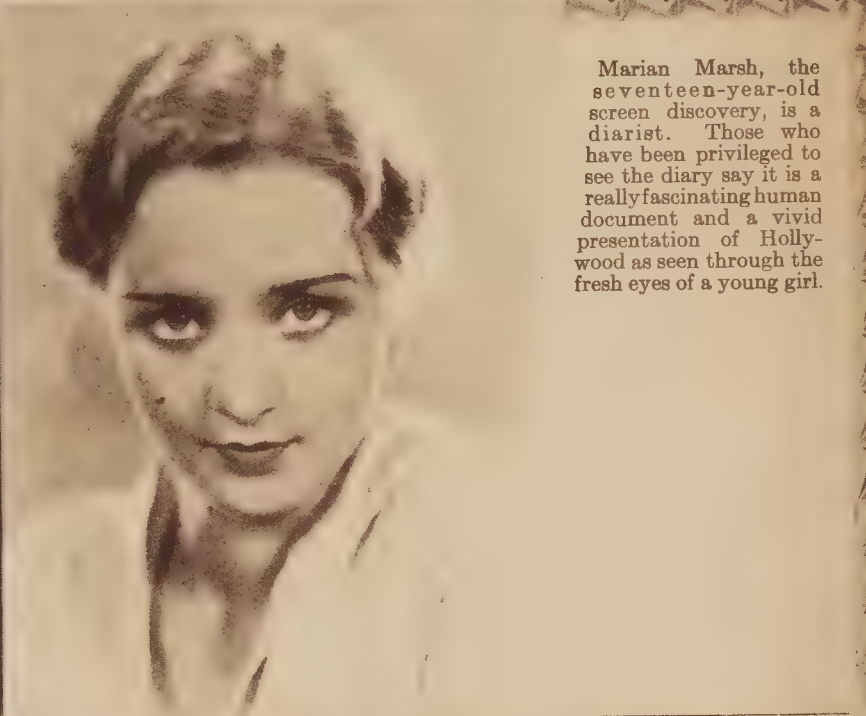
A quintet of jolly juvenile stars from the Hal Roach studio. Stymie, the dark-complexioned chap with the broad smile, Wheezer, Dorothy DeBorba, Spud and Pete, the dog with the encircled left orb.

Bebe Daniels has a penchant for statistics, or at least for the keeping of accurate records; and, according to her own enumeration, her latest picture is her two hundred and sixty-fifth film.



Marian Marsh, the seventeen-year-old screen discovery, is a diarist. Those who have been privileged to see the diary say it is a really fascinating human document and a vivid presentation of Hollywood as seen through the fresh eyes of a young girl.

She was born Gretchen Young on January 6th, 1913, and her name became Loretta when she embarked upon a motion picture career. She is the youngest of three lovely sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, also of the movies. There is also a brother, Jack, now an attorney; and a baby sister, Georgiana, who is too busy with her dolls to think of a career.



Joe E. Brown and his daughter Mary Elizabeth Ann. In another year or so she'll be able to sing, "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now!"

Cliff Edwards, he of the ukelele and the famous movie roles, has a new plaything. He has fixed rubber bands on the handlebars of his bicycle. The wind vibrates them and he can play tunes as he rides.

Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne

Some Casual Impressions of its Glamour, Its Amazing Crudity, and the "Types" Encountered in the Great Film Factories

IT IS of no use to take a superior attitude toward Hollywood, whatever may be your opinion regarding the bulk of its screen output. The place cannot be ignored nor belittled and attempts to do either, on the part of scoffers passing through it, are futile and often funny. Perhaps the illustration of the two high-minded ladies from Boston will serve.

These visitors had deigned to put up overnight at one of the hotels and they were inquiring of the desk clerk next morning the best motor route to somewhere else. He looked at them with an air of surprise tinged with reproach. Why such haste to quit Hollywood, the Mecca of most tourists? Since obviously the twain hadn't come to capitalize youth or beauty (they had neither) such visitors were more than welcome. He assured them of this.

"Oh," said the more aggressive of the two—she was a Ph. D. or something of the sort—"we came to California to see the shrine of Stevenson. We're going to visit the scenes of the 'Silverado Squatters' and other interesting places."

The clerk looked a shade puzzled.

"Stevenson — Stevenson?" he murmured, politely. Then: "What studio was he connected with?"

But it so happened that that night there was a gala Opening, or first run of a new picture, and someone must have persuaded the superior pair to remain long enough to witness this, for there they were, an hour before the scheduled time for the performance to begin, pressing close against the ropes with all the eagerness of a couple of screen-struck flappers anxious not to lose a glimpse of even the lesser lights in the great star parade! And later in the week they were again seen, this time in a theatre playing the Dressler and Moran comedy "Reducing," and such was the state of limp exhaustion to which it had reduced them that they were shorn of the last vestige of highbrow dignity; and if they ever did reach Napa County and their sacred mission of visiting the Stevenson memorial was achieved, no one ever heard of it.

WHAT the reaction of R. L. S. to Hollywood might have been is an interesting, if futile, speculation. Could he have written of it in a spirit of gentle philosophy after witnessing one of the fifty-seven screen versions of "Treasure Island" that the enterprising film factories have perpetrated? One such is still within the recollection of modern film fans. It had turned the fifteen-year-old hero into a full-grown athletic cut-up playing tricks on Old John Silver, and the pirates had taken a pretty girl on the voyage to furnish the love interest. Probably the most arresting feature of the whole thing was the remarkable way in which this young lady saved the treasure-map when everybody was thrown overboard including herself. She also preserved her "permanent," her high-polish manicure, her life—and a neat little knife-pleated skirt that apparently was impervious to a ducking in salt water.

But laugh as you may at what Hollywood does, the impulse to make sport of its citizens themselves is checked when you have penetrated the carnival spirit beneath which they mask their heartbreak and their boredom. Only a fraction of the city's 150,000 souls know the luxury of security, the ability to draw an easy breath. For most it is a life of dancing on a crater's edge. Nearly everyone is living on the proverbial shoe-string.

The writer, having connection chiefly with the scenario and publicity end of the business, is perhaps rather better qualified to speak on the mechanics of the film industry than on the social side but even here all is uncertainty. Nothing is more precarious than a play and the producers themselves actually believe that a good play, meaning a successful one, is an accident. They know now that a big name



Gary Cooper watches the filming of a scene in one of his pictures.



A corner of the Cutting and Editing Room in Paramount Studios.

doesn't get one over and that the thing which is the most common ailment even with a dramatized best-seller is low blood pressure. Hence the staff of "play doctors" that every studio keeps on its pay-roll. "How's your third act?" is the pointed query said to have been the

features. He generally wears his hat on the back of his head and keeps it on while he works, and he makes odd, whistling noises through his teeth. Also he doesn't mind how many spectators look on while he labors. He might be a plumber fixing a leak in the drain-pipe, his manner is so casual and unconcerned. This is precisely why "play surgeons" and some authors are forever at odds. Given a writer who takes himself very, very seriously, and one of these theatrical handymen who don't take the thing very seriously, and you have an age-old clashing situation—Art versus Industry.

The route to the public's heart is still via sympathy and sincerity. When in doubt about the "punch" in a play the production manager emulates Mrs. Newbridge, who tries the biscuits on the dog. He sends out for an audience composed of say eighteen, six of whom must be the rather emotional and easily worked-on type, six hard-boiled, and the rest half-and-half. This assorted group is herded into the projection room and the picture is run off for them. If half of them get misty eyes and a lump in the throat at the right places all is



Above—"Round House Cafe" in Los Angeles, finds Kathryn Crawford, Universal player, riding the engine for the benefit of the photographer! This cafe is popular with the younger movie set.



Right—Part of the new equipment in the recording building at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, with the popular Esther Ralston (who made her screen debut in "Peter Pan") impersonating the modern switchboard operator—who doesn't specialize in wrong numbers or busy signals but controls the amplifying apparatus used in talking pictures. Miss Ralston will be seen in a number of the coming season's new film plays.

well but if *not* the plot must go to the hospital or some particular scene must be re-taken.

SOME idea of the immensity of a studio plant may be gained from a study of the figures which follow, and which pertain to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, largest film plant on earth. More than 1,500 workers are employed in maintenance, apart from actors, writers, and directors, the "lot" covering fifty-three acres with several additional tracts of land also belonging to the company and used as locations. Exclusive of the stages and sound plant there are buildings devoted to executive offices, property, wardrobes, dressing-rooms, electrical shops, commercial art, recording, and even a school for child actors. More than two-and-a-half kilowatts of electricity (or sufficient to light a small city for six years) are used yearly, and enough raw film to circle the earth three times passes through the laboratories in the same period. The workers' canteen serves more than 1,000 meals daily. Enormous quantities of supplies pass through the rear gates each day, and 2,700 employees are maintained for checking the trucks in and out. Not less than 250 tons of plaster, for instance, go into the settings every year, with 15,000 gallons of paint and 3,000,000 feet of lumber.

The studios of Hollywood are housed in a variety of mansions, each presenting a different idea in architecture, and the majority cover vast acreages. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where Marie Dressler, Canadian-born comedy queen, has done some of her best hiccupping, presents an ultra-dignified and very imposing front to the world in the Grecian temple style. The Fox Company favors the Old Spanish Mission type, high-walled and rather forbidding, while Paramount conducts its affairs from a building fashioned in the low-rambling hacienda manner, picturesque with climbing vines, grilled balconies and a tiled roof. The Warner Brothers dwell in a palatial seat resembling one of the State capitols and flying a flag.

In fact, Hollywood might be described as an architect's nightmare, albeit a very pleasant and entertaining nightmare. The visitor never knows what he's likely to come upon next, proving that it isn't only in the drama that the qualities of anticipation and suspense may be found. The home seeker has a wide range of styles from which to choose, providing that his purse is equal to the strain of some of the more elaborate and ornate structures. For every type of dwelling in the known world may be found nestling amid its palms, peppers, and eucalypti—villa, chateau, chalet, pagoda, hacienda, bungalow, and plain unpoetic duplex. The group home idea known as the bungalow court, which features a number of bijou dwellings built in a square around a common plaza, was born in California.

But the oldest house in the region is in Los Angeles, a few miles distant, and dates back to 1818. It is known as the Casa de Dona Encarnacion Avila and is situated at No. 14 Olvera Street. When one becomes oppressed with the terrible newness of everything in and about Hollywood it is balm to the spirit to journey there and gaze upon this homely and crumbling structure, or to run down to Santa Fe which is the oldest city in the U.S.A., having been settled about the year 1540 by the Spanish explorer Don Espejo. Santa Fe and Hollywood are a study in extremes. Age and Youth. And like them, irreconcilable.

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, one of the most photographed streets in the world—you have seen it scores of times in the racier two-reel comedies, particularly in the Laurel and Hardy slapstick epics—edges the mountain range separating the town from the San Fernando Valley. Hollywood originated at the foot of this range of hills ten miles inland from the sea but today it splatters all over the valley and right out to the salt water and its palm-fringed drives wind along the top of the hills and spill over on the other side, so that all the suburbs overlap one another and are as it were tied together by broad ribbons of asphalt so that it is hard to tell where one leaves off and another begins. Less than a generation ago the glamorous Boulevard was only a country lane and Hollywood itself but a ranch of apricots and figs. In 1903 a village of 700 people had grown around this ranch and the first

studio hadn't even been thought of, the chief interest of the citizens being fruit, not photography. But in 1924 the population had swollen to 35,000 and the miracle had taken place. In 1930 the city of Hollywood registered well in excess of 150,000, and of this number almost one-third are said to be extras seeking work in the studios. Thus, the talkie capital continues to hold the world record for unemployment. There are every week 40,000 people besieging the casting offices for work, and of these only a mere 17,451 are actually registered on the books of the Central Casting Bureau and among this lot just 194 have worked an average of two or more days per week during the past two years. Further figures supplied me show that few averaged in earnings more than \$2.94 weekly in that time. Which of course wouldn't keep a butterfly. In spite of wide publication of these facts and numerous other warnings the Bureau continues to get more than 900 calls per hour from extras looking for a day's work. Nowhere is there a more fitting application for the old axiom that hope springs eternal. Hollywood is a city of determined optimists. It must be something in the air. In any case it's incurable.

A NUMBER of us had arranged a little picnic one day to one of the beaches—and then the studio telephoned that they would need me that afternoon. So there I sat on a



Marion Davies is the most popular girl in the film colony. Both charming and genuine, everybody likes her.



The Hollywood studios are housed in a variety of architectural temples. This is the Administration Building of one company. It separates the world from twenty-six acres of ground on which 2,000 employees work at the production of talking pictures.



John Gilbert, whose father once nearly settled at Saskatoon. Gilbert's new picture "West of Broadway" will present him in dinner clothes, his numerous feminine fans having made strenuous protests about his recent appearances in soft-collar roles.



A truly great landmark! The old barn in which Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky, president and first vice-president of Paramount first entered pictures in Hollywood. The barn was recently moved more than three miles when the old Famous Players-Lasky studio was torn down and the organization moved into its new quarters in Hollywood. It will be remodelled inside and used as a club-room for studio employees.

park bench with a parcel of useless sandwiches and wondering what to do with them. But a middle-aged woman came along presently and occupied the other end of the bench and with the unerring accuracy of a starving wolfhound guessed at the contents of the package. There were some bananas too and she ate three of them ravenously and afterward polished her worn slippers with the skins. Then brushing the crumbs of the last sandwich from her lap she signed and said: "First meal I've had in two days!" Her face was vaguely familiar and it developed that she had been a popular featured player in the old silent film era. But now, with more wrinkles than a road-map and a voice grown thin and raspy from privation, (the "mike" demands full, throaty, well-fed tones you know) she was an object lesson on the futility of Hollywood hopes. But—was she downhearted? Not in the least. She was merely that pitiful spectacle, an ageing actress kidding herself that she could "come back." Every day she haunted the studios, usually in borrowed finery, and someday somebody would notice that if her looks were gone at least she had lots of personality left.

And then there was the young fellow who "had everything" Buddy Rogers had except the good breaks." He had been turned down 302 times. But perhaps most unique of all the persistent people who pester the casting bureau was an old man who a year ago had been a contented farmer in the middle western States somewhere. His two daughters had got the movie fever and had made him rent the farm and come out to Hollywood with them. Having no luck both girls had married and returned east, but dad had caught the "bug" himself and wouldn't quit the place. The studios used him whenever the script called for an old gent with whiskers and rheumatism. He was just a tramp extra, by gum, he admitted, but at any rate the rent from his farm permitted him to eat regularly. But the girls have never forgiven him quite, and speak of him as "eccentric."

But speaking of eccentric things, it seems just the other day that the world was looking at a news photograph of Mary Pickford holding in her arms her baby niece whom later she adopted. That niece today stands five feet eight inches high, fairly towering over her tiny aunt. Moreover, it's refreshing to learn through Mary herself that the child actually doesn't wish to have a screen career but on the contrary has a decided mechanical bent, and with it plenty of common sense.

IN a world of asbestos eyelashes and made-to-order emotions the simple, the genuine, the untheatrical are there too. Among the nicest people in the film colony are Irene Rich and her two daughters, who are "just folks" like any you meet at home. Esther Ralston too is consistently charming and sincere. Kay Francis, popular with both women and men, meets with the approval of the worldly-minded by reason of [Continued on page 40]

SHADOWLAND



Lila Lee, while having her make-up removed gives a little talk on "Finger nails"

"FEW women realize how definitely fingernails tell the story of the condition of their system. The nails often give indications of internal conditions of which no other part of the body shows any sign. If your nails are strong, fairly wide and naturally pink beneath, as well as naturally glossy and smooth on top, and have fairly good-sized moons, you are in fairly good health. That is, you are not troubled with any radical organic disorder. If the moons are scarce, the tips colorless and bluish, the nails easily broken, you should begin at once to improve the circulation of your blood and give your nerves a rest.

"Nicely shaped, long nails are artistic and attractive, but if they show a tendency to curve across the fingers as well as from the top back toward the finger, your lungs should be watched. Get more fresh air daily, practice deep breathing and take all the sun baths you possibly can.

"If the nails are very brittle and snap off easily, it indicates that your system is lacking some important element, most likely lime. If long nails are wide at the top with a sickly color of bluish paste, the circulation of the blood is weak, not so much from too little exercise, as from poor health. When nails of these characteristics are dotted with white spots, the entire system is generally debilitated. The nervous system is the foundation of it all.

"Do not overtax your heart through excesses because if you do the nails will remain very short, very thin and flat at the base, and the moons will hardly be seen."

Jeanne Renault Comes Into Her Own

"JEANNE RENAULT" has achieved the realization of her life-long ambition. She is supporting, literally supporting, Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in "The Night Angel."

"Jeanne" is a 1913 model Renault automobile that has been hanging around Paramount's New York studio for years waiting for a real break in pictures. Patiently she stood in the garage with Edison electric "horseless carriages," Stanley Steamers and other old stagers. However, none of these less adventurous automobiles have as splendid a record behind them as has Jeanne.

Jeanne is the giddy old war-horse that went to the front in 1914 with the French troops as a Renault and came back four years later half Duesenberg. She has always been reticent about where she picked up her other half, but as both sections work together at a merry thirty-mile-an-hour clip, nobody minds.

After she returned from the front to go back to soliciting on the streets of Paris, where all taxis return to die, she found that her bustle was so full of bullet holes that no one would hire her. Many war veterans would have taken to drinking ethyl gas, but not Jeanne. She tightened her cowl about her throbbing heart, strapped on her bonnet and came to the United States to go into the movies.

There followed dreary days of careening into casting offices and begging pitifully for work. At night she would return to her poor but cozy little garage, tire-sore and weary. Bent but not broken, she would drop her spinning head onto her wheels and slumber through the night with little unheeded drops of briny water coursing down her closed radiators.

At last she met Dan Doran, property man for Paramount's New York studio. Danny is a man with rare insight. Jeanne didn't have to tell him anything. He just looked at her and she looked back, exhausted coughing gently in her embarrassment.

Danny gave her a permanent job in the movies. Her sturdy chassis has carried armies of men in war pictures, and, in a new dress, has taken lovers to their trysts. With another costume she has become town car to old but impoverished families. Her last big starring role was in "The Battle of Paris," a conflict through which she had lived in real life.

She now is playing an important role in "The Night Angel," and puffs proudly about the stages, supporting Fredric March and Nancy Carroll in the literal manner aforesaid.

The opportunity to serve once more has made her a new person. Her radiator has been straightened and patched by a real plastic surgeon. Her lamps are aglow with brass polish and, after a bath and a daub of paint, she will take her shot of gas like a little lady, throw back her fenders and be off to further screen triumphs.

How Stars Combat the Heat

HOT weather is a real problem about the movie studios, because heat will cause make-ups to run.

Various stars solve the problem in various ways.

Robert Montgomery keeps down his face temperature by rubbing it periodically with small cubes of ice.

Marie Dressler, who rarely wears much make-up under any circumstances, goes without altogether on hot days.

Alfred Lunt, now doing a difficult make-up job as a Russian Cossack in "The Guardsman," used up two or three hundred small wads of absorbent cotton each day... carefully sopping up every bit of perspiration from his make-up... so as to save himself the time and trouble of doing it all over again.

Leila Hyams sticks by the old remedy for keeping cool... applying small pieces of ice to the wrists, at the pulse.

Conrad Nagel also uses ice, but goes on the theory that brisk rubbing with a cube at the base of the brain will cool the whole body.



The delay due to storms on the Sacramento did more than add three weeks extra to the shooting schedule of "Heaven on Earth." It knocked Louise Beavers out of the cast. Miss Beavers was playing the role of Voodoo Sue in this adaptation of Ben Lucien Burman's novel, "Mississippi." Russell Mack, who was directing, has replaced Miss Beavers with Madame Sul Te Wan. The cast is headed by Lew Ayres. This picture shows the camera men shooting the "Morning Glory" which is supposed to be on the Mississippi but is actually on the Sacramento.

Wallace Beery thinks there is no way to keep cool except exposing the epidermis to the air. In "Hell Divers," a current aviation picture, the minute Beery completed a scene he would strip to the waist... and let the breezes blow as they will across a rather wide expanse of hide.

Madge Evans reduces the heat by changing shoes four times a day. She believes that nothing serves to raise one's temperature like swelling feet in hot shoes.

All of this sounds a bit inconsequential... but it is anything but, to the players concerned.



George Arliss dislikes being called a veteran

GEORGE ARLISS is sixty-two years old, a fact he cannot escape, since "Who's Who" included him in its pages a number of years ago. But he is far from being an old man in plans, ideas, or associations. He objects to being ranked as a veteran of the stage and to being lumped with other veterans older than himself.

"I dislike the term," he cryptically commented, "and newspapers invariably use it."

For twenty-two years Arliss has been a star of the stage and screen. During that long period of time he has earned a great deal of money. Long before film salaries went skyrocketing, Arliss was demanding a salary in New York that made most producers throw up their hands, and make other plans.

Probably Arliss is the best liked star ever to work in pictures on the Warner lot. He has a good memory for names and services. His even temper and courtesy are virtues not often found in a nerve-racking profession.

He is meticulous and painstaking to a point of exhaustion for his casts and crews, but when a thing suits him he is duly appreciative. He talks freely and is peculiarly kind to younger players; giving them advice and assistance in their parts and invariably sending them away from his company the better for his training—and ready to acknowledge it.

People who meet Arliss nearly always find identical words to describe him. He is, they say, "charming." His manners are "delightful." He never talks for publication without considering carefully what he is about to say, and he always cautions the reporter to quote him correctly. One who violates the rules is never welcomed a second time.

But despite the preceding paragraph, Arliss is deliberately and intensely modern in many ways. He prides himself on "not speaking like a Shakespearean actor," although he recently played a Shakespearean role very successfully on the stage. He uses slang with an elegant precision—and smokes a pipe on occasion, but has difficulty in keeping it lighted; he prefers cigarettes.

The Arliss monocle has become a tradition of the stage. Worn first perhaps as an actor's affectation, it has come to be a necessary accessory for Arliss. He really does see through it.

His clothes are London-made and conservative, even to the point of being a little old fashioned. He has never accepted the wide trousers, nor the square-shouldered cuts. He is never mistaken for anyone else.

He is passing the summer in England, spending part of his time writing a story for the screen in which possibly he himself will star.

Criticisms: Favourable—and Otherwise

By Jerome Carver

"Salvation Nell"

"SALVATION NELL," one of the most intense and stirring of Mrs. Fiske's many remarkable stage characterizations, and an excellent drama by that well-known author, Edward Sheldon, has found its way to the screen, with Helen Chandler in the title role. It is not surprising that both the screen star and play do not rise to the dramatic heights set on the regular stage by the most brilliant of America's emotional actresses and with the action very properly held down to regular stage limitations. The movie form is considerably lengthened and varied.

"Nell" is a little waitress in a cheap eating house where toughs congregate. She has fallen in love with "Jim Platt," a distinctly bad egg, who hangs around poolrooms and has an aversion to honest work. He is selfish and cruel, but is adored by the girl, who yields to him. When she tells him of an expected baby, he laughs and advises her to get another job. This is not so easy an accomplishment and she finally drifts into scrubbing floors in the low saloon poolroom where Jim and his fellow toughs hang out. He is neglectful of her but a certain personal pride makes him resent any attentions offered her by his pals. When one of them attempts to kiss her, Jim beats him up. He dies of his wounds and Jim is sent up for manslaughter. While he is serving his time the girl is faced with a life of shame—as glowingly pictured to her by a girl chum who is about to enter the establishment of a certain Madame Cloquette. At this critical moment Maggie, a Salvation Army woman arrives on her rounds of the saloons and seeing "Nell" offers her a refuge in her trouble. Some four years later it is as "Salvation Nell" that Jim Jim finds her when he comes out of prison. She urges him to quit his evil way of living, saying that their child reveres him, as she has taught him to believe his father to be a good man. Jim does not believe in Nell's reformation, and makes a bid for the resumption of the old life with her, but she insists upon marriage and an honest life for him. He tells her he is taking part in a safe-cracking job that night and leaves. She turns to prayer and at the nightly corner Salvation Army service, she is leading in a plea for souls when the bank is raided. Her man, however, has considered her advice against the robbery and has realized that her plea for a better life was not merely a ruse to keep him out of present trouble, but sincere religious faith on her part—so he follows her to the mission where begins the new life for him as well as Salvation Nell.

Helen Chandler makes Nell rather an ingenue, failing thereby to rise to the splendid heights of Mrs. Fiske in the role—but there is only one Mrs. Fiske, so why expect her brilliance in a mere movie actress.

Ralph Graves, although an excellent actor, is miscast as the tough Jim Platt—he simply is not that type of man and it takes more than make-up to make him so.

The cast is nicely balanced with Sally O'Neill and Charlotte Walker well to the fore. It is an interesting study of stage and screen. Production and direction by James Cruze.

"Big Business Girl"

HERE is a story of two youngsters, just out of college. The boy is ambitious to become another Paul Whiteman and has an engagement offered him in Paris. The girl hies her to New York in search of a big business career. The career dwindles down to a position as stenographer for one business man, who has become enamoured of her shapely person rather than her exceptional business ability. The Boy returns from Paris with his ideas of orchestral leadership somewhat changed. He yearns for his Girl, but she tells him she has an appointment with her employer. After dining with said employer she returns to her apartment, and he manages to force his way in, but is met by Boy in pajamas. It then develops that Boy and Girl were married all the time but for business reasons had kept it quiet. Business



Mitzi Green in *Newly Rich*



Peggy Shannon and Richard Arlen in *"The Secret Call."*

Man is really in love with the Girl, seeks to separate them, misrepresenting each to the other, but true love triumphs and the young couple are scheduled to "live happily ever after."

Loretta Young, who plays the Girl, is one of the most charming young misses of the screen and makes a delightful appearance in a number of beautiful gowns. She is ably supported by Ricardo Cortez, as the wrecker of homes; Frank Albertson as the Boy and Joan Blondell in a clever character part.

"Confessions of a Co-ed"

HERE is one of those films that tries to combine a Ziegfeld Follies show with college life, and falls far short of

the best in either. It would seem that Co-Eds might well resent being represented as lounging in their sorority house in lingerie and pajamas and acting and talking more like a musical comedy front row than a lot of clever and happy young women.

Sylvia Sydney has the role in this picture that was intended for Clara Bow—so, you may be sure she has plenty of opportunity to look bewitching and act well. All of this she does with nice restraint through many inconsistencies.

There are two leading male roles—Phillips Holmes playing the one and Norman Foster the other. Mr. Holmes is not quite up to his usual standard and Mr. Foster is better than usual—and so it goes. The cast generally is good enough, with Claudia Dell outstanding in "Peggy."

The story is a mixture of gayety, silly romance and domestic tragedy. Almost too much material for the subject. The camera work is excellent but there is so much of it one is reminded of looking through a kaleidoscope.

Not a picture for children.

"Broadminded"

LAUGHTER-LOVERS will get their fill and thrill with the display of his most amusing and flexible face as "Ossie Simpson," a near "nit-wit." Indeed, that face is the big highlight of the story. This picture is based on an old musical comedy libretto, one gathers, and has all the ridiculous situations and wisecracks that go with that particular form of entertainment. The cast includes in support of the star and his tonsils, such clever screen people as: William Collier Jr., Marjorie White, Holmes Herbert, Margaret Livingstone in the most prominent roles. This Brown picture should make any audience laugh in any theatre.

"Transgression"

A DRAMATIC story and picture that would be innocuous but for Herbert Brenon's masterly direction and the excellent character... [Continued on page 40]



Above—Joe E. Brown and Marjorie White in *"Broadminded."*

Left—Warner Oland and Sally Eilers in *"The Black Camel."*

SHADOWLAND

CRITICISMS FAVOURABLE—AND OTHERWISE—Continued from page 39



Ralph Graves
in "Salvation Nell"

portrayals of Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Paul Cavanagh, Nance O'Neil, John St. Polis and Adrienne d'Ambricourt. Kay Francis is beautiful to look at and acts with her usual convincing sincerity the role of a wife who believes her real love lies elsewhere than with her husband. It must be admitted Miss d'Ambricourt almost steals first honors as a French maid.

When husband and lover are weighed in the scale, the philanderer is found wanting.

The Secret Call

ONE of the attractive legitimate dramas transferred from the stage to the screen. The story, based on William C. De Mille's play, "The Woman," produced nearly two decades ago, has been considerably changed. It deals with the love of an heiress for the son of an unscrupulous politician, also of much wealth. The girl's father is shouldered with some of the dirty doings of the politician by that worthy and it is the girl's effort to clear her father's name that makes the drama of the picture.

The role of the girl was to have been played by Clara Bow, but it is in the hands of Peggy Shannon, as her screen debut vehicle. Miss Shannon does not possess classical beauty for photographing but she does possess charm of facial

expression, and has real interpretative power and can handle the dialogue as few screen actresses have the ability to do. She should become a great screen favorite. Richard Arlen is quite up to his fine standard in the leading male role, and William B. Davidson gives a well-drawn portrait of the tricky political leader. The comedy is supplied by Ned Sparks, who gets the only laughs in the film. Stuart Walker, well-known on the legitimate stage makes his debut as a screen director in this production, and the result of his artistry indicates that he is as well-placed in directing the talkies as he is a model producing director of the regular stage.

"The Secret Call" should make a very public call for popularity.

The Mystery of Life

HERE is an idea that will undoubtedly have a strong appeal to the folk who do not ordinarily attend the pictures. It is a wonderful nature study and combines with many old and new quips on the subject; a running story of the evolution of man. Upon Clarence Darrow, the great lawyer and debater—who fought the question out with the late William Jennings Bryan—falls the telling of the story. His lecture is excellent, although his voice is a bit monotonous. He punctuates his story

of the mystery of life with many caustic comments and humorous hits that call for applause or laughter. Dr. Parshley, Professor of Zoology at Smith College, is Mr. Darrow's adversary or cohort, as required by the story, and the two make an unforgettable team.

Altogether "The Mystery of Life" presents the most wonderful and complete collection of nature pictures ever presented, and these with such a brilliant speaker as Clarence Darrow, should make the film a great attraction, especially in educational circles. This is a picture for recommendation by and to students and teachers.

Newly Rich *Forbidden Adventure*

THE youngsters have been catered to in this picture—that is if your mothers are tolerant of the slapstick, and don't mind the display of snappy temper by one of the leading characters. Anyway, two children and their mothers are the figures around which the story revolves. The jealousy between the two sets of parents and children forms the basis for much legitimate laughter. Once the kids get into the story the action becomes exceedingly active. "Newly Rich" is funny, and makes no other pretence.



Clarence Darrow
in "The Mystery of Life"

The Black Camel

"CHARLIE CHAN" from Honolulu murder mystery. In this particular story Charlie—the Chinese of the large family, of the quaint superstitions and epigrams—clears up a three-fold murder mystery. Earl Derr Biggers, the author, has selected the knifing of a woman film star on location in Honolulu as the main mystery to be solved. This unusually pointed movie plot, together with the popularity of "Charlie Chan" with the reading and movie public, should make for big money in the box office of the theatres handling "The Black Camel." Warner Oland maintains his stranglehold on the character of "Charlie Chan." The three murders are all in the film field. While the cast is good, the central attraction is Oland.

A great thrill for those who love to thrill.

The Girl Habit

STARS Charles Ruggles, one of the cleverest farcical comedians of the stage. His present wagon while hitched to a star, will not carry him very far, as it is thin, and the feminine portion of the cast, while pretty in the main, lack "It." We hope to see Charles Ruggles in something better soon.

LITTLE RAMBLES IN HOLLYWOOD—Continued from page 37

her smart sophistication yet is equally well liked by the more discriminating for her friendliness and goodfellowship. Incidentally she has just completed work on her nineteenth picture in two years, constituting a record.

Little Jackie Cooper, who has endeared himself to the world in simple and natural child portraits doesn't claim to be an actor at all. "I'm just myself," he told us. Recently he accompanied some of the studio executives on a fishing expedition and put everybody's nose out of joint by catching the biggest fish of anyone in the party. Of this exploit he was inordinately proud, the only difficulty being that Jackie's small arms are inadequate to the proper telling of a fish story.

Kathryn Crawford of the Universal Company obligingly hopped on the dummy engine in front of the Round House Restaurant for the photographer—and threw in a smile for good measure. Some other time I'll tell about Hollywood's odd cafes, some of which are decorative and beguiling in the extreme and where the food is excellent always. One place advertises that it serves "the finest chicken that ever had its neck wrung."

The cynics say that Hollywood has within its borders (though as mentioned before these borders are very indefinite)

the world's prize collection of "nuts," the hopeless as well as the hopeful. Not long ago a certain welfare organization got out a pamphlet designed as a warning, with the caption: "Are You Beautiful?"



A view of Laemmle Boulevard, the Main Street of Universal City. At left centre are the Projection Rooms, and to right foreground is the Transportation Building. This is claimed to be the most complete Moving Picture plant in the World.

Then Keep Away From Hollywood!" The moral about carrying coals to Newcastle was stressed. Many discouraging facts and figures were quoted showing up the tragedies of youthful ambition that had come to naught. But far from stopping the influx it merely added to this number a couple of trainloads of the most homely individuals that ever drew breath. Lacking beauty, personality, pull and even talent these people believed they could achieve screen recognition on the strength of some physical deformity such as a pigeon-toe walk, a harelip, a complete absence of chin like Andy Gump boasts, or some other peculiarity. If however you should see one Jimmy Durante on the screen don't jump to the conclusion that he was one of this number. Jimmy made good in New York first and was specially sent for. He is the proud owner of the largest nose in captivity, and he made the journey West via water because as he declares he didn't want to risk his proboscis in the close confines of a Pullman compartment. His nose is his fortune. Curious folk frequently tweak it to see if it's made of putty. It isn't.

The Negative

Continued from page 11

He chuckled. It wasn't so hard; very different to the treatment he was used to, but gave one a pleasant, martyred feeling... something new. He settled into his Calculus... but a pair of blue-grey eyes danced among the figures... amused, grey eyes.

THE masquerader didn't see any more of this group until he reached the University.

Reaching North Eastern he was thrilled by the magnificent buildings; the campus and its crowds; and, above all, the splendid equipment for games... the diamonds, the track, the hundreds of courts;—truly a sporting paradise! And, as suitcase in hand he passed along with the streaming arrivals, an inward groan escaped, thinking of what he was going to miss.

He registered by his second name, Edgar, instead of the usual Buckley, fearing someone might link him with the famous Buck Wingham of Crofton, holder of two track records and other glamorous exploits. This seemed over-cautious, however, for in this giant place with its supercilious strangers and their contemptuous looks, naturally, at his seedy appearance, he felt very small indeed.

It was lonely—being a negative; and, quartered in his single room that evening, the unknown westerner gazed out at the scores of contests in progress on the campus: ball games, field sports, tennis... A court was right below his window... and he paused to admire the flashing play of a Diana there; then he recognized the girl of the train, Dot. With a sigh he pulled down the blind and gamely struggled into his books.

Not all battles are fought on the battle-field.

THE class in English at North Eastern U summer term was in progress. The atmosphere of the group was beginning to get peaceful and friendly. Not that it had not been peaceful and friendly before; but it was getting toward the mid-term now and the students—and also the professor—were beginning to become more used to one another. Personalities were commencing to stick out. If the young fellow or lady in the next seat were missing, you noticed it and wondered where he was; and so on. Names were beginning to mean something.

"Character," said Professor Simone, giving out the assignment, "is the great thing; so, for next time, pick out some peculiar character from real life who interests you—and write about him or her."

Dot Morrison allowed her eyes to fall upon the begoggled young fellow seated in the third row. He certainly interested her. She began to write idly, though she wouldn't dare turn this in:

"There's a young man in this class who intrigues me awfully. The first day I met him I thought he was a freak. He had a red nose—which seems gone now (I suppose he had a cold); a too-large collar; long, poetical hair, and needed shaving.

"Now, he is much neater, but still very old-fashioned... so different in this world of up-to-date young men (actually a change is refreshing—they're all so much the same).

"I'm sorry for the poor boy, as he must be poverty-stricken; his clothes and things don't match; I'm sure his dad had to mortgage the farm to get him here. But what I don't understand: how one who studies so hard could have ever got so many conditions as he has! It's the mystery

about him that makes me so curious: I'd love to talk to him sometime... but he always dodges everybody.

"The other girls say 'he is a joke,' but to me he's a puzzle, for though he appears to hate sports and games, I never saw a boy with such an athletic swing to his walk; he has fine shoulders too, and if one could only look past those funny, dark glasses and funny clothes, I get a feeling that there is a real man behind them—a real he-man like Barty Cope; yet minus Barty's conceit.

"I wouldn't have anything but an athlete, yet this lad and his devotion to studies have been such an eye-opener to me—that I'm actually doing well myself... hope Dad doesn't faint.

"There must be good in everybody—even students..."

The Professor was returning some work to Buckley, and Dot looked over at her "subject." "Very good work, Wingham," said the Prof; "being summer I should give you one hundred and twenty-five out of one hundred for it."

Buck laughed pleasedly. Dot felt a strange emotion at that laugh; it was so free and rollicking, so out of keeping with the character he played. The class noticed it too; it warmed the very air in the room: had they been wrong about this chap? This weird fellow who kept to his shell?

The class broke up, and Buckley swung out of the lecture building, down the walk toward the Residence hall, where he would slip his books in his room and hustle in to dinner.

The "suppressed" athlete was in a happy mood. His work was coming along fine... was getting "A's" each time, and it was working to the middle of the term. Getting used to his role too; getting accustomed to being alone. "Yes! there is a great satisfaction in work," he felt, "after you've broken its back and results begin to show."

As he neared the residence, some baseball players were tossing a ball around and a "wild throw" caromed toward Buckley, who, absently, skipped toward it, making a pretty one-hand pickup.

"Hey, Studious! toss it here!" yipped a jeering voice—"if you can!"

Rooky Reidle, college wisecracker, was standing with his arms outstretched in a burlesque gesture of catching... others watching amused, bantered: "Throw it you lemon!"

All Buck's stored-up energy of months tried to crowd itself into that throw, and the flying horse-hide hit Reidle's light glove like a shot from a gun. A loud wail followed the report, and the smart one, holding his hand, began leaping around, yelling "blue murder." Surprised shouts came.

Buck continued up the steps and through the door; he heard footsteps behind, and a girl's voice:

"You have a good throw, haven't you?"

Turning, he beheld Dot Morrison—eyes merry.

He tried to go "into character." "I fear I have injured my arm by throwing; could you er, recommend a good liniment?"

She regarded him quizzically. "Using it would be best, I think. The way you picked that ball up and threw it—you looked a real baseball player... why not play for the class team?"

"I—I'm not interested in athletics; I—"

"Oh, but you can be a good sport once in a while!"

[Continued on page 42]

GUARD THAT LOVELY

smile



There is no greater enemy of charm, of health itself, than decaying teeth and unhealthy gums

GUARD your lovely smile. And, first of all, protect your teeth and gums. For dental troubles attack the foundation of your loveliness, of health itself.

Years ago the House of Squibb, realizing the vital importance of mouth hygiene, set its research scientists to the problem. They created a dental cream, the purpose of which is not only to clean, but also to protect the teeth and gums.

The secret is Squibb Milk of Magnesia—a product recommended by physicians and dentists for years. Through a prominent research organization, Squibb appealed to a great national court of authority—50,000 practicing dentists. Read the following analysis of the 16,082 replies received:

95% of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;

95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;

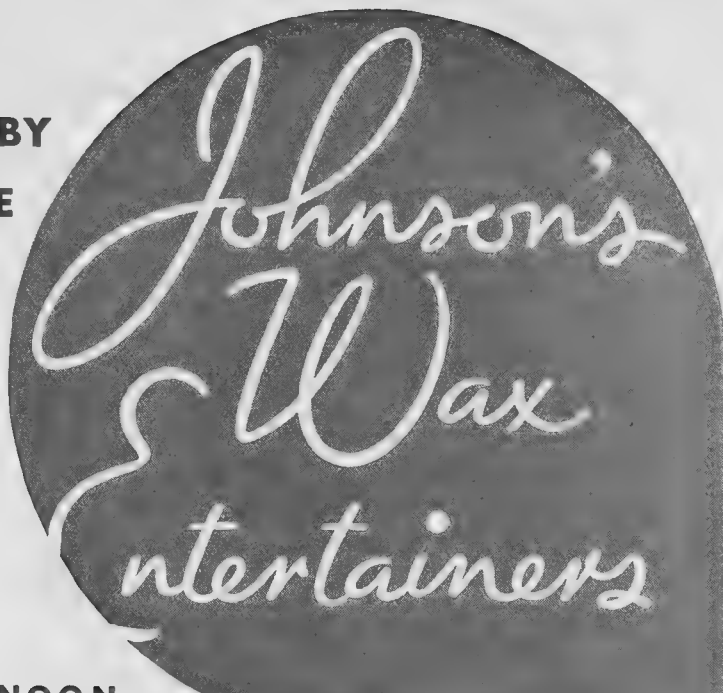
85% stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

So, guard your teeth and gums with this protection recommended so positively. Remember that Squibb Dental Cream contains more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia. See that no member of your family neglects to use Squibb Dental Cream twice each day for its reliable cleansing power and protective action.

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FRIDAY NOON

CKGW

• Toronto
12:15 to 12:45 P. M.

CKAC

• Montreal
12:15 to 12:45 P. M.

CKLC

• Calgary
12:15 to 12:45 P. M.

CKY

• Winnipeg
11:30 to 12:00 A. M.

CKWX

• Vancouver
11:00 to 11:30 A. M.

CHNS

• Halifax
12:00 to 12:30 P. M.



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The Negative

Continued from page 41

"A good sport!" A bitter glint showed in his eyes, and her intuition felt some secret was to be told. Then he straightened. "No—my idea of a college is to learn something." (What a Buck Wingham speech! he thought.)

"Yes," she returned, "—and one thing you can learn—is to be fit, to take care of yourself. You know—I feel sorry for you—"

"Sorry for me?"

"Yes. Everybody but you seems to have such a wonderful time here: the games... the social life... the sing-songs on the river bank... the dances!... why we never see you at any of them!"

The boy looked down at the floor. This being a "negative," a let-alone student, was what he had aimed for... and he had got what he wanted!—he had learnt what it was to be snubbed, ignored, and often—lonesome. It was nice to think that "someone had thought about him... had missed him."

He looked at her gratefully; and the look, though blurred by his funny goggles, made Dot's heart palpitate strangely.

But he steeled himself; for danger to his plan was starting right then... So he replied:

"No, Miss Morrison, I promised my—I mean, I came here to concentrate on my work, and I'm going to do it. Thank you."

He turned and started down the hall. But she called out, and came up again.

"Just a minute." Her face was flushed and she took out a list. "This is a business point to me, and I'm to 'ask' you anyway." She continued: "Friday night opens the inter-class track meet, and while our English class is strong on women, it's shy on men, and we need one more man to complete the male relay race... so it will have to be you—surely you'll help out the class? We may not win, but we want to show we're alive."

Martyred stubbornness took form inside Buckley... he had set out to avoid sports... and would go the limit. "No. I don't care to take part." He turned to go, but she banded out:

"Well, Mr. Wingham, I must say that I think you are the poorest sport I've seen in any college. And if you want to live a hermit, it's your own fault, and don't say we are snobs and didn't try to make you one of us!" She went off down the hall.

He stared after her uncertainly. "Was he being too stubborn?—not to do a favor for this one person who had been friendly to him here? Still he'd promised his father to complete the term without sports... and a fellow must stick to his purpose..."

But it becomes hard... when they have eyes like that... eyes that flash beautifully when angry...

A KNOCK sounded on Buck's door toward that evening, and Inspector Wilson, director of the Summer school, entered and came at once to his point.

"Mr. Wingham," he said, "you're a slacker."

Buck jumped to his feet; "What!—why I've been getting 'A's' every subject..."

"No, no... not your classwork. I mean—you're spoiling the spirit of this institution. This summer University expects all attending to satisfy in their classwork of course, but it also expects them to keep fit, to take in the games and sports, and to mix. Health and bodily vigor are stressed as well as study. You will not be

given credits for your subjects by me... unless you also satisfy physically. Good heavens!" he exploded, "there's nothing wrong with you, is there?"

"No, sir,—my binomial theorem is a little weak—that's all."

"Pah!" In disgust, Wilson, turned to go; with finality: "Remember, please, you are expected to take part in some activity to get your credits! Anything!... even quits."

"That isn't rough, is it, sir?"

Bang! The door closed; Inspector departed. But conversely it was like the unlocking of a cell door to the young man behind.

That night a secretive figure jogged happily around the deserted cinder track. "Nothing like getting in shape for that relay race," he murmured.

A GREAT crowd were gathered for the opening of the sports programme, Friday evening. A pageant of gay humanity spread over the track and field; thrills were promised, for clever athletes were entered and class rivalry was at a high point!

Buck sought Miss Morrison; and when she saw him, her usual keen friendly look turned to one of disfavor. He was humble.

"I—I've changed my mind about that relay race, Miss Morrison; if it's not too late, I'll enter for—for the class..."

"She looked down at her entry book in manner of her mind on something else, and said crisply, 'I'm sorry, Mr. uh, Wingham, but they've got someone to run—a one-armed fellow, Mr. Hunt.'"

"A one-armed fellow?"

"Yes. I'm sorry." She turned away as a fellow committeeman came up to her.

"Oh, but—" he remonstrated... but nobody was listening. This was too bad, he felt, for if he must get credit for participating in something this relay would have been fine... wouldn't attract much attention running with four others... "Confound this one-armed fellow—"

The committee man, Dot and an athlete in a dressing-gown were arguing about something. The athlete was Art Manson, member of Buck's English class and whom he had heard of as a half-miler. Wingham was a half-miler himself. This event was on tonight. Manson was arguing loudly:

"I tell you, I've got to have somebody to pace me, we haven't enough men in the English class, why can't we borrow from one of the others—?"

"It's against the rules," the committee man argued, "there are a lot of good prizes up, and each person has to stick to one class—we can't—"

Buck stepped up. "I'm a member of English E, I'll pace for this man."

All three looked at him. Others standing nearby, who had heard Buck's words, also looked; a note of amusement was on all: this fellow, considered a confirmed bookworm, entering a race, was funny.

Manson's lip curled. "Say, Dumbell, this race is a half mile, I don't think you could even walk that far."

A big laugh escaped the crowd around. The argument had attracted quite a few.

Buck was growing heated; he was tired of this school and the way they evidently thought they knew everything about a chap... The half-mile, his own distance! He crossed to Scrivener, the committee man.

"Look here," he said—like the Buck Wingham they should have known, "I'm a member of the English [Continued on page 43]

The Negative

Continued from page 42

class of this college, I've paid my dues, I can enter that half if I want, can't I? This is just an inter-class meet . . ."

Scrivener was looking at Dot with a twinkle in his eye—this fellow certainly was a joke. "Well," he replied, "these sports are not so important as that; there's no 'cut and dried rule;' if you want to enter the half-mile we can't stop you—lots of room out on the track."

The listeners laughed again; baiting this ass was fun. A wise-cracker shouted: "With runners like Barty Cope and Art Manson out there, you'll have lots of room all right!"

Buck looked at the laughers, slightly amused too; perhaps he might come some behind, but, at least, it wouldn't be so laughable as they thought. He turned to Dot and Scrivener.

"All right, put my entry down for the half-mile."

He caught Dot Morrison's eye; she was regarding him strangely; not laughing like the rest. She felt a touch of pity; in a way, she blamed herself . . . she had started him by asking him to enter the relay. The girl felt he was doing it for her. Poor fellow . . . he'd only make an awful fool of himself. Still, he'd entered now; she touched his shoulder.

"Your best course is to start right in at the opening of the race and set the pace for Manson. Take the lead—if you can—right away, and try to tire the others; of course, you won't be able to last . . . but that's what pace-makers are for; then the real runner comes up at the end." She looked at him practically: "The half-mile comes next—right after the hurdles, so you better get ready . . . have you any running togs?"

The bookworm looked at his old light pants (they were very thin and light—practically no heavier than "shorts"), and shirt and running shoes he had on. "Oh, I'm just running in these."

Dot shook her head and watched him going over to the starting post. "Probably never been in a race before," she thought. "Funny how his eyes shine though; he's brave about it."

"CALL for the half-mile!"

The hurdles had been run off successfully . . . with a victory for mathematics; and Mr. Wilson, as official starter, was leading the crowd to the half-mile starting post.

There was tremendous interest in the half-mile, on account of the rivalry between Barty Cope and Art Manson; both being regarded as likely candidates for the distance championship in the fall conference, and it thrilled everybody that they were matched against each other in this summer meet, for it would be a fore-runner of what would happen in the fall. Harris, a "dark horse" from farther east, was also entered, and the air fairly bristled with sporting drama.

There was also drama, although unknown to the crowd, in Buckley's situation; and the significance of the situation began to dawn on him as the contestants began to line up. Crofton, his own college out west, was very proud of its track team, and had long debated challenging the big conferences down east. Here was he—Crofton's crack distance man—up against Barty Cope, winner of last year's half-mile and all-round point man!—pacemaking for his rival, Manson!

What a situation! If there were a Croftman man present—and Buck looked wonderingly at the spectators

before stepping out—he'd have gone delirious.

The good sports, who entered every event for the class spirit and fun of it, were laying off a race with so many cracker-jacks in it, and when the humble-looking Buckley, with his long and frayed pants, ordinary shirt, and goggles, stepped out on the track, a roar of glee went up.

They all knew him and his rigid non-indulgence in games, and the idea of him in a race with these stars was a scream.

"Better get to the quarter-mile post before they start, or you'll finish in reverse," somebody shouted.

"They finish right here, so when they start you stand still and you'll win the race," cried another wit.

"He's just a pace-setter," somebody explained. "The poor thing's trying to be a sport, I suppose," came from some lady teacher, "but why doesn't he try something easier?"

Buck in his many athletic exploits had had lots of kidding from crowds, and he looked frankly into their eyes and grinned as of old. Dot, watching half-pitily, saw that grin and felt the strange strength of it, the same she had felt the first time she met him. Always that mysterious "something" about the chap. The girl crossed to the edge of the track and calling to Buck; whispered:

"Can't you see without your glasses? They'll hamper you."

He hesitated, then took them off.

"I'll keep them for you," she said.

And remember now, you're there to set the pace; get up in front and hold it as long as you can."

"As long as I can?"

"Yes!"

"All ready, boys!"

The starter was ready with his gun. A tension settled over the throng. Buck sidled to his place and crouched; he was next to Rooky Reidle, whose usually grinning face wore a set, serious look, for he was Bart Cope's pace-maker and teammate.

Dot watched the lithe easy way that Buck crouched, and the steely expression of determination on his eyes, and wondered. She felt intuitively that something was going to happen. The comradely, fighting feeling of one sportster to another in her called out again: "As long as you can!"

Her protegee looked at her and grinned; it was the joyous grin of an athlete who is going to give his best—win or lose. Forgotten, now, was the role he was playing; there was exultation in his soul; he was back again; back to the old sport! Boy!

"On your mark, set—"

With the echo of the shot the half-milers were off; some fast, and others, slower.

"As long as you can!" These were the words sounding in Buck's brain, and with the report his speedy legs carried him up into the front. Reidle was right behind him.

"Hey, look at old Edgar Wingham go!" somebody who knew the studious one in class said, "My God, he can run!"

"Aw, those pace-setters won't last long. Watch old Barty and Manson."

Dot, hurrying across to the opposite side of the fenced track to see how her friend would fare, heard a stranger say: "Gee, that fellow in the trousers can run; what a style!"

As she reached the other side—the track was half a mile around—herself breathless, the girl looked at her thought-to-be-novice, as he went past,

[Continued on page 44]

Who knows how serious pyorrhea can become?

THERE'S hardly a person whose mouth at some time in life isn't threatened with pyorrhea, dread disease of the gums which comes to four people out of five past the age of forty.

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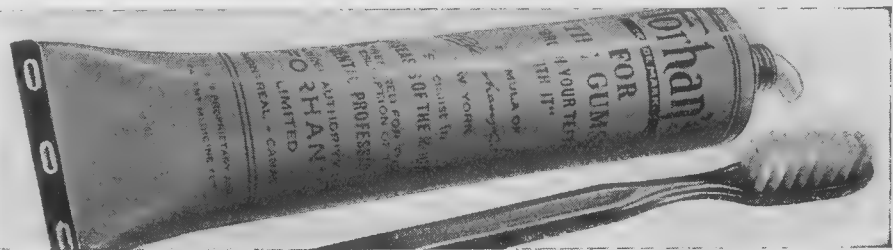
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False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40



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CORN FLAKES



The Negative

Continued from page 43

in amazement! In action, despite his unathletic clothes, he looked every inch a runner. "Who was this chap that they thought such a sap? He was running like a beautiful, well-oiled machine.

"Why! Maybe he was going to win! No; he was going too fast. If they hadn't made him a pace-setter... Cope, Harris and Manson, she saw, were coming up. But goodness! what a fast pace her bookish friend was setting; why they were 'sprinting' the half mile! They couldn't stand this rate. Look at him! he was going as strong as ever!"

The leading Buck was approaching the huge, long signboard on the far corner of the track, where the crowd would lose sight of the runners for a while. What happened when the contestants appeared again on the other side of this sign—which ran nearly to the last turn into the "stretch"—would tell the tale of the race.

Rooky Reidle, told to set a hot pace by Cope, had received the surprise of his wise-cracking life when he found the trouser-covered legs of the despised bookworm shooting ahead of him—and he himself unable to keep up with him. Rooky knew the "sap" was crazy, and that this was a half-mile and he'd soon play out with that pace, but Rooky had "nearly killed himself" trying to keep up with the "flying dumbbell," and at the half-way mark the college comic came to an "inglorious finish," tripping in exhaustion and burying his face in the soft turf of the track. Some of his pals on the rail tried vainly to cheer him on, but Rooky explained weakly to them that "he was just a p-p-pace-setter"—and lay there. Cope, Manson, and Harris, the three "aces," thundered by; and Rooky called out to Cope: "For gosh sake, don't let that Wingham guy get too far ahead, he's deer-meat, Barty... he's DEER-MEAT!"

Cope was sprinting now; he instinctively felt that trousered "dark-horse" ahead was getting too much of a lead... and if it happened he didn't play out... Who was the fellow? He was going strong yet... "Come on, Bart, old man, or you'll lose your rep." Cope dug his teeth in and sprinted for all he was worth.

Manson, and Harris, veteran runners, increased with Cope; while behind them came a game struggler, Archer, from Science.

What a pace! The crowd in the stands at the finishing post seethed as the speeding-up half-milers disappeared, one after the other, behind the long curving sign post at the far corner. WHO would come out ahead at this side? As a parting shot, to thrill the spectators, as the runners faded from view, Harris drew level with Manson; Archer, too, gained.

Would that funny "surprise packet" in the trousers keep up that killing pace? Probably collapse behind the signboard; he was no well-known runner. Just a flash-in-the-pan! Fooled everybody, though; the wisecrackers had looked at themselves glumly—and were still looking.

Dot was trembling with excitement. Wouldn't it be a great triumph for that poor fellow, if he should finish; after the way all had ignored and snickered at him! How people love a sport, an athlete. But no man could keep up that pace—unless it was Nurmi. She watched the end of the far signboard with aching eyes. Was it her "as long as you can" that had given him that spurt? That speed? "HERE THEY COME!"

A roar went up from the grandstand as they recognized the trouser-legged figure of Buckley as he hove into view around the corner. His head was 'way back, and he was running slower now—he was almost staggering!

"Oh!" Dot rose to her feet with the crowd, thrilled as she had never been before. That "fighting" figure down there... you could see he was "fighting"...

"If that guy finishes, he'll break a record," sang out a committee man. "Are they timing it?"

"Sure, they are! What do you think?"

Behind Buck came Cope, fighting, too, like a tiger.

"Come on, Barty," roared, not only his class, but the whole of North Eastern, for they didn't want to see their champion beaten. Barty was her boy-friend, too, but Dot's eyes, as she scrambled down to the front, were on the man in front; the under-dog.

"Gee, what a race. It's going to be a thriller! Look at Harris!"

Harris was hugging Cope. Manson was far in the rear. The English class, mostly girls, saw their only hope in "the Class Back-number." Would he make it? They cheered their new hero: "Come on, Wingham!"

The name passed through the crowd. A disturbance broke out in the centre, behind Dot. A hoarse voice was shouting to some pals: "It's him, I tell you; I thought so from the first—it's Buck—Buck Wingham from Crofton! Come on, Buck! Good old Buck!"

Down on the track, Buck was battling with exhaustion as he'd never battled before. He rounded the last turn and was in the stretch... he could hear the roar of the spectators... but, oh, how he was fading! He had run too fast; what had he been thinking of?... you can't sprint a half mile. It was that girl who said "Hold it as long as you can!"... had sort of confused him.

Now he wanted to win... wanted to show them he was Buck Wingham... oh... gosh...

The tape seemed a mile away. His legs felt like lead. He glanced desperately over his shoulder! Cope was coming up; Harris, too; he could hear them... Then he heard something else... it was a cheer, a college yell...

"Crofton! Crofton!—Reeka boom bah—! Buck! Buck!—Come on, Buck!"

His old college yell! Some of his pals were here! But he had been whispering "Crofton" to himself all through the run. It was something else that gave him that final lunge: it was a girl's voice calling—right under his ear it seemed—"As long as you can!"

His body was gone, but his spirit answered. With Cope and Harris "neck-and-neck" and almost up to him, the swarming, shrieking crowd beheld the pant-legged gladiator gather himself together and move forward with a desperate effort, widening the gap between the other two and himself. The tape swung up and down before his eyes, and half grasping at it and not knowing whether he had touched it or not, he stumbled and went down in a heap.

Everything was swimming in front of his vision; he could just distinguish the vague roaring of the spectators. He felt a blanket wrapped around him and faintly heard Dot's voice. She was hugging him tearfully. It

[Continued on page 45]

First Legislative Council

In the Northwest Territories

Continued from page 9

"David Laird, Lieutenant Governor N.W.T., Jas. H. Ross and James McKenna."

REALIZING the need for stability in a seat-of-government, Regina, blossomed out as the prairie capital in the early eighties. Here the Hon. Edgar Dewdney undertook the duties laid down by Hon. Mr. Laird; a goodly number of new members, representing new divisions of a geographical arrangement, appeared upon the scene. The Legislative Assembly met in a ramshackle building set far out on the bare, bleak prairie grass; the table at which they sat being the historic table upon which the Fathers of Confederation signed the Great Charter of Canadian unity.

Those gathered about the table were: Lieutenant Governor Dewdney, Hon. Mr. Justice Richardson, Hon. Mr. Justice Rouleau and Lt.-Col. Irving (*ex officio*). Members of the Assembly (proper) were Messrs. Turriff Ross, Haultain, Jackson, Geddes, Oliver, White, McDowell, Hayter Reid and Pascal Breland.

The West was now getting into its stride. Big questions were cropping up; The School Act (bi-lingual language a disputed point), and now prohibition had become law.

What was termed "A Permit System" regulated the amount of liquor, beer, allowed entry to the west. The North West Mounted Police were watchful. The law was carried out without friction notwithstanding the

fact that an eclectic horde of mixed races had poured into the country. The "Red Jacket" had an influence, no doubt, but be it remembered that *Red Jacket* was a gentleman in those idyllic days of which these things are told, and they did things in a gentlemanly way. When a man wanted liquor, he went to a doctor and obtained (without price) a document stating So-and-So is permitted, etc., etc. "for medicinal purposes!" It was extraordinary how "sick" people kept moving around while nothing but a "slight dizziness" appeared that soon passed away.

WITH provincial autonomy came a new regime. But of the old "parliament," the pioneer "parliament" no records of any Hansard were kept. From the files of the three great pioneer newspapers, *The Saskatchewan Herald*, *The Edmonton Bulletin*, and *The Regina Leader*, are to be obtained the only unbiased report of the proceedings of the House.

To the Hon. Frank Oliver, to the late Patrick Gammie Lawrie, as to the late lamented Nicholas Flood Davin, must be accorded the gratitude of posterity. These three pioneer newspaper founders may be spoken of as the Eye, the Ear and the Voice of the West in the early days. Recorded on the old-fashioned hand press that turned out the weekly paper, are the only facts obtainable today of the First Council of the N.W.T.

The Negative

Continued from page 44

revived his spirit; his breath was getting slower, and he looked up and said with a game grin to her: "You told me to hold it as long as I can—did—did I cross the tape?"—anxiously.

She wrapped the blanket around the tired runner like an invalid and propped him neatly against the track fence. "You bet you did, you went right over it... and tied the record as well."

He breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness!... I don't know why I tried so hard?" He looked at her. "I think it was for you—in fact, I know it was..."

The girl regarded him tenderly, and yet, also, with a touch of mischief: "You're wonderful! And you're an athlete... a real athlete!" She breathed this fervently and with worship; and then the mischievous part: "I thought you didn't like sports?"

Buck took a breath. "Like 'em?—I 'love' them!—they're my ruination!" Dot glowed. "Isn't that wonderful! Then we're brothers!" Softly—"Could you like me as much as sports?"

Even above his spent, flushed face, he blushed: "I'd like to treat you just like a half-mile race."

"How do you mean?"

"Hold you as long as I can!"



"Say Bill, that's a wonderful new powder mother's 'scovered. I noticed the difference right away, didn't you? It's so cool and soft—no more chafing and soreness for us. I guess we WERE pretty awful at times, Bill. But what could you expect of babies as uncomfortable as we were. I imagine they won't have to complain any more the way I feel. We ought to be happy all the time."

~ ~ ~

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For your baby's sake decide wisely! Use Johnson's Baby Powder. As Baby should have the best of soap, too, there is the specially made Johnson's Baby Soap—and Johnson's Baby Cream for extra comfort. Your dealer has all three.

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World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Unscrambling the European War Egg

Continued from page 13

in diplomatic intercourse, and at the same time a political system the splendor and concentrated majesty of which impress the Oriental mind far more than do the simple business methods of the Briton. They know when to use corruption, when to use force, and when to soothe with honors and decorations."

This sidelight was evidently written of a Czarist regime, yet part of it holds true with respect to the Bolsheviks, who have been quite successful in neighbor states to the east and south, not with honors and decorations, but with promises that every peasant will some day own a Ford tractor and be his own boss. As for any fear of Oriental domination of the West, it is a bugbear not worthy of consideration.

LET us turn our view into the past in our effort to understand what has happened and what the future holds in store. Civilization seems to have arisen in China and to have flowed westward overland as far as the Atlantic Ocean would permit. The southern part of Asia, north of the equator and in the temperate zone, rather than the cold and wild northerly region, was the scene of ancient journeys by men on foot and on the backs of camels. The route lay through India, Baluchistan, Persia and Turkey to the Bosphorus, the narrow neck of water connecting the Mediterranean with the Black Sea. Here was situated magnificent Byzantium, made picturesque by numerous mosques and minarets and the varicolored habits of its inhabitants. Byzantium was destroyed; rebuilt and renamed by Constantine the Great, emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, who made it his capital and ruled in true Oriental splendour. Merchants and traders from the East met here men of their class from the west, and engaged in barter or sales with the crude money of the time. Constantinople, roughly, was halfway between the coast towns of Spain, France and Germany in the West and India on the East, so that possession of its walled palaces and custom house was just what big business men of those days coveted when they dreamed of wax-tight monopolies. The halfway point proved convenient to all.

But where trade goes, graft in some form follows. Sharpers cheated their clients and sent them home complaining. The Eastern vegetarians bore these humiliations patiently, while the Western meat-eaters wanted to make war. The fact that the West was Christian, so-called, while the Mohammedans and the Hindus were pagans, so-called, aggravated situations which normally had nothing to do with religion. The Mohammedans and Hindus referred among themselves to the "Christian infidels" and "unbelievers;" and there was probably as much missionary work done on one side as the other, and with equal results. The Pope at Rome tried to reconcile these differences by creating Eastern and Western Empires in which religion and state affairs were inseparable, and the extent of his success was measured by the human nature of the subjects concerned. When the Spanish dominated Western Europe and excelled in trade with the New World, they were recognized as supreme in the West, while the Portuguese, early explorers, were set up as the leaders in East India. Naturally the coffers of the Pope did not suffer by these benevolent arrangements, particularly since the presiding rulers were anxious to take

advantage of every opportunity to qualify for an after life, and in the prevailing religion they found this item carefully safeguarded.

In the ancient days there was no special demand for speed. Transportation was painfully slow, and tomorrow would do for everything. A man who owned a camel or so was not so badly off. He could go at a leisurely gait, or by digging his heels into the animal's flanks approximate the rate of a donkey or buffalo; and a camel could travel even faster, in a chase with a Bengal tiger, if occasion required. Caravan travel was the oldest form of transportation across the sandy deserts, and the camel was doing his bit to put us where we are today long before man ever thought of sailing a ship or riding in a railway train.

Before modern states were formed, the city state enjoyed sway in Europe and the Near East. Rome was a fine example of the city state, but it was not a sea-going people; its conquests, as of Gaul and Britain, were nearly all on land. Genoa, on the other hand, had a good harbor on the Mediterranean and built ships. At this time, in 1453, the Turks, who had come originally from the north of China, captured Constantinople and erected a custom house for handling wares. The Turks pushed northward through the Balkan peninsula to the gates of Warsaw, where they were repulsed by the Poles. They extended their empire around three sides of the Black Sea, and invited the other powers to come and trade.

These Mohammedan tribesmen, like most of the Easterners, were deficient in manufacturing, but they could drive a bargain with the best. Before the Genoese appeared with ships, the trade northwest over the Alps into Europe was prosecuted with mule packs. By a special arrangement most of this traffic was transferred to the Genoese ships at Constantinople, and delivered through the Mediterranean and even to Germany and Holland in what we would call "store-to-door" fashion.

COMPETITION, which we consider the death of trade, existed in those days. No sooner had Genoa begun to make money than Venice appeared as a rival. Venice dug a canal from Alexandria and the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, put her ships in service, and brought goods direct from the Orient instead of doing business with the Turks in their overland camel-power scheme. The short cut saved money and time, so that the Genoa merchants were soon out of business and looking for jobs, while the Turks were left to gnaw a very slim bone. The Turks are a resourceful people and they knew what to do. They made war on Venice, captured Alexandria and sent word of their achievements to the Pope. One morning the Venetians woke up to find their canal filled with sand; the wind didn't blow it there, either. Thus ended this side graft of Venice and put the Turk back in the stream of gold.

But, as Dean Swift once observed in poetic state of mind:

Big fleas have little fleas

Upon their backs to bite 'em,

And little fleas have lesser fleas,

And so *ad infinitum*,

or words to that effect. Prince Henry the Navigator, the progressive Portuguese, arose to plague the Turk. He disregarded the solemn warning of the wise men of Greece, the Turkish

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Unscrambling the European War Egg

Continued from page 46

merchants and the Pope, who held that beyond the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar), was the "jumping-off place," and the "boiling tropics" were fatal to ships; he sailed around the Cape of Good Hope at the southern tip of Africa and brought back to Lisbon a cargo of East Indian wares. The Turks again slipped a notch or so as Lisbon became the trans-shipment point for Europe; but by hook or crook the Turk held on to his Golden Horn and has preserved his racial autonomy about as well as any people we recognize today.

More troublesome factors were on the horizon. To the north nations were in the making. Russia was taking shape from an amorphous mass. Charlemagne had founded the great manufacturing and shipping city of Hamburg in Germany, and across the English Channel Henry VIII of England was asserting his right of self-determination. Henry was somewhat of a Mormon, with several wives to his credit, and seeking more; he finally checked in with six. The Pope forbade marriage a-la-mood, and excommunicated the proud monarch. King Henry retaliated by excommunicating the pope, married again, and established a religion of his own which has become the Church of England. The Portuguese had undertaken too much in world trade, and England became their junior, then soon, senior partner. The trade cake tasted sweet to the English, and more of it was held to be sweeter. War was made on Spanish shipping until most of the trade with America fell into their hands.

When the English went to the aid of the Portuguese, they used the long-haul route to the East Indies around the Cape of Good Hope. They had the ships and the sailors, and they didn't worry. The Spanish Armada had been destroyed by Sir Francis Drake in English waters in 1588, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII; and with such impetus to colonization as Francis Bacon's "New Atlantis," the new empire went ahead fast; Daniel De-Foe greatly stimulated it in the Queen Anne Age with such fascinating works as "Robinson Crusoe."

France was also building a colonial domain. One of her sons, Ferdinand de Lesseps, conceived the idea of opening the big ditch which the Venetians had used for a short cut to India. He met with tremendous opposition. Lord Palmerston, English statesman, referred to it as a wild scheme from which investors would never receive anything but dividends of regrets. The Khedive of Egypt flatly refused to grant a concession. De Lesseps returned to France. One day several years later, while he was painting his house in overalls, he received a message that the Khedive had died. He caught the first conveyance for Egypt, laid his plans before the new ruler, and was successful. By persevering he raised \$85,000,000, opened the Suez Canal and again brought the wealth of the Orient through the Mediterranean, and made two ships do the work of three by the old route. When the project was a proven success, the English took an interest; they wanted to command the narrow bottle-neck through which most of the commerce of the world was passing and paying toll. In 1875 they bought 177,000 shares of Suez Canal stock and acquired control. In 1877 Queen Victoria was made Empress of India, and from that date Oriental affairs

assumed a new status in the British Empire.

TWO events in particular spurred Britain to knit her holdings more closely together. The first was the Civil War in the United States, which indicated that a new western power was risen. The second was the Franco-Prussian war, won by Germany, already a contender in the race for land and advantages at sea.

In 1889, through the assistance of Sultan Abdul Hamid, a German syndicate began gobbling up railroads in Turkey with the object of building a system, especially a line from Berlin to Bagdad. A fifty-four mile line built by the British with a little Austrian co-operation from Haidar Pasha, opposite Constantinople, to Ismidt, in a southerly direction, was taken over without ceremony on the payment to the projectors of \$665,000. There was a potent germ of the Great European War. The project of railroad building dragged until 1902, when this line was included in the publicly-proclaimed Berlin-to-Bagdad scheme and work renewed in earnest. The British were offered eight members on the board of directors, but declined, and the board was organized with eleven Germans, eight French, four Turks, two Swiss, one Austrian and one Italian.

By 1914, when the war opened, the line had reached Konia, at the north-western base of the Taurus Mountains. A few weeks before the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated at Serajevo, in Bosnia, the preliminaries of an agreement by which Britain would have a part in the line had been drawn up. Except for the assassination, which proved the match in the powder keg, therefore, it is possible that the war might have been averted. No wonder George Bernard Shaw exclaimed that the war was an unnecessary one, entirely avoidable. On that little capillary line of railroad of 1889 and the secret diplomacy growing out of trade rivalry between Germany and Britain hung the fate of 30,000,000 men, 10,000,000 of whom perished and 20,000,000 of whom turned up wounded or missing; and the fortunes of the peoples were involved to the extent of nearly \$200,000,000,000 in direct war cost.

The utterances of statesmen on Berlin-to-Bagdad were guarded, but writers were more frank, and a few brief expressions from authoritative sources will back up the implied contention in this article that it was not naval power or racial animosities or religion but rather trade plums which caused the war.

Arthur von Gwinner, writing from Biarritz in 1909, said:

"... Lord Lansdowne would have preferred to let the Suez Canal remain the only highway to India, but since he discovered the short cut which the Bagdad railway represents would be built anyhow, he decided it was good policy for Great Britain to have a hand and a say in this momentous undertaking. No doubt he likewise saw that railway connection is possible by Ispahan and the road by which Alexander the Great led his army... to India. Perhaps he even considered that one of Linde's ice machines and a little liquid air on every car might make a rail journey quite comfortable in those hottest regions..."

Alured Gray Bell wrote in the Contemporary Review in 1906:

"If the Pan-Germans insist on a [Continued on page 48]

SHE SPENT HER VACATION IN A PORCH-CHAIR BECAUSE SHE NEGLECTED

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"



● All summer she had counted on making her vacation one continual set of tennis. But now, when the men begged her to play, she had to refuse and watch them from the porch-chair.

In other words, she had a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." Between four toes the skin was cracked, red, raw and had begun to peel—just because she didn't know this infection might cause real trouble when neglected.

Only two short weeks ago there was just a tiny wet spot beneath one toe. At night it itched a little, the skin looked unpleasantly moist and dead. Not serious then, she passed these symptoms* without a second thought.

Don't YOU take chances with this infection

If you want to enjoy your favorite sports, your week-end jaunts this summer, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet at the slightest symptom* of "Athlete's Foot," which is caused by a tiny parasite called *tinea trichophyton*.

It may attack you any time, any place, for the startling reason that it lurks *simply everywhere*—on the edges of swimming

pools, on beach walks, bathhouses, locker- and dressing-rooms—even on the tile floor of your spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr.; it kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Strange to say this germ, *tinea trichophyton*, thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, once it is imbedded. But at the first sign of this stubborn infection, rub Absorbine Jr. well between your toes.

Laboratory tests have shown that it kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it can reach the parasite causing "Athlete's Foot." Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign* douse on Absorbine Jr. Then keep dousing it on, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

You can get Absorbine Jr. at drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. Take it on every outing—use it freely.

For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal.

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions





The ? in Marriage

need Dishwashing make her Hands UGLY?

Even on her wedding day she wonders...

"Will dishwashing steal away charm... leave my smooth young hands workworn?"

Recently nearly 2,000 young BRIDES in 11 large cities told us how they plan to meet this vexing problem. 95 out of every 100 agreed

"Yes, we're going to wash dishes," these charmingly vivid girls said. "But we'll never have 'dishpan hands'... we needn't, with Lux in the house."

"We know just how splendid Lux is for the hands because we've always washed our fine things in

Lux. Noticed how softly white our hands looked afterward. We're trusting Lux to keep our hands lovely in spite of dishwashing, too!"

Beauty Experts

Experts in 305 famous beauty shops say: "Lux in the dishpan keeps your hands as beautifully cared for as those of the woman with maids."

Yet this tender care for your hands costs so little! LESS than 1c. a day!



LUX FOR DISHES... *Lovely Hands for less than 1¢ a day*

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Unscrambling the European War Egg

Continued from page 47

German railway from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf, we insist on that railway being British. There is the conflict and there also is the way of settlement. We should negotiate while we have something to offer..."

In the same publication in 1908, Edwin Pears, of the Pears' soap name, expressed this view:

"Is it desirable that Germany should have the entire control of such railway? My reply is distinctly in the negative. It is neither in the interest of British commerce nor of European peace..."

From a French writer in the Paris La Revue in 1909:

"The Bagdad railway will accelerate the present (overland) route to India, and the Suez Canal will lose much of its commercial importance."

From Sir Thos. H. Holdich, formerly surveyor general of India, in 1917:

"... Now once again does there appear to be... the chance of a revival of that old world-honored overland trade which existed before the days of Israel, which brought the treasures of the East to the marts of the West. There is abundant evidence that this desire of the nations—the acquisition of the highway to the East—is again a powerful force in international politics. Two notable events have lately been recorded in the progress of human affairs which bear directly on this important question of overland communications—they are signs of the times and portents of the future. The first railway has been opened in Persia... This is the Russian military line which connects Batum on the Black Sea with Tabriz. The other event is the piercing of the Taurus Tunnel by the Germans, which will probably bring Constantinople and Bagdad into direct communication and place a rival enterprise in the Mesopotamian field. The rights of the highways through Persia, if not Persia herself, have become the desire of Western nations; and we hear loudly expressed political aspirations for 'the open road to the East.' What does the East mean? Does it mean Persia and Central Asia, or does it mean Afghanistan, India or China, or all of them? I think we may take it that it undoubtedly means India directly and the rest ultimately... What beyond Bagdad?... When Germany makes a bid for Eastern commerce you may take it that her ambitions are far-reaching and wholesale..."

The late Capt. Paxton Hibben, member of the Harbord Armenian Commission of 1920 appointed by President Wilson, was a consistent defender of Soviet aims, and when he died at New York his body was sent to Russia for interment. He wrote after the commission had rendered its report:

"Soviet Armenia lies directly in the path of that Moslem corridor from Thrace to India which Turkey joined Germany in the war to achieve. How vital a factor the dream of Mohammedan hegemony in the Near and Middle East still is, despite Turkey's defeat in the war, has been dramatically revealed by the publication... of a dispatch from the Government of India to the Secretary of State for India, urging 'the necessity of a revision of the Sevres treaty' as 'of supreme importance to India'."

Charles M. Pepper, foreign trade commissioner of the United States Department of Commerce, reported in 1908 that there was a sentiment in Europe that American capital should build the Bagdad railway because no

power concerned could trust any other power to do the work. Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, of the United States Navy, worked twenty years at Constantinople in command of the Gunboat Scorpion, trying to get these and other concessions for American participants. He nearly had the deal consummated when the war put an end to progress, but after the war he brought a most liberal document to Washington, signed by the Ottoman-American Development Co. and Premier Mustapha Kemal Pasha. On account of unsettled political conditions, however, the \$250,000,000 needed to undertake the improvements was not forthcoming; and there the matter rests. Some chance exists that this grandiose scheme will be revived.

IT IS submitted that these matters on the other side of the world vitally affect all of us, for the world is not large any more when Post and Gatty, the aviators, can encircle it, taking short cuts through Canada and Russia and Siberia, in eight and one-half days. The demand is constantly for speed and still more speed, to enable people to see more of their neighbors, to travel through foreign lands, to make money and to keep it in circulation. Boundaries and narrow nationalisms no longer have the old popular appeal; men can no more be herded together to fight friendly people with whom they have no quarrel, for the benefit of a few large individual purses. While dress parade war motions are still being indulged in, we may be much nearer the millennium than we realize. It is a curious commentary on perverse human affairs that Russia and Germany, still somewhat down at the heel, are pointing the way.

A small part of the energy expended during the last big war on needed internal developments of the participating countries would have made each blossom like the rose. Every age writes its own consummate folly, and when the history of the twentieth century is read one hundred years hence, the readers will have just as much to wonder at as we have in consulting accounts of the war wastage of Napoleon Bonaparte, the money madness of the South Sea Bubble, and the rubber plantation peonage system of 1900. But, brayed in the common mortar, such things make up human progress.

This brings us to a few concluding remarks. Empires of the past have risen and fallen, and empires of the present are tottering and marked for decline. In all the history of creation there has never been such a debacle in finance, leadership, and economics as in the period since the Great European War. Crisis after crisis has been weathered or postponed since the treaty makers spun their well-meant gossamers at Versailles and fixed things with the idea that League of Nations force would give effect to the decrees. The barques of weak little states were launched into deep waters without sail, compass or rudder. Many boundaries were fixed which the map publishers eagerly put out in new editions, only to have to reconstruct in accordance with later compromise arrangements or leave them shaded as doubtful. What the European boundaries are now, as regarded by populations able to set them by practical necessity, and what they will be a decade hence is a puzzle which only those who drew the lines and printed the geographies are at all

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Junior Fashions So Easy to Make



7241

7241—Printed silk and crepe is suggested for this model. It is also nice for cotton prints with pique or linen for the vestee, collar and cuffs. The sleeve may be made in wrist length, as in the small view or short as in the large view. The fronts of the waist portions are crossed in surplice effect, below the vestee. Plaits in the skirt portions lend graceful fullness.

Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the dress in a 12 years size, with short sleeves will require 2½ yards of 35-inch material. With long sleeves 2¾ yards will be required. Collar, vestee and cuffs of contrasting material will require ¾ yard cut crosswise. To finish the dress with piping or bias binding as shown in the large view will require 5½ yards 1½-inch wide.



7188

7188—This will make a serviceable reefer (or short overcoat) for the Small Boy. It may be developed in cheviot, broadcloth, serge or flannel. The fronts are lapped in double breasted effect, and have serviceable inserted pockets. Collar and fronts are rolled back, the fronts forming revers that meet the collar in notches.

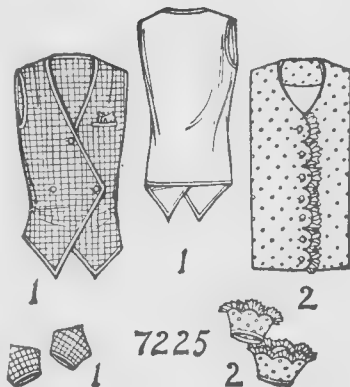
Designed in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. An 8 year size will require 1¾ yard of 54-inch material. 1¼ yard of lining will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

7225—This set includes a waist coat, a vestee, and two styles of cuffs. One may use gingham, satin, linen, batiste, or pique for No. 1 (the waist coat) and the same materials for No. 2, also dotted swiss, eyelet embroidery or georgette. No. 1 is finished with binding or piping. No. 2 is trimmed with plaited frills.

Designed in 4 sizes; small 34-36, medium 38-40, large 42-44, and extra large 46-48 inches bust measure. It will require 1½ yard of 35-inch material for No. 1 in a medium size and ¾ yard for No. 2. To trim No. 2 as illustrated, with plaiting, will require 2 yards. To finish No. 1 with bias binding or piping will require 5 yards 1½-inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



7225



7252

7252—Crepe, linen, net, organdy, taffeta, or satin may be used for this attractive design. The surplice closing and deep flare collar are youthful and pleasing. The sleeve, which may be omitted has a deep fitted cuff, above which the fulness pouches most becomingly.

Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3 yards of 29-inch material if made with sleeves. Without sleeves 2¾ yards will be required. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require 2½ yards 1½-inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



7247

7247 — Dimity, batiste, pongee, and cotton prints are suggested for this little dress. The full skirt portions trimmed with dainty pockets, are gathered to square yoke portions, finished with neat collar portions. Two sleeves are supplied in this model. A short puff sleeve, and a long sleeve in bishop style.

Designed in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. To make the 3 year size with long sleeves, will require 2 yards of 29-inch material. With short sleeves 1¾ yard will be required. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require 1¾ yard 1½-inch wide. The bow of ribbon at the neck requires 1 yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

New

Boilfast Sewing Silk

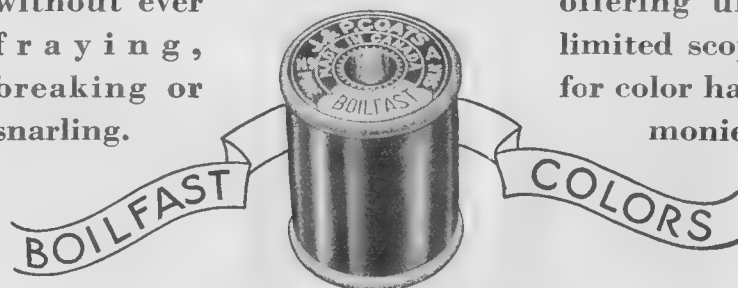


Product of a century of skill in thread making. Made here in Canada by the makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton.

Use it for sewing on all material having a high lustre—silks, satins and velvets.

You will find this new silk thread wonderfully smooth to work with, delighting you with the way it passes through your needle without ever fraying, breaking or snarling.

Visit your dealer today and ask for it by brand name—J. & P. Coats' Spool Silk. Obtainable in more than 100 shades offering unlimited scope for color harmonies.



J. & P. Coats' SPOOL SILK

MADE IN CANADA BY
THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO., MONTREAL
MAKERS OF COATS' AND CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON

WHEN SENDING FOR PATTERNS DO NOT OMIT TO STATE THE SIZE REQUIRED
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.

KEYSTONE



YOUR dressing table names you, it reflects your personality and taste. Keystone Toiletware may be had in Pearl, Natural, Rose, Green, Maize and Blue shades for women (Cleopatra design illustrated) and smart military brush sets for men.

On display at your jewellery, drug, leather-goods, or department store. Manufactured and guaranteed by Stevens-Hepner Co. Limited, Port Elgin, Ontario.

Cleopatra Design

Six Million Germs On One Fly!

Protect your home and your children! Spray Flit. Flit kills flies, mosquitoes, moths, bed bugs, ants, roaches. Harmless to people. Easy to use in the handy Flit sprayer. Does not stain. Do not confuse Flit with other insect sprays. Flit is guaranteed to kill, or money back. Get the famous yellow can with the black band and the soldier—today!

Spray

FLIT

LARGEST SELLER IN 121 COUNTRIES



Thrills! Chills! Mystery! Romance!

are to be found in the intriguing novel "The Black Box of Silence" commencing in this month's issue of "The Western Home Monthly." The author is the well known writer of mystery - - Francis Lynde.

Unscrambling the European War Egg

Continued from page 48

competent to tackle; and it is a job none of them want.

The Bank for International Settlements, organized under the Young Plan to throw hundreds of millions of dollars of private investors' funds into the scales to prop up Germany and curb the Bolsheviks, has so far proven a post-war dud; its usefulness, however, may prove to be considerable. Current History (New York, July, 1931) told the story of early snags in these few words: "Greatly to the disappointment of many people, the bank found itself unable, acting on its own motion, to provide the middle and long-term credits for the nations that so sorely needed them. It feels that the investing public is still too uncertain of the future to be ready to absorb them." So much for Yankee dollars, French francs and British pounds.

The trading nations have suffered sharp reverses in business, notably Britain, whose loss in 1930 was \$1,670,000,000; Britain's shipbuilding set-back is told in the fact that during the first quarter of 1931 only 132 ships, of 693,814 tons, were building, while in the same quarter of 1930 there were 362, of 1,614,993 tons. This is largely a repercussion of the Gandhi agitation for dominion status for India and the boycott of British goods throughout India, China and Egypt.

Who is to do this business when times improve, as they must? Canada and the United States have a remarkable opportunity. Bright spots in a gloomy situation are found in the recent construction of the fast and palatial Empress of Britain liner by the Canadian Pacific Steamship Co. for service on the Atlantic and the Empress of Japan for the Pacific routes and the plan of the Matson Navigation Co. of San Francisco to hail the "Pacific Era" with \$60,000,000 worth of new ships. Premier Bennett of Canada has recently concluded a highly important trade treaty with Australia, and this would seem to emphasize the need of building upon the Dominion's very good nucleus of a real merchant marine. Canada is in the fortunate position occupied also by the United States, of not having incurred those Oriental enmities which have been a concomitant of colonization and trade by the English, which has had many admirable features. Some elaboration of this prospect will be offered in a later article.

THE Industrial Revolution of the Nineteenth Century finds a counterpart in the Transportation Revolution of the twentieth. Unfortunately for their own interests, the railroads of the so-called capitalistic countries, notably of the United States, have clung to the uneconomic principle that they can meet the demands of six per cent dividends upon increasing amounts of watered stock. This attitude amounts to assumptive arrogance comparable to the divine right to call out a nation's army and navy to protect from fair competition some private monopoly, as in the banana or rubber business. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt started the bad practice of watering railroad stocks when he acquired control of the New York Central; against a legitimate capital valuation of \$23,000,000 he promptly issued

\$23,000,000 worth of additional shares without expending anything on extra equipment. The vice-president of the New York Central, speaking for the Association of American Railway Executives, now petitions the Interstate Commerce Commission to make oil companies quit transporting oil in underground pipes from Texas and Oklahoma to Chicago because the railroad business has been hard hit by competition with the airplane, the automobile, the motor truck and the motor bus! That is the mental attitude of executives who know more of transportation than human nature.

It seems logical from recorded events that Germany aims to reconstruct her dream of a Mitteleuropean traffic corridor into the Near East, with Indian and perhaps Chinese connections, and with the aid of Russian experience in cheap overland hauls of freight on railroads which contain no watered stock, compete successfully with steamships and thus command her share of Oriental trade. This would be a logical development or evolution of the historic tussle for trade which has revolved around Constantinople, Bagdad and Suez. Such a move would not be a legitimate cause for war, as it might have been twenty-five years ago; but it is a matter that might be appealed to the League of Nations, and human progress has been such of late that the League's decision might be anticipated as favorable. In that event, some arrangement would probably be made for participation by the leading nations concerned, a happy solution, and one that was nearly realized in the case of Berlin-to-Bagdad. War by the old method is unthinkable, and it is also unthinkable that China, Afghanistan, Persia and Turkey won't soon get the railroads they so badly need for their normal development, so long deferred.

The ultimate in rail-ship transportation will probably be something like this, with modifications suiting peculiar conditions: goods moving between countries separated by large bodies of water will continue to be carried by ships, as between Australia and Canada, the Argentine and England; goods moving between countries of the same continent will be carried by train, as between China and Europe, Canada and Mexico, Turkey and France. The much shorter overland rail hauls will move goods three or four times as fast, at rates perhaps a little greater, thus substituting freight for passenger bulk diverted to other forms of transportation and assuring the railroads of plenty of business. Steamship companies will be compensated for loss of freight by a corresponding passenger increase made possible when more equal distribution of wealth gives the average man a travel margin. What is needed, in a word, is to so distribute our passenger and freight load as to bring the ship of transportation and commerce back to an even keel. The other snag is rates.

Remedies for the present dislocation will shortly be found. In the absence of any well-defined leadership, the collective common sense of the people invariably asserts itself. So it will happen in this wonderful world, and after the headache is over, the future will be so brilliant that men will not mind that they paid the price.



"Kum-Inn"

Continued from page 20

said. "What do the initials mean?" "Well, John thinks I'm terrible," Mrs. Merry laughed. "They really mean 'Invited Guests Only.' Sunday made me so mad I was ready for anything."

"My dear, that won't have the slightest effect on that sort of people. Come with Harry and me on Sunday. We discovered the most delightful lake with a sandy beach and right near an old farm house where they serve wonderful home-cooked meals. Come along?"

"If you and Harry come down Saturday we will. Then we can get an early start and run no danger of being caught. We'll not likely have another before breakfast deluge."

"All right, we will."

Nine o'clock Sunday morning saw them off. They used the Malcolm car and left Merry's at camp.

"It seems silly to have a cottage and then have to leave it to get a rest," Mrs. Merry said as they drove home after a most delightful day. "I wonder how Olga enjoyed her day in the City. She was to have a friend stay with her. She'll be back on the early train in the morning."

Mr. Merry spoke suddenly, "I don't like the look of that sky. We seem to be running into a storm." There was an explosion, a drag, and the men were changing the tire. The storm seemed to race them and about two miles from camp they ran fair into it. "It seems to have been raining here for some time," Mrs. Merry said, as the car skidded in the mud. "It's a good thing we are near home."

The last two miles were heavy going and it was after eleven before they turned in at their own gate. The head lights of the car threw into relief two autos parked in the lane. The garage door stood open.

"What's wrong here?" Mr. Merry exclaimed.

Mrs. Merry hurried out of the car and over to the cottage door. The flashlight revealed the lock off and the door ajar. She pushed it open and threw the light across the verandah. A figure rose from one of the cots, blinked a moment then said, sleepily, "Oh, it's you, Mrs. Merry?"

"Yes, and it is you, Mr. Harmer! How did you get in?"

"Oh, we got caught in the storm and found it too hard going to make the city, so we just made free of your cottage. The rest are in bed inside. There are only five of us. We didn't think you would mind," his voice sort of trailed off.

"How did you get in?" Mrs. Merry persisted.

"Oh, that was easy. We just took the staple off the door and then the padlock came off. We put the staple back on," he announced triumphantly.

The men came hurrying in. "Grace, our car is gone," Mr. Merry's voice was agitated. "The first time anything has even been taken at this beach..."

"Oh," Harmer broke in, "I forgot to tell you. Both our cars had flats and one of the men had to get in. It was Barry. He said he knew you wouldn't mind. His car is the same make as yours."

"How did he expect I'd get in the morning?" Mr. Merry asked.

"Oh, he said likely you'd be able to get in with someone. He said he'd leave the car in your garage."

"I hope to heavens he'll have sense enough not to do that. The garage is locked and if he leaves it outside it will likely be gone all right." Mrs. Merry exploded, "We surely seem to

be in an age of 'what yours is mine' just now."

"Where are the rest of your crowd?" Mrs. Merry asked coolly.

"The girls took the inside rooms. Jack Williams is out on the other verandah."

"Where we might sleep did not matter," Mrs. Merry said as she turned and picked up a lamp. "I'm afraid your friends will have to be disturbed while I get the cots for the children." She walked quickly into the cottage. Pushing back the curtains she went into the first bedroom. Two pair of sleepy eyes looked at her from the pillow. "I need Junior's cot" was all she said.

"I'm not going to get breakfast for that crowd," Mrs. Merry announced as she and Mrs. Malcolm finally settled down. "There is a hotel near here and they can go there. I'm going to try and cure people of making this cottage a stopping place."

Mrs. Malcolm chuckled. "You have your work cut out, but more power to your arm" she said.

It seemed as if they had just closed their eyes when a sound of animated voices came from the bedrooms, calling, "Let us hurry and get a dip before breakfast."

"They'll have plenty of time before they get breakfast here," Mrs. Merry whispered. "It's my turn now." She smiled, as she slipped up and quietly closed the door leading out to the verandah and dressed herself.

She was waiting in the living room when her self invited guests came out.

"Oh, Mrs. Merry," Julia Harmer spoke, "Meet the rest of the girls, Miss Brock and Miss Wilson. We just took possession last night. I guess it was into the girls' room you went."

Mrs. Merry bowed quietly. "You are going for a swim?" she asked.

"Yes, we thought it would be a good idea. You see we will have to go direct to the office when we reach the city. We'll have to leave before seven. I'd better go and wake John."

"The hotel commences to serve breakfast at six thirty on Monday morning, so you will have plenty of time. Olga is away for the week-end and we did not prepare for more than just the Malcolms and ourselves."

Quietly the girls went down to the lake where the boys joined them for a consultation. They came back shortly, dressed quietly and made preparations to start.

"We will have to leave the one car here and have it towed in. There seems something more than a flat wrong," John Harmer explained. "The girls tell me we have to go to the hotel for breakfast," he added.

"Yes, Olga is away and we did not plan for a week-end invasion. You see," Mrs. Merry spoke quietly, "we are only human and we cannot provide indefinite amusement and sustenance."

"Oh, I suppose we will be able to get something there."

It was a subdued crowd who drove out of the gate.

"You know," Mrs. Merry's voice was a bit worried, "I'm wondering if they have enough money with them to pay for their breakfast and the repair bill. The garage man got the car about five this morning and he will have no compunction about charging them."

"They haven't, if that's any consolation to you," Mr. Merry said, as the men came up in time to hear the last remark. "Harmer borrowed ten off me to see them through." He looked

[Continued on page 56]

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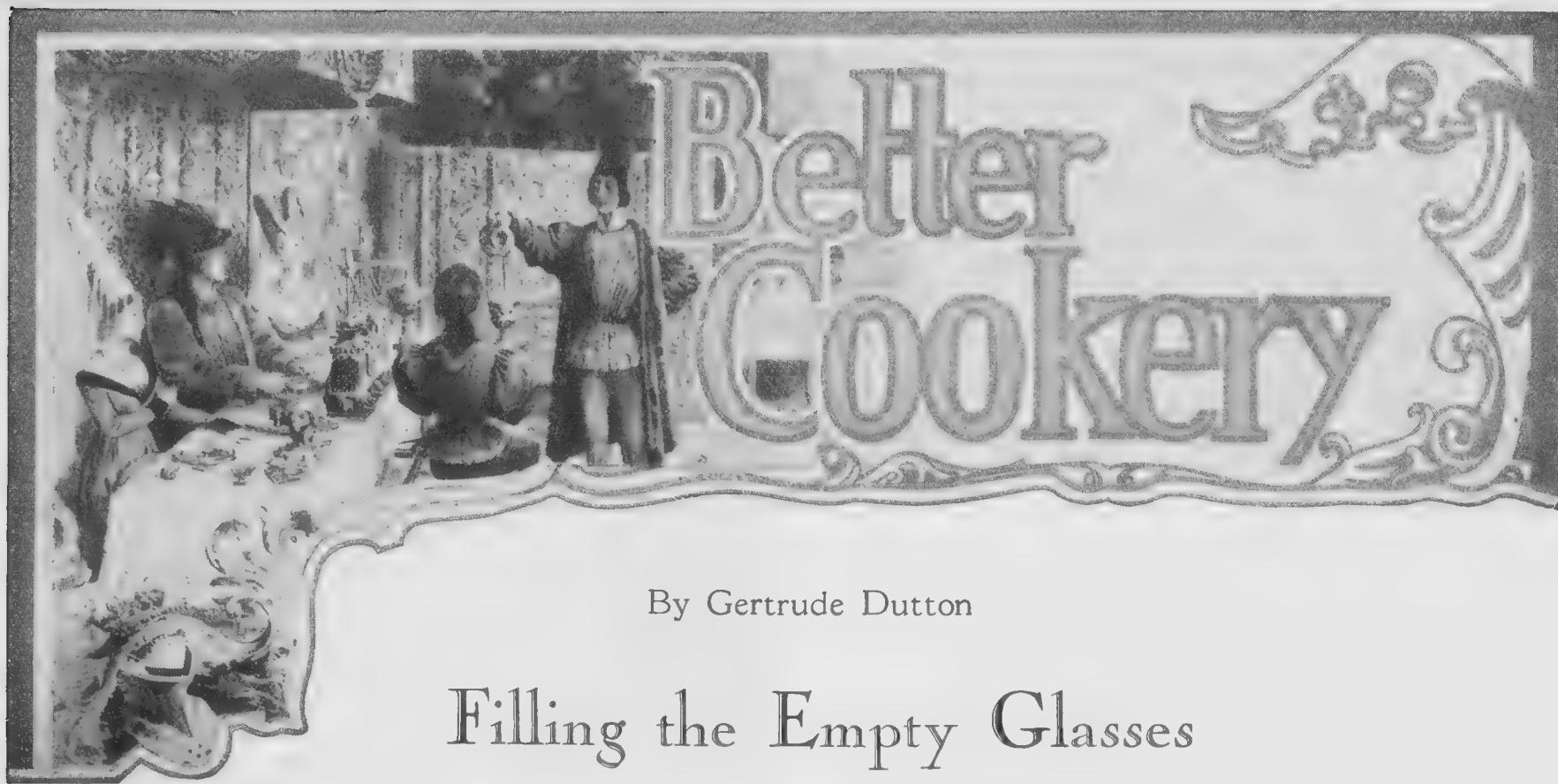
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By Gertrude Dutton

Filling the Empty Glasses

TO EVERY good housekeeper comes a particularly satisfying thrill when she looks at an array of glasses and jars which she has filled with jellies, conserves, relishes, pickles, etc. The making of jelly is to some women one of the most difficult phases of cooking, yet it need not be.

A perfect jelly is clear and sparkling, firm enough to hold its shape when turned from the glass, yet quivers when gently shaken, is very tender and cuts with a clear sharp edge.

We must have acid, sugar, pectin and water, in the correct proportions. The fruits used give us the acid and pectin, and to them we add the water and sugar. They are usually present in the greatest amounts just before the fruit becomes fully ripe. Certain fruits, such as sour apples, crab apples, cherries, sour plums, gooseberries, grapes, currants, cranberries, etc., have both pectin and acid in the correct proportions, so may be used alone for most delicious jellies. Certain others, such as strawberries, raspberries, pineapple, etc., must have a pectin-rich fruit combined with them, to be used successfully. Fruits low in acid should have some added from another fruit. One tablespoonful of lemon juice added to a quart of fruit, is a good proportion to use. The commercial pectin which we can buy now, is a big help. The directions for its use come with it and should be carefully followed.

Some water is required. With large somewhat dry fruits such as apples, we use half as much water as fruit. With the smaller, more moist fruits, we use less, crushing the berries and adding just enough water to stew the fruit. Too much water means too long boiling, which spoils both the flavor and the color.

The amount of sugar is important. Too much makes the jelly syrupy, and too sweet. The best results seem to be with the use of two-thirds to three-fourths as much sugar as juice, by measure. The larger amount of sugar being used with the more acid fruits. Occasionally we add flavor to a very bland-flavored jelly such as apple or crab-apple.

From berries, currants, etc., remove the stems, wash quickly if necessary, crush and add as little water as possible, and stew till the juice is extracted, which will take but a few minutes. Wash the larger fruits, remove the stems and blossoms and cut in pieces, add the water and stew till soft.

The juice must then be strained through cloth thick enough to hold back any particles of pulp which would give a cloudy appearance. Flannel, heavy cotton, or three or four thicknesses of cheese cloth are often used. Rinse the jelly bag in boiling water, then attach it

to a stand, lay it in a strainer, fasten it over the edges of a kettle, etc., pour the fruit and juice in and let it stand until dripping stops. There are to be had in the stores, several convenient types of racks for holding jelly bags. The one illustrated will fit almost any bowl or kettle, takes up but little room, and costs about a dollar and a half. A strainer or collander which will rest securely on the edges of a bowl or kettle, is quite satisfactory, with a square of cloth laid in it. A three-cornered bag may be made from a square of cloth, with a loop at the top, through which a rod may be run, then suspended over a bowl. Measure the juice, and boil it rapidly for about five minutes, skimming off any scum which may rise to the top. Add the sugar and stir till it is dissolved, then cook rapidly till the jelly test is given. This will take from five to fifteen or twenty minutes. If the jelly spins a thread from the tines of a fork, as in candy-making, it is done, or if it "sheets off" the side of the spoon. Two large drops will merge into one as it drops from the side of the spoon. Pour at once into sterilized

jelly glasses, filling them to about one-eighth inch from the top, removing with a spoon any bubbles which rise to the top of the jelly. When cold, cover the jelly with hot paraffin, tilting the glass so that all crevices are filled, or putting a second coat of paraffin on next day to insure a complete seal of the jelly. In heating the paraffin, it is well to remember that it is very explosive, and never to heat it except over hot water. A second covering should be put over the glass, either a tin one belonging to it, a sealer top, or a covering of white paper, pasted down around the edges. It is well to use glasses for jelly which do not hold more than half a pint, or will not turn out in an attractive mold. Sometimes one wishes to put it in containers which may be put right on the table. In this case, all sorts of attractively shaped glasses and dishes may be used. We know of one woman who planned to give glasses of jelly to a number of her young friends who happened to be away from home at college or boarding school. She found a number of suitable little clear glass vases in the "five-and-ten," which she filled with her delicious jellies, then put away till the Christmas holidays came. Needless to say, the girls were all delighted with the thoughtful gifts which served for flower holders in their college rooms after the jelly was eaten.

Second and third extractions of juice may be made by adding to the fruit pulp remaining in the jelly bag after the first draining, an amount of water equal to that added to the fruit in the first place, and proceeding as before. This gives a jelly of a slightly inferior appearance, but is well worth while. Or one may prefer to squeeze out the juice the second time, making a marmalade or jam, as considerable pulp will be forced out during the squeezing, giving a cloudy appearance.

Conserves are made of fruit which is not drained through a bag, and usually has nut meats, and one or two other fruits, such as oranges, raisins, etc., added to them. They are cooked till quite thick, and have a large proportion of sugar. It is not intended that they shall hold their shapes like molds of jelly.

Apple Jelly

Wash the apples, remove the stems and blossoms, cut in pieces, not discarding the peeling, seeds and cores, add half as much water, and follow the directions above.

Several other fruits may be combined with the apple juice to give variety of flavors. A few scented geranium leaves may be washed and put in the bottoms of the glasses, one in each glass. They will rise to the top of the jelly, so that they may easily be removed before serving the [Continued on page 54]



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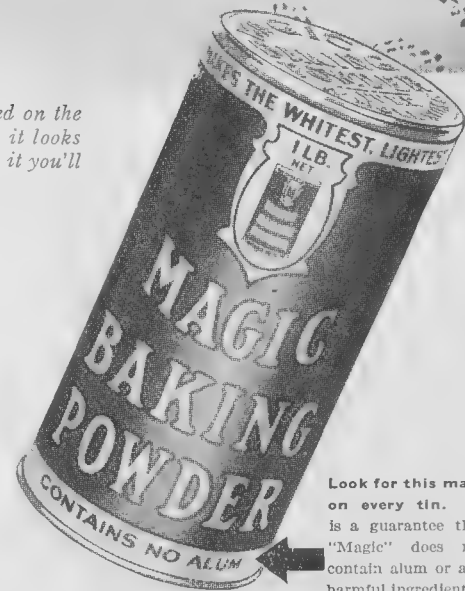
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Apple Pudding

1 cup pastry* flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder	5 tablespoons melted butter
	1 tablespoon milk

*Note: If bread flour is used replace two tablespoonfuls from each cup of flour into two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch.

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Add melted butter and milk to make a stiff batter. Bake in individual moulds or drop over apples and bake in the oven at 250° F., for 30 minutes. Serve hot with hard sauce.



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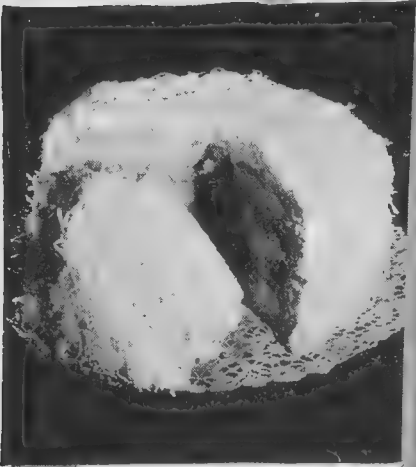
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COCONUT LAYER CAKE (3 eggs)

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1 can Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers. Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle each layer and outside of cake with coconut while frosting is still soft.

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jelly, or may be removed if one wishes, before pouring on the hot paraffin.

Mint Jelly

Make apple jelly and when nearly done, to each half pint of jelly add 2 t. of mint extract made by pounding in a mortar the leaves and tender tips of 2 bunches of mint. Add gradually 1/3 c. sugar, and 1/3 c. water. Steep for 6 hours, strain and bottle. Or add a few mint leaves to each glass of jelly as with the scented geranium leaves.

Spiced Crab Apple Jelly

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Crab apples 1 peck | Cloves 3 tb. |
| Vinegar 3 qts. | Stick cinnamon 3 tb. |
| Water 1 qt. | Sugar |

Tie the spices in a strong bag. Cook the crab apples, vinegar, water and spices in a covered kettle till the apples are soft, then proceed in the usual way. Add a little more than 3/4 c. sugar to each c. of juice. Some people prefer equal amounts of sugar and juice. This jelly is delicious with cold meats.

Gooseberry and Raspberry Jelly

Use equal quantities of the berries, stem them. Add water to almost cover them, and follow the general directions, using 3/4 as much sugar as juice.

Spiced Currants

Pick over and stem, and wash 5 pounds of currants, red or white, or if liked, black ones. Add 4 pounds of brown sugar, and let stand till the sugar is melted. Add 2 c. mild vinegar, 2 tb. cloves, ground, and 2 tb. ground cinnamon, and simmer till thick, probably about two hours. Seal in glasses.

Grape and Apple Butter

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Grape pulp 2 c. | Apple pulp 2 c. |
| | Sugar 3 c. |

Cook and sift the grapes and apples separately, combine both with the sugar and simmer till thick. Seal in sterilized glasses.

Cherry Conserve

Pit 2 qts. of sour cherries and simmer in their juice about 15 minutes. Add 1/2 lb. seeded raisins, cut in pieces, the grated rind and pulp of 2 large oranges and 2 lbs. sugar. Simmer till thick. When nearly done, add some broken walnut meats. Seal in sterile glasses.

Raspberry-Currant Jam

Crush 1 qt. currants, cook till tender, strain. Mash 2 qts. raspberries and add to the currant juice. Cook 10 minutes, add sugar, 3/4 lb. to each pint of juice and berries. Simmer till thick.

Crimson Preserve

Cook till tender, 1 pint each of strawberries, pitted cherries, red raspberries, red currants. Add 3 lbs. granulated sugar and simmer till thick and clear. Seal in sterile glasses.

Grape Butter

Cook the grapes in a little water, rub through a sieve, and to one pound of the pulp, add the juice of a lemon and from 1/2 to 3/4 pounds of sugar. Mix and cook till thick, about 20 minutes. The pulp squeezed from the jelly bag after draining the juice for grape jelly may be used.

Peach Butter

Blanch the peaches, remove the skins and pits, then cook to a pulp with a little water. Weigh the pulp, and to 1 pound add 2/3 pound of sugar and cook till thick and clear. Spices may be added if wished.

Better Cookery

Continued from page 52

Plum Butter

Wash the plums, add enough water to prevent burning, and cook till soft. Rub through a colander to remove pits, and to each pound of pulp, add 1/2 to 2/3 pounds sugar.

Grape Jam

Wash and stem the grapes, separate the skins from the pulp. Sift the pulp after cooking it a few minutes, cook the skins till tender, with a little water. Add the sifted pulp and 2/3 as much sugar, and cook rapidly till thick and clear.

Apple-Grape Conserve

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| Grapes 6 lbs. | Apples 3 |
| Seedless raisins 1 lb. | Oranges 3 |
| Sugar 5 lbs. | Nut meats if wished |

Pulp the grapes, heat the pulp, till the seeds are loosened, then sift. Pare and core the apples, reserving the cores and peeling. Chop the apple and add to the grape pulp, and cook till tender. Add to the grape skins the thinly sliced oranges and the raisins and sugar and simmer till thick. In the meantime, cook the apple cores and peelings in a little water till tender, rub through a cloth or fine strainer and add to the cooking fruit mixture. When nearly done add the raisins and the walnut meats if used. Seal in sterile glasses.

Rhubarb Conserve

Cut rhubarb in inch pieces, let stand over-night or for some hours with an equal weight of sugar, and as many sliced oranges as wished. Put on the stove and simmer till clear and thick. Add seedless raisins and walnut meats, when nearly done, if liked.

Or with the rhubarb use crushed or finely chopped canned pineapple with or without the raisins, oranges or nut meats.

Gooseberry-Currant Preserve

Pick over and stem gooseberries and one-third as much red currants. Let stand for some hours with three-quarters as much sugar, then simmer till clear, stirring very gently to keep the fruit as whole as possible.

Plum Apple Jam

Use equal amounts of apples or crab apples and of plums, and three-fourths as much sugar as fruit. Remove the stems from the crab apples, cut them in quarters, and cook till soft in a little water, and strain in a jelly bag or through a very fine strainer. Cook the plums and rub

through a colander. Combine the fruit pulps add the sugar and simmer till thick.

Pineapple-Pear Preserve

Pare and core the pears, and cut in slices or cubes. Cut the pineapple in small cubes, and to each two pounds of pears allow one orange and one lemon, in very thin slices, and three-fourths as much sugar as fruit. Simmer till clear and thick. Use the pineapple in any proportion desired. One can is enough for quite a few pears.

Ginger Pear Conserve

Use rather hard pears. Pare and core and chop or slice them, add one large or two small lemons to four pounds of pears, and either chop or slice the lemons, add 3/4 as much sugar, and about one ounce of finely chopped preserved ginger to each pound of pears. Simmer till clear and thick.

Beet-Horseradish Relish

Cook, skin and coarsely chop 12 medium sized beets. Add 1 head of cabbage, shredded, 1 c. grated horseradish, 3 small onions, chopped, sugar and salt to taste, and cover with vinegar. Cook 5 to 10 minutes and seal. If not kept too long, this relish may be sealed uncooked.

Sweet Pickled Fruit

Make a syrup by boiling for a few minutes, 1 qt. vinegar, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 2 tb. allspice, 2 tb. cinnamon, 1/2 oz. ginger root, 1/2 oz. cloves, 1 t. mace, the spices being tied in a cheese-cloth bag. Add the prepared fruit, peaches, pears, crab apples, etc. and cook till tender, then seal in jars.

Tomato Chutney

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Ripe tomatoes 1 pk. | Apples 1/4 pk. |
| Onions 1/4 pk. | Seeded raisins 1 lb. |
| Brown sugar to taste | or more |
| Salt, root ginger | A few red peppers |

Slice the onions, chop the tomatoes and apples, add the seasonings and cook 1/2 hour, or till soft. Add 1 qt. vinegar and cook ten minutes longer. The pieces of root ginger may be left in, or taken out when seasoned enough. Seal.

Tomato Chutney, Uncooked

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| Ripe tomatoes 1 lb. | Apples, large 4 |
| Small onions 6 | Sugar 1 lb. |
| Raisins 1 c. | Salt 1 t. |
| Mustard 2 tb. | Vinegar 3 c. |

Heat the vinegar to the scalding point, add the seasonings and pour over the tomatoes onions and apples, chopped. Seal. Will be ready for use in 2 weeks.

Sour Gherkins

Select one hundred very small cucumbers of uniform size, and cover with cold water, which it is well to measure in order to find out how much liquid is required to cover them. Do not wash the cucumbers as this is apt to bruise them. After an hour or two, carefully lift out to a large crock, taking care not to stir up the dirt which has settled to the bottom of the water. Add 1 c. salt to enough boiling water to cover them, cover the crock and let stand 2 days. Drain and pick over the cucumbers, discarding any which are soft or imperfect, and put in a clean crock. Cover with a hot, but not quite boiling solution of vinegar sufficient to cover them, four chopped green peppers, 1/2 c. salt, a few whole allspice, peppercorns, 3 or 4 blades of mace, 3 sticks of cinnamon, one oz. of mustard

[Continued on page 56]





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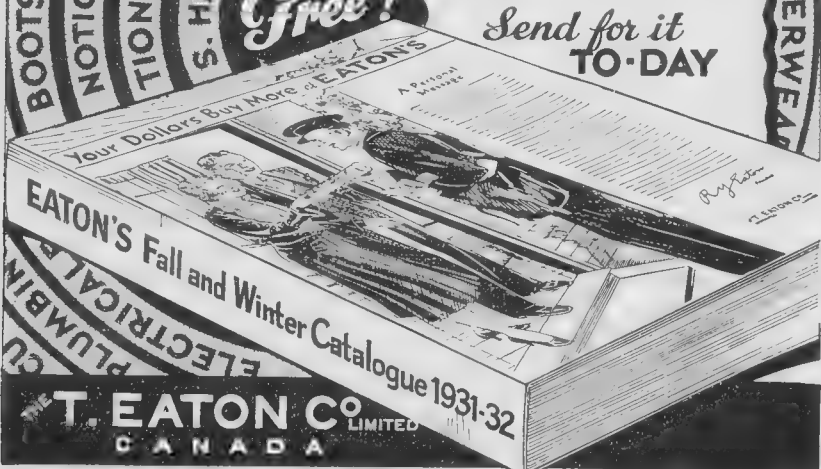
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Better Cookery

Continued from page 54

seed, 2 chopped onions, a few bits of bay leaf. They will keep perfectly if weighted down in the large crock, and will be ready for use in 6 or 8 weeks.

Sweet Tomato Pickle

Green tomatoes 1 peck Celery 1 bunch
Onions 1 doz. Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Cauliflowers 2 Vinegar 2 qts.
Green peppers 4 small Sugar 4 c.
Spices, whole $\frac{1}{2}$ c. in a bag

Slice the tomatoes and onions, separate the cauliflower into flowerets, seed and chop the green peppers, dice the celery, put in layers in a large preserving kettle, sprinkling salt on each layer. Let stand over night. Drain, add 1 qt. vinegar, 2 qts. water,

bring to a boil, and cook about 15 minutes, and drain. Make a syrup by boiling for a few minutes, the other qt. of vinegar, the sugar and spices. Add the vegetables and bring to a boil, then seal.

Pepper Relish

Green peppers 12. Vinegar 1 qt.
Red peppers 12. Sugar $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt 2 tb.

Cut the vegetables in small pieces, discarding the membrane and seeds, sprinkle with salt and cover with boiling water, cool then drain. Make a syrup of the other ingredients, add the pepper and cook 20 minutes, then seal.

"Kum-Inn"

Continued from page 51

over at his wife. "I'm beginning to think you are right. However, I think we are rid of them; and, at that, the ten is well spent. Harmer has a name for not remembering the odd borrowing."

Olga came in as they were finishing breakfast. "Mrs. Merry, city all so quiet and cool. No peoples at all. Nice, nice, nice," she said as she took off her hat and went to her room.

"You have nice time?" she asked Mrs. Merry as they worked.

"The Harmers were here when we got back," Mrs. Merry replied shortly. "I do hope some time we will be able to have only the people we want at I. G. O."

"You too easy! Olga have to settle it for you!"

Mrs. Merry smiled. "I believe at that you might; one thing I know, Olga, you are loyal."

Olga's big eyes looked up at her. "I like you," she said simply, "you not make me feel I foreign."

THE week slipped away.

"One good thing, John," Mrs. Merry addressed her husband as he stretched full length in the hammock, "we do have quiet during the week. I'm pretty sure we are rid of the Harmers and their crowd. Now we will hope they will pass the word along that the glad hand is not out at Camp I. G. O."

Suddenly John sat upright. "What on earth does this mean? The Merrys are closing their cottage at Pineway Beach," he read, "what idiot put that in?"

"Your very own beloved wife. That's one of my methods. Our own friends will know. You will note I do not say when we are closing. I expect we will be the rest of the summer about it."

"Grace Merry," he stretched out an arm and pulled her down beside him, "You are becoming a worse rogue every day, a more adorable one I mean. Not fair! Stop your tickling," as he nearly fell out of the hammock. "I only hope it works."

"Well it is worth trying anyway. Saturday afternoon when you come in, close the bars at the entrance to our land, that will help the delusion."

Sunday was a scorcher. Stretched out on the sand in their bathing suits the Merrys thanked their stars for a 'no visitor' week-end. Like a duck Junior was in the water and out of it.

"It is a real treat to have the day just to ourselves," Grace Merry threw a handful of sand over her smiling husband.

"You bet it is, but the day is young yet."

"Pessimist," she screwed up her nose at him, "You mustn't think such things. The good book says, 'The thing I feared is come upon me!'"

"Don't you quote scripture to me. I'll race you to the water. Come on, Junior. We will show mother."

They were back on the sand again enjoying to the full the rest and quiet.

"Listen!" Mr. Merry sat upright. "There is a car turning in at our gate. I know the sound. Two of them, I knew this was too good to be true."

"What I feared is come upon me!" Well there is nothing to feed a crowd today; I just didn't make any preparations. Yes," Grace Merry drew a long sigh, "there they are!"

A moment later Olga came hurrying down to the beach.

"Four womans, four mens, four children," she announced tragically, "Olga mad!"

"Not any more than I am, Olga. Never mind we will just give them whatever we have. There's cake and lots of tea so we'll just give them that."

"They got big baskets in cars I see them!" Olga announced stoically. "Let them eat that."

"Oh, Olga, maybe they are going on and have only stopped for a moment."

Buoyed by that hope, Grace hurried up to the cottage.

"Hello, Mrs. Merry," it was Mrs. Curry, a member of her bridge club, who came down the sand to meet her.

"We were trying to decide yesterday where to go today and last night I saw the notice in the paper that you were closing camp, so I called the house and when there was no answer, I just decided that if we intended making a call on you this summer, this would be our last chance. I thought maybe you were gone when we found the bars up but we decided to try anyway. I don't believe you know the rest of the people. I'll introduce you."

"If you will excuse me," Mrs. Merry's tone was not cordial, "I'll slip in the back way and dress before meeting your friends." Picking up Junior, she hurried round the cottage, followed by Mr. Merry.

"This looks like the worst yet," he confided, "Six absolute strangers, two we barely know."

"Don't forget the four children. They are likely to be more bother than the grown-ups," his wife replied. "Well, I am sure of one thing, there is not going to be a hot dinner served in this cottage today."

Quietly she came out on the verandah. Mrs. Curry rose from the depths of the hammock, "Mrs. Merry meet my friends, the Blacks, the Cannons, and the McIntyres. The kids are out

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"Kum-Inn"

Continued from page 56

in the lake already, two are mine and two belong to the Cannons. Mr. Merry, people."

Badinage flew back and forth among the guests; that their host and hostess knew nothing of the personal matters discussed worried them not at all.

A boy passed with a string of fish.

"Oh, let's buy his stock and have fried fish." Mr. Black suddenly sprang into life. "Merry, you know the ropes. You get the chap's stock and we'll have a fish dinner."

Mr. Merry looked at his wife and recognized the refusal written there. While he hesitated she spoke.

"Do you mean you wish to take them home?"

"Oh no, we meant we would have them for dinner here."

"I am sorry but our maid is with us on the understanding that she does not have to cook hot meals on Sunday. We are just about to have a cold lunch, in which you may join us if you wish." Without waiting for an answer Mrs. Merry went kitchenward.

AS SHE entered the kitchen the four children scampered out of the kitchen. "They bad boys," Olga said quietly, "they not nice at all, they make fun of me, tell me our stuff not good. . . ."

"Florence Curry," Mrs. Black's voice carried through the thin walls, "A cold lunch! Well thank goodness we can use our own stuff and have a meal somewhere else."

"I didn't know the Merrys had suddenly acquired a stingy streak," Florence Curry defended herself.

"I think," Mrs. McIntyre spoke for the first time. "It is a self defence streak. How would you like, Florence Curry, or you either, Mrs. Black, if eight people walked in on you and practically demanded a certain kind of a meal. . . ." The sentence broke off short as Mrs. Merry wheeled out a small table.

Olga suddenly appeared in the doorway. "You want me open your baskets and use some your food? Little boys tell me you have chickens and everything?"

"Olga! have you taken leave of your senses?" Mrs. Merry asked.

"Little boys tell me they have hampers in the car, 'far better food than this,' they say. I think maybe they like to eat it here. I not mind putting on table and washing dishes if no have to cook. . . ."

Mrs. Merry stood dumb with amazement.

"That is the very best idea out," Mrs. McIntyre said quickly, "Olga you go ahead and bring in the hampers and I'll help you unpack. Never mind, Mrs. Merry, we know you didn't know what Olga was going to do. She is like a maid my mother used to have. Loyal to her own. It is a mighty good quality in a maid today. Come on folk, let's make a real picnic dinner. If Mrs. Merry doesn't mind lending us her verandah and if they will join us."

Followers always, the rest swung in under a new leader and it was a jelly crowd that enjoyed the good things which the hampers contained, added to from the Merrys' store.

It was late that night, when Olga and Mrs. Merry washed dishes, that she questioned her.

"What put it into your head, Olga?"

"I just mad! They all come here eat, make work, do nothing. They not your friends. Little boys tell me they have lots of good things in car but they take them home if they find any place to stay. I just make up my mind they eat their own food. You too. . . ." she stopped for a word, "You afraid hurt their feelings. I not care. Maybe cure them. . . ."

Mrs. Merry's laugh brought her husband hurrying out.

"Well," she twinkled at him, "It is strange, but maybe between Olga and I we will cure them, but the funny part is, I could enjoy having the McIntyre's. I liked them."

Bedroom Filet for Beauty and Dignity

Continued from page 19

White, cream or ecru thread can be used. You will find cream or natural linen-colored lace over dull old-rose lining will be both effective and restful. Of course, any colored lining you prefer can be used, but choose your thread to harmonize with it; for example, cream crochet over blue would be very pretty, but natural linen thread might be more effective over yellow or lavender.

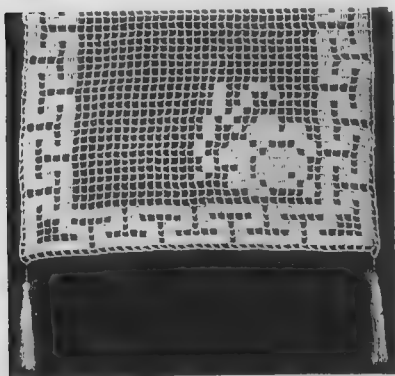
Flat white is nearly always too staring, and certainly should never be used

in a room with a north light. Something with a very little tint, even if it is nearly imperceptible, will nearly always prove more satisfactory.

There are many other uses than bedroom furnishings for which these artistic motifs and border can be used. A stunning pillow could be made by arranging this filet for a slip-cover over a black satin pillow. Then there are long bolster pillows of gathered satin circled with three or four bands of lace. Chair backs and tidies for the big reading chair and davenport, and a cover for the tea-table, are very effective in this coarse crochet.

In tan or ecru thread, the border alone might trim scarf ends or portieres, or the motifs and border combined, in a luxurious cover for the library table. A charming shade for the floor light can be made by arranging the coarse lace over rose colored silk and allowing a fringe of the rose silk to fall below the lace.

Large rose centre and border crocheted with fine thread in single mesh, would make a most dignified and effective door panel.



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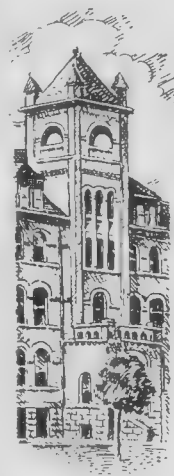
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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 8

one, if the spirit so moved her; but it was hard to believe that she would let her love of teasing lead her to burglarize a safe in the dead of night and make off with the contents, even though the safe and its holdings were the property of a man she had known and chummed with practically all her life.

As he let the blue roadster ambie along toward the college suburb, Markham tried to convince himself of the absurdity of the circumstantial-evidence conclusion. First, it involved the assumption that, instead of going directly home after the play, Betty had delayed her return for at least an hour, since it was nearly midnight before the black box had been locked up in the laboratory safe. Again, the automobile track and the double set of footprints in the alley proved that two persons were concerned, and if Betty were the woman, Canby must have been the man, since he was her escort for the evening.

Reaching this point, Markham told himself that the thing was blankly unbelievable. Betty might play a trick on Owen; that was entirely possible. But that she would make another man, a man with whom Landis had scarcely a speaking acquaintance, her accomplice, was ridiculously incredible. Also, there was the matter of the fire-marked shoe. While it was true that Betty was sufficiently unconventional to wear what she pleased when and where she pleased, would she have worn a pair of golf shoes to the theatre? Markham weighed the probabilities for and against, and the "againsts" had it by an overwhelming majority.

Tooting his car up the campus drive, he parked it in front of the Lawson house and ran up the steps with the ribbon-tied box under his arm. When the maid-of-all-work came, wiping her hands on her apron, to answer his ring, he was told that Miss Betty had gone across the campus on an errand for her father and would be back in a few minutes. Would he come in and wait?

He would and did; and after the maid had shown him into the old-fashioned parlor and had gone back to her work in the basement kitchen, a masterful temptation assailed him. With Betty, who was her father's housekeeper, out of the way, and the professor busy with his classes in the near-by college buildings, he knew he was alone in the house, save for the maid in the kitchen below stairs. Also, as a family friend of long standing, he knew which one of the upper rooms was Betty's. At the prompting of an impulse quite as lawless as the one—Betty's or another's—that had led to the burglarizing of Landis' safe, he stepped into the hall, listened for an instant, and then ran rapidly up the stair to the floor above.

He hoped he might find the door of Betty's chamber standing open, and it was. Feeling more like a sneak thief than anything else, he went in. Though it was still early in the day, the room had been put in order, and its only indication of recent occupancy was the presence of a pair of shoes standing beside the dressing chair; shoes with the low heels that Betty always affected when conditions permitted. Were they the shoes she had worn to and from the theatre—changing, of course, when she costumed for her part on the stage? He was afraid they were, and he wished she had put them away; hidden them so that he couldn't find them.

Since she hadn't... he picked up the left shoe and examined the sole.

It not only bore the telltale crease across the ball of the foot; to the concave front of the low heel adhered a visible trace of the black soil of the Landis back lot. Not to leave the smallest chance of uncertainty lacking an opportunity to establish itself, he took the plaster cast from his pocket and compared it with the shoe sole. The marks were identical and the uncertainty vanished.

While he was comparing the shoe sole and its plaster duplicate and wishing very heartily that he could discredit the evidence of his own eyes, he happened to glance out of the window. The glance showed him the owner of the accusing shoe tripping across the campus toward the house. In frantic haste he replaced the shoe beside its mate, pocketed the plaster cast and ran, dashing down the stair and into the parlor a breathless moment before he heard Betty fitting her key into the latch of the hall door.

It was a tribute to the quality of the Markham self control that he was able to meet and greet her almost, if not quite, as if nothing had happened.

"If I need an excuse for this early-morning crash, here it is," he said, giving her the congratulatory box. "I wanted to be the first in the field, and I knew you'd be swamped later in the day."

"Oh, how perfectly gorgeous!" she cried, when the box was opened. "You're a dear, Wally; always a dear! Why doesn't some nice girl find it out and make away with you?"

"Exactly what I've asked myself dozens of times," he laughed. "But while there's life, there's hope. How are you feeling after last night's struggle?"

"Oh—was it a struggle? Did it look that way to you? What made you and Owen take a stage box? Did you think you might be able to rattle me and make me forget my lines? You didn't, you know."

"Sheer devotion," he explained in mock tenderness. "We wanted to be as near you as possible. Your work was splendid. Not feeling any after-effects at all?"

She dropped into a chair and passed her hand over her forehead.

"Sit down for a few minutes, won't you?" After-effects, you say? There are none, excepting that I feel as though I'd slept the clock around instead of just a few hours. And I'll admit it was a bit of a struggle, last night. I had stage fright horribly, at first,"—and she went on telling him just how the fright complex had attacked her, and how she had thought that, to use her own phrase, she was making a perfect fool of herself all through the first act and part of the second.

Sitting opposite, Markham listened, and as she talked the testimony of the circumstantial evidence became still more unbelievable. Surely if she had taken part, the leading part, in a burglary an hour after the play, she couldn't sit here chatting with him apparently without a single trace of self-consciousness. Yet there was the accusing footprint under Landis' workshop window and the confirmatory shoe in the room overhead.

"Weren't you pretty tired when the thing was all over?" he asked.

"I was a perfect dishrag! It made me furious. To think that I can play my eighteen holes of golf and come up smiling, and yet be wrung dry by a few hours on the stage!"

"Action and reaction," he suggested. "Nothing is more stimulating

[Continued on page 59]

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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 58

than playing to an appreciative audience, especially when the player makes such a cracking success of a part as you did of yours last night. And the aftermath of any stimulant is apt to be a let-down that leaves you flat and with a dark-brown taste in your mouth. You ought to have taken a leaf out of the book of the professionals and had a bit of supper after the play."

"I did that very thing. Bert took me to Pozzoni's and fed me all sorts of things."

He marked the familiar "Bert" as applied to Canby, setting it down as a measure of the distance Canby had come on the road of the "rusher," though a moment's reflection told him that it might mean little in Betty's mouth. She was nothing if not modern.

"And after the supper Canby drove you home in his car?"

She nodded. "He had to. By the time we'd waded through the menu I was getting so sleepy I could scarcely hold my eyes open."

"Still, I suppose the long way around was the shortest way home, at that, wasn't it?" he thrust in, with his good-natured grin.

"It might have been," she admitted. "To tell the truth, I was so tired and sleepy that Bert may have been driving circles around the block for all I knew, or cared."

"'Bert,'" he said; "it's 'Bert' and 'Betty' already, is it? Canby isn't letting any grass grow under his feet."

"Whoops!" she laughed, "is that the way you feel about it? But what do you expect? You home boys are so slow. Bert signed me up for last night nearly three weeks ago, and you didn't ask me until day before yesterday. A girl has to take what she can get, doesn't she?"

"I suppose so," he yielded. In all of this light-hearted give and take she was the Betty he knew best; teasingly vivacious, altogether frank and friendly, wholly unembarrassed; eye meeting eye with no suggestion of guile or concealment. If she were wearing a mask for him it fitted faultlessly.

Behind his own bit of camouflage he was studying her observantly and his thought whipped back to the performance of the night before; to her almost inspired interpretation of her part in the play. Was she acting a part now? There was a final test that he might apply. What if he should say, "Why did you take Owen's black box out of his safe on your way home last night, and what have you done with it?" If she were the culprit, as the evidence seemed so conclusively to prove, surely the direct accusation would make her betray herself. But if, on the other hand, she were as innocent as she appeared to be, the hurling of such a bomb would be nothing less than a sheer brutality.

"Some girls can reach out and take anything they have a fancy for," he said, answering her query; "you, for one, Betty, dear. You'll have a lot to answer for by the time you're a woman grown."

"I like that—'a woman grown'!" she retorted. "Am I not white, free and—well, perhaps not quite twenty-one, but near enough to take the curse off? Never mind: if you think I'm a menace to the peace of Carthage, the menace will be removed after Commencement. Daddy is going out to the wild and woolly for the summer, and he is threatening to take me along."

"Fossil hunting, I suppose?" Though the professor filled the chair of Physics in the college it was well

known that his hobby was paleontology, more especially that branch of the science which had to do with the later fossil discoveries in western Colorado.

"It wouldn't be anything else. But he promises not to take me into the wilds unless I want to go. We have friends in Brewster, in the Timanyoni, and I'm to visit with them."

"You'll have a good time, wherever you are; trust you for that," he averred. "All the same, we shall miss you."

"Yes you won't!" she derided cheerfully. "I know you home boys too well."

"All right; then we'll say that Bert Canby will miss you."

"What makes you say that so spitefully? Is it just because Bert wasn't born in Carthage, like the rest of us? You shouldn't be narrow, Wally, dear."

"No," he agreed mildly, "nobody should be narrow. But I don't care so awfully much for Canby: for one thing, his eyes are too close together."

"And for other things I suppose you'd say he is too good-looking, too smart, dresses too well, is too successful in business, plays too good a game of golf and bridge. What is it that Shakespeare says about home-keeping youths and their—er—homely wits? I'm afraid you are hopeless, Wally."

"Hopeless, and rather proud of it," he laughed, getting up to go. "Would you like to take a little spin in the angel car this fine morning?"

"Too busy, thank you. Commencement is only four days away, and we'll be on our way, Daddy and I, the morning after. I've a world of things to do before we close the house for the summer."

"All right," he acquiesced, "I'll vanish and let you get at it."

And with that he took his leave, with the mystery of the black box's disappearance precisely as dense as it had been when he had alighted from his car at the Lawson door; or rather denser, if that were possible.

DURING the four days which intervened between the disappearance of Landis' black box and the college Commencement, Markham burrowed patiently—and alone. If the footprint under Landis' laboratory window had been made by Betty Lawson, as all the circumstantial evidence seemed to prove, her companion, and accomplice, must have been Herbert Canby. Hence, during the four-day interval, Markham spent most of his time keeping the promoter of real-estate schemes under quiet surveillance.

As might have been expected, nothing definitely helpful came of this. At the close of the interval Markham was compelled to admit that his tab-keeping upon the breezy young man who was busily promoting his Greater-Carthage development projects was time and effort wasted. So far as outward appearances went, Canby ate, drank and slept the Greater-Carthage scheme to the exclusion of most other interests; also, that he was gradually overcoming the obstacle of small-city conservatism—to the substantial increase of his deposits in the Carthage Savings Bank & Trust, of which Markham Senior was the president.

It was in the forenoon of the fourth day that Wally dropped in upon his father at the bank for a word of counsel. Being of the third generation of small-city money, the young man had inherited a comfortable competence from his grandfather, the bulk

[Continued on page 60]

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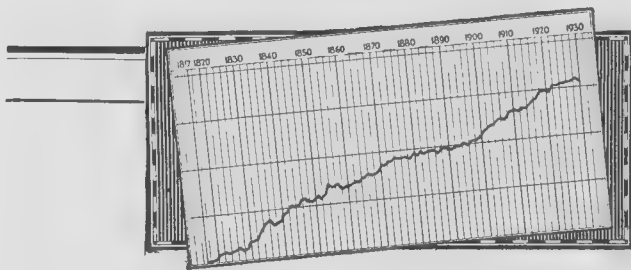
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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 59



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of which was invested in a local tool and implement factory, the future expansion of which was potentially threatened by one of the ramifications of Canby's scheme.

"About that tract adjoining the shops," Wally began. "I was told yesterday that Canby is trying to get an option on it from the Bergstetter estate. Do you know anything about it?"

The elder Markham shook his head. "Nothing definite. Gaultney—he's taken over the handling of the estate for the administrators—was here yesterday, and he said nothing about it. I'm reasonably sure he would give us a chance if anybody else were trying to tie the tract up."

"I hope he would. But Canby is pretty cagy in his deals. I've a feeling that he would go to some considerable trouble to put one over on us if he could—knowing how much we're going to need that piece of ground some day."

"You needn't worry a minute about Canby, Wally. As I told you in the beginning, he's nothing but a noisy false alarm—as a good many people in this town are going to find out before they are through with him."

The younger man grinned. "He's a pretty healthy depositor in the bank, isn't he?"

The president got up and closed the door against possible eavesdropping.

"In and out; that's the kind of depositor he is, Wally; a big balance one day, and a little one the next. You haven't bought anything of him, have you?"

"Not I."

"Well, don't. I haven't changed my opinion of him, though I'm getting rather lonesome on that side of the fence. As yet, nobody can put a finger upon anything he has done that you could call crooked, or even shady. Just the same, I shan't be surprised any day if the bookkeeper comes in to tell me that Canby's account has been checked out, lock, stock and barrel. When that happens, if it happens, I'm thinking we shall have seen the last of the young man who says he's from New York."

It was in the afternoon of this same fourth day that Markham sought Landis in his back-yard workshop, and found the robbed inventor sunk fathoms deep in a pit of dejection, paralyzed by forced inaction, unable to work, and a prey to the most gloomy forebodings touching the use to which his stolen invention might be put.

"I'm a total loss, Wally," was the way he described his condition; "can't work—can't even think straight. And now Betty tells me she's leaving Carthage for the entire summer."

Markham laughed. "Which is another way of saying that the worst is yet to come, eh?" Then: "When did you see Betty?"

"Yesterday. She came to the house to tell the folks good-bye. They are leaving for the West tomorrow, she and her father."

"Did she come out here to your shop?"

"Oh, yes; she couldn't well do less than to include me in the good-byes."

"Well, what did you and she talk about—if that isn't digging too deep into the personalities?"

"Shucks! I wasn't fit to talk about anything. She saw it and tried to jolly me up, when she found I wasn't sick: wanted to know if I couldn't take the summer off and go out to the wilderness with her and her father. Of course, she didn't mean it."

"Of course not," Markham agreed brutally. "As you say, she was merely trying to jolly you up a bit. But what about the black box? Any new developments?"

"Nothing; less than nothing. I've been buying newspapers from all around; Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago; and reading them for the crime news. Plenty of crime, of course, but nothing to hint at any mystery. But it will come, sooner or later, you mark my words."

"Good stunt, that—watching the papers. Keep it up."

"I shall. I suppose you haven't learned anything?"

"Nothing that you could give a name to," Markham evaded. Obviously, he couldn't tell Landis the length to which he had gone in checking up the scorched shoe. Neither could he make any mention of his suspicions of Canby, since Landis knew that Canby was Betty's escort on the night of the play. It was a mess, any way one chose to look at it; but the deepening of the mystery only made the attempted solving of it the more attractive to a man of Wally Markham's temperament.

Later that afternoon, after he had left Landis scanning a fresh batch of out-of-town newspapers for their crime reports, Markham learned from the room clerk at the Collier House, where Canby had his rooms, that the promoter had left town to be away overnight. Whereupon he took another lawless step in the path which, up to the present, had led nowhere. Ormsbury, manager of the hotel, was a time-tried friend, and to him, in the privacy of his box-like office behind the main lobby, Markham appealed.

"You know me pretty well, John, and I'm going to ask you to break all the hotel traditions for me," was the way he began on Ormsbury. "I want to borrow the master key to the rooms on the third floor for a few minutes. Do I get it?"

Ormsbury flapped his hands in the gesture which means "impossible" in all languages.

"You've got your nerve, Wally," he chuckled. "What's your lay this time? Are you posing as a room thief? Or are you playing around as an amateur detective?"

"Call me by any hard name you like, only let me have that key."

"Whose rooms do you want to break into?"

"Can't we let the room number hang up in the air for the time being? I don't want to point a suspicion unless there is something to point it at."

"Then you are sleuthing? Why not turn it over to the police, and so stay on the windward side of the law?"

"The police may come later. You don't want any publicity for the house, and I don't want any for myself. I'll be careful and not let you in for anything disagreeable."

"I suppose you know what will happen if you should be caught out between bases?"

"Of course. But I'm not going to be caught out. The rooms I want to break into are unoccupied just now, and you may be sure I'll leave them exactly as I find them. I'll be as anxious to do that as you'll be to have me do it."

"You've given yourself away," said the manager, with a laugh. "Nothing vacant on the third floor excepting Mr. Canby's suite. What have you got on him, Wally?"

[Continued on page 61]



"Just fine-thanks"

"I certainly have to thank you for telling me about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I am sleeping like a top now and am just feeling fine."

"You know how I dreaded the long sleepless nights and how tired and languid I felt in the mornings."

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FLUSHO

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 60

"Nothing at all. I merely want to see how he lives when he's at home."

"All right," Ormsbury agreed, producing the coveted pass-key. "It's smashing the traditions, as you say, but I'm banking on your discretion. Don't you want an authorized witness along?"

"No; you'd better not come. What you don't know you can swear you don't know. If anything develops, I promise you'll be the first to know it. Won't that answer?"

"I guess so—for this one time. But, for the Lord's sake, be careful!"

With the pick-lock key in his possession Markham made sure there was no one looking on in the third-floor corridor when he opened the door of Canby's sitting-room and let himself in, cannily locking the door behind him as soon as he was inside. The sitting-room, bath, and the adjoining bedroom were all in order, and it took him but a few minutes to make a rapid but thorough search in every nook and corner large enough to conceal Landis' black box. He didn't find the box; had scarcely hoped to. But a search of Canby's rooms figured as the only thing he had hitherto left undone.

It was when he was shutting the doors of the clothes-closet wardrobe in the bedroom that he made a discovery. One of the several suits of clothes hanging in the wardrobe had slipped from its hook and fallen; and when he reached down to prevent it from interfering with the closing of the door he found that the bottom board of the piece of furniture was not nailed down. It was loose and could be lifted out.

Laying the fallen suit aside, he lifted the loose bottom board. Underneath there was an enclosed space of a few inches in depth, and at first he thought it was empty. But at the farther end his groping hand came in contact with a leather bag lying flat; a bag shaped like a lawyer's brief case. When he tried to lift it, it was so heavy that he had to take both hands.

Taken from its hiding place and opened upon the floor, the heavy brief case contained nothing to throw any light upon Landis' loss; still, its contents were surprising, in a way. First, wrapped in a chamois skin, there were two large-calibre automatics, new, well-oiled and with their magazines filled with cartridges. Next came another and larger piece of leather—soft calfskin, this time—which served as a flat wrapping for a set of tools. When he opened the flap Markham thought the array was an auto repair kit; but there was a lack of wrenches and a superabundance of other tools, drills, files, steel saws, cut-nippers, pliers, a bunch of objects that he took to be skeleton keys, and, lastly, a short steel bar drawn to a chisel-end at either extremity and beautifully tempered; each piece looking to be as new and unused as the automatics, and each fitted into a leather pocket so that it could not clink or rattle.

Having, as he had every reason to believe, plenty of time at his disposal, Markham drew up a chair and sat down to consider his prize thoughtfully as it was spread upon the floor at his feet. Of course, there was no doubt as to its nature. It was a complete kit of burglar's tools, with the guns to back it up; a spare kit, as it appeared, since there was every indication that the tools had never been used or the guns fired. What was Canby, figuring as an energetic young promoter intent upon making

Carthage grow, doing with a burglar's kit hidden in his wardrobe?

During the four days in which he had been quietly pursuing his investigations Markham had found the circumstantial evidence, based on the clues revealed the morning following the robbery, gradually losing its hold. Apart from the fact that Betty Lawson had demonstrated, or had seemed to demonstrate, her innocence of any part in the robbery, Markham was reluctantly compelled to admit that, up to the present moment, he had discovered nothing upon which to hang an assumption of Canby's guilt. Moreover, if Betty were innocent, her acquittal necessarily cleared the young promoter, since the two were together from the close of the theatre performance up to and including the return to the Lawson house. Yet here was this burglar's kit, cunningly hidden in Canby's bedroom, to muddy a pool which, in spite of the apparently incriminating evidence, had been steadily growing clearer the longer the amateur investigator looked into it.

As a matter of course, the abandonment of the original theory inculcating Betty and the promoter led to the forced acceptance of an alternative equally unbelievable; namely, that the woman participant in the robbery had worn a shoe the exact duplicate of one of Betty's, even to the mark across the sole—an assumption that stretched the credibilities almost to the breaking point. Still, once in a thousand times coincidence might reach even as far as this. Highly improbable, it was yet barely possible.

Deep in a maze of dubiety, Markham re-strapped the brief-case bag and returned it to its hiding place under the loose bottom of the wardrobe. Clearly, the first thing to do was to tell Ormsbury of his discovery. Possibly the hotel manager might be able to indicate the next step to be taken. In replacing the bag he tried to leave everything just as he had found it, rearranging the fallen suit of clothes so that it might appear as if it had been undisturbed, and turning the key in the lock of the wardrobe door.

Five minutes later he was handing the pass-key to Ormsbury in the private office behind the lobby and congratulating himself upon an exceedingly narrow escape. For, as he emerged from the elevator, he had seen Canby, freshly arrived from wherever he had been, getting his own proper key from the room clerk.

"An escape?" said Ormsbury. "What kind of an escape?"

"Canby is back; he was getting his room key as I came through the lobby. If I had delayed a few minutes longer he would have caught me red-handed!"

Ormsbury grinned. "It would have served you right. I don't quite see how you could have ducked out of it."

"Neither do I. At the same time, I found something; not what I was looking for, but still something that needs an explanation quite as much as my presence in Canby's rooms would have, if he had found me there."

"What was the something?"

"A pair of man-size automatics wrapped up in a complete outfit of burglar's tools; the pistols and kit in a lawyer's brief case which was hidden under the bottom board in Canby's wardrobe."

"The devil you say! Bert Canby a burglar?" Ormsbury ejaculated. "That's ridiculous, Wally. I grant you anything you care to charge him

[Continued on page 63]

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The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba

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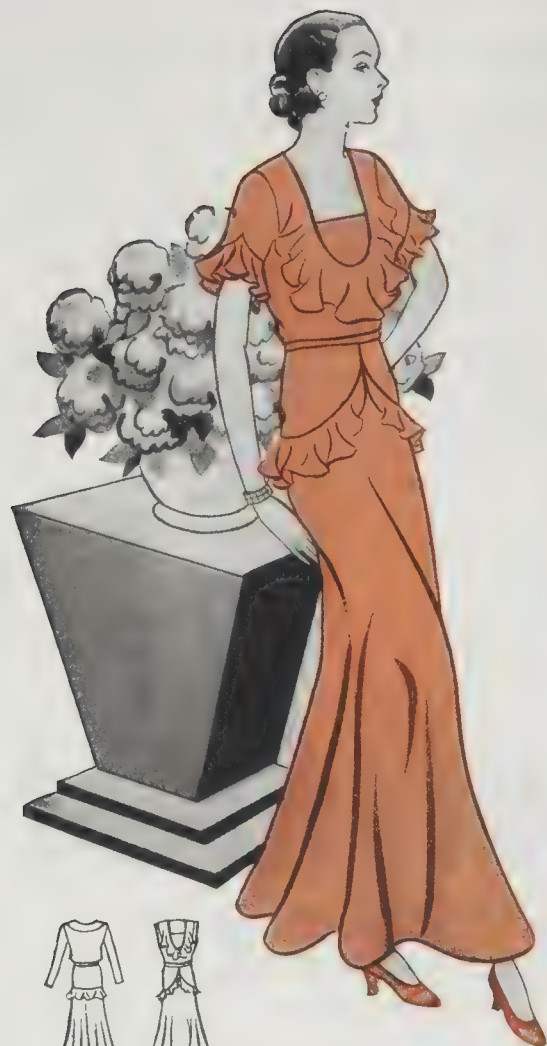
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7227



7200



7198



7228



7237

7227. Printed silk in black and white with trimming of white crepe is pictured here. The dress may be made with short sleeves, trimmed with a small flare ruffle, or with plain fitted long sleeves. It may also be developed without sleeves. The skirt is gored in narrow flare sections which create pleasing low-placed fullness. A flare bertha collar outlines the deep U of the neck, which is squared with a small vestee. Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make a 38-inch size as shown in the large view, will require 5 yards of printed material, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain material 35 inches wide. To make with long sleeves as in the small back view will require $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35 inches wide. To make without sleeves as in the small front view will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35 inches wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Collar, belt, cuffs, vestee and peplum of contrasting material require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 35 inches wide. Price 25c.

7200. Plain and embroidered linen are combined in this model. The dress is made with deep yoke portions, cut long on the shoulders so as to form short cape extensions over the top of the arm. The flare skirt portions join the waist at hip length, in shaped outline. The bolero is separate from the dress, and may be omitted. It has a three-quarter length bell sleeve trimmed with a small shaped cuff. Designed in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size, if made with the bolero will require $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material. Without the bolero $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards will be required. For yoke and cuff portions of contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35 inches wide is required. The bolero alone will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.

7198. This is an excellent model for crepe, georgette, soft woollens or shantung. Lace or other contrasting material may be used for the vestee, cuffs and plait insert as illustrated. Linen and linen lace may also be combined in this number. The waist portions blouse slightly above a narrow belt. A smart revers collar outlines a tie vestee of lace, and goes over the back at the neck line in coat collar effect. The skirt has a fan-plaited insert in front, and flares over the sides. The sleeve is lengthened below the elbow with a flare cuff. Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure with corresponding waist and hip measure. A 42-inch size if made as illustrated in the large view will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of lace 36 inches wide (or other contrasting material) for vestee, cuffs and plait insert. To make the dress of one material will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2 yards. Price 25c.

7228. Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 39-inch material. Sleeve and vestee require 1 yard of 9-inch lace or $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material. Price 25c.

7237. Ladies' Work Pajamas. Designed in Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material if made as a two-piece garment. If made as a one-piece garment $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards. For contrasting material $\frac{2}{3}$ yard 35 inches wide, cut cross-wise is required. Price 25c.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 61

with in the blue-sky field; he is burgling the community pocketbook to the queen's taste in the promotion schemes. But he doesn't need a cracksman's kit to do that."

"Just the same, there is a cracksman's kit in his wardrobe," Markham insisted.

"What did you do with it?"

"I put it back where I had found it. It is up to you to rediscover it, if you want to. I'm not accusing him, mind you; I am merely giving you the facts. There is a burglar's outfit hidden in Canby's clothes closet. I don't know how it got there, or what use, if any, he means to make of it; but it's there."

"But, see here, Wally; perhaps—"

What the manager was about to say was left unsaid, for at that moment the office door opened to admit the promoter himself; and the leather brief case he laid upon Ormsbury's desk was the one Markham had so lately restored to its hiding place in the bedroom on the third floor.

There was a striking little tableau staged as Canby put the brief case down in front of Ormsbury, and a glance at the faces of the two office inmates would have told the most casual onlooker that the promoter's appearance on the scene at that precise moment was an embarrassing surprise. But there was nothing in Canby's greeting to indicate that he was aware of the embarrassment or surprise.

"Hello, Markham!" he exclaimed cheerfully; "glad to find you here. Two witnesses are better than one, any day in the week." Then to Ormsbury: "A few minutes ago, as I was putting my grip away upstairs, I found that thing hidden in the bottom of my wardrobe. If it's buried treasure, as it might be, judging from the weight of it, it isn't any of mine, so I'm turning it in."

"What is it?" Ormsbury asked.

"Search me: I haven't opened it. Wouldn't, you know, not without witnesses. It may be an infernal machine, for all I know. It's heavy enough to fit any sort of guess as to the contents."

"Suppose you open it, John, and let us see what it is," Markham suggested.

Ormsbury unbuckled the straps and spread the contents of the bag on his desk. Again a casual onlooker might have noted that the manager did not seem as greatly surprised as the character of the array would warrant. But if Canby noted this he made no sign, and his own astonishment was either real or faultlessly simulated.

"Well—I'll be damned!" he burst out. "Wouldn't that set your back teeth on edge? Who do you suppose planted that outfit on me? Lord! I'm mighty glad I'm the one who found it, and not somebody else!"

"Where did you say it was?" queried Ormsbury, sparring to gain time.

"Under the bottom of my wardrobe. The bottom board is loose, and when I opened the door to put my grip away, I saw that one of my suits had fallen from its hook. Somehow or other, one leg of the trousers had got caught under the loose board, and when I picked the clothes up, the board came with 'em. And there, in one corner, was this brief-case thing. What is it?—a plant, or a joke?"

Markham was watching Canby narrowly as he talked, hoping to fasten upon some slip of the tongue or change of expression which would warrant at least a suspicion that he

was acting a part. But there was no peg upon which to hang a suspicion. On the contrary, Canby's open-eyed frankness was as convincing as it was disarming.

"If it is a joke, somebody must have a badly distorted sense of humor," Markham put in. "It strikes me that the point of a joke like that would be rather hard to discover, don't you think?"

"Oh, I don't know," Canby returned, with an easy laugh. "There are still a few stand-patters in Carthage who are calling me all the hard names they can dig out of the dictionary. I don't doubt some of them would be quite ready to shout, 'I told you so!' if I should be caught with a burglar's kit in my possession. As I've said, I am mighty glad I was the one who discovered it. It's up to you, now, Ormsbury. What will you do with the stuff?"

Apparently the hotel manager hadn't decided. "I suppose I ought to turn it over to the police," he said, half doubtfully.

"That would be the part of a good and law-abiding citizen," Canby agreed. "On the other hand, though, it would earn a good bit of unpleasant publicity for the hotel, wouldn't it?"

"It would," Ormsbury admitted with a wry smile. "I guess I'll lock the bag up in the hotel vault for the time being, and wait to see what, if anything, develops."

"That is sensible. Meanwhile, I'll keep an eye out for the joker—if it is a joke. I'm interested to that extent, anyhow."

"Well, what did you make of it, John?" Markham asked, after Canby had gone.

"Just about what you did, I imagine. The stupidest grand jury in the country would bring in a 'No true bill,' so far as Canby is concerned. The mere fact that he brought the stuff here to me clears him. But that isn't all. You remember the series of burglaries we had last winter, don't you?"

"I was in Florida at the time, but I read about them in the newspapers."

"You might have read that the burglar or burglars vanished and left no clue that the police could find. I've had my own suspicions, but up to now I've had nothing to which to tie them. Here are the facts. At the time the burglaries were going on, we had a man and a woman who was registered as his wife in Suite Three-Sixteen—Canby's rooms. The man posed as an invalid, and he looked it and acted it; spent most of his days in bed and had his meals sent up to him. About the time when the town got desperate and called in a well-known detective agency to work with the local police, the couple vanished—disappeared between two days."

"And you think the sick man was the burglar?"

"I've always had a sneaking idea that he might have been—and had nothing to tie it to, as I've said. This hidden tool kit knocks out the doubt, doesn't it?"

Markham picked up the "jimmy," the stout little sharp-edged steel bar, and examined it closely.

"The tools look as if they were factory new; never been used," he commented, "but maybe that only argues good care on the part of the owner. The kit is worth a good bit of money. Why was it left behind?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. Perhaps there wasn't time to salvage it. Or perhaps the owner had reason to believe he was suspected, and

[Continued on page 64]



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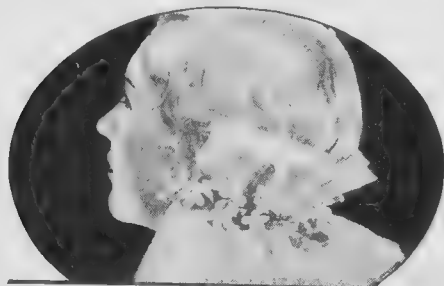
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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 63

didn't want to take the chance of being caught with the stuff in his baggage."

Still holding a mental reservation or two on his own part, Markham said: "Well, I suppose that clears up the mystery," and got up to go.

"Not quite," Ormsbury smiled. "It doesn't tell me why you wanted to break into Canby's rooms in his absence."

"I had a notion which now seems so foolish that I'd like to keep it to myself," Markham pleaded; and he had climbed into his car and was driving home before he recalled one incident in the three-cornered talk in Ormsbury's office the significance of which he had entirely missed at the moment, namely, Canby's mention of the fact that a trousers leg of the fallen suit of clothes had been caught under the loose board, and had so been the means of disclosing the hiding place of the burglar's kit. "By George!" said the amateur investigator to the steering wheel of the car, "I wonder if that was his way of telling us, or me, that he knew somebody had been prying around in his diggings? I wonder?"

But the wonder was relegated to the limbo of things unimportant when, as he was passing the Landis house in Cedar Street, he saw Owen running down the driveway and waving a newspaper as a signal for him to stop.

"It's come at last, just as I said it would!" the runner gasped, passing the newspaper to Markham and leaning against the side of the stopped car to get his breath. "Read that!"

The paper was a late edition of the *Indianapolis News*, and Markham read the headlined news item to which Landis was pointing.

MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY NOISELESS EXPLOSIVE WRECKS PERTHDALE BANK

At an early hour this morning the inhabitants of the quiet and orderly village of Perthdale were electrified by the discovery that their one and only bank, the Perthdale Security, had been wrecked, actually torn to pieces as to its interior, by an explosion which should have rocked the town to its foundations. A charge of explosive heavy enough entirely to demolish the bank vault, to make junk of the fittings and furnishings and to shatter every window in the building had been fired at some time during the night, the perpetrators of the robbery getting away with cash and negotiable securities amounting to over \$50,000.

The singular thing about the bold robbery, is the fact that the crash of the terrific explosion was not heard, even by persons sleeping directly across the street from the bank, nor by either of the town's two night watchmen who were presumably on duty at the time, though doubtless not in the immediate vicinity of the bank building. The theory advanced is that some new explosive, noiseless in its operation, was used by the robbers, and every effort is being made to ascertain if such an explosive is known to science. If such an engine of destruction has been discovered or invented, it will put another, and still more devastating, weapon into the hands of the law-breakers.

Markham thrust the newspaper back at Landis and reached for the roadster's gear lever.

"Here's where we get action!" he snapped. "Jam a few things into a grip and tell your family they needn't look for you back until they see you. I'll do the same and come around for you in a jiffy. If we spin the wheels we can be in Perthdale before dark. The 'noiseless explosion' settles it, doesn't it?"

"No question about that. Those yeggs had my box and used it."

"Right! Hustle your make-ready or I'll beat you to it. Time is the essence of the thing. We want to hit the trail while it's warm. I'm gone!"

And with a roar of its powerful motor the roadster shot away.

MARKHAM'S promise to "spin the wheels" on the run to Perthdale was carried out to such good purpose that it was only a little after

dark when the blue roadster turned in at what had once been the wagon yard of the country-town tavern. Though a full day had elapsed since the bank robbery, there was still a number of farmers' autos parked in the yard; the cars of those who had driven in from a distance to learn at first-hand how severe their losses were.

Delaying only long enough to wash off the dust of the long drive, Markham and Landis went to the dining-room and found places at the table where the evening meal was in progress. There was little to be gathered from the excited discussion of the mysterious bank robbery which went on during the meal. All sorts of theories were advanced to account for the fact that nobody had heard the crash of an explosion which should have awakened every sleeper in the town, with the majority opinion gravitating toward the belief that some new and noiseless explosive must have been used.

"Everybody up in the air, naturally," Markham commented as, the unappetizing dinner worried through, they were leaving the dining-room. "Listening to the wrangle, I couldn't help wondering what would happen if we should tell that arguing table bunch the real reason for the silent crash."

"No need to wonder," said Landis soberly. "We would have been mobbed on the spot. What do we do next?"

"We'll find somebody who isn't too excited to talk sensibly; somebody who can give us a little real information. I'll ask in the office." And when he came out: "Stockwell, president of the bank, is our man; lives just around the corner. We'll go and hear what he has to say."

They found the banker easily approachable—the more easily after Markham had introduced himself as the son of a banker.

"We saw the account in the *Indianapolis* paper, so Mr. Landis and I drove over to get the facts at first-hand," Markham explained. "We are interested. If these bandits have got hold of something new, there ought to be a concerted effort made to run them down before they wreck us all."

"Glad to give you the facts, but they are very meagre, thus far," was the ready reply. "At about three o'clock, Biggers, one of our two town night watchmen, saw an auto come in from the east, and he supposed it was merely a belated tourist's car passing through, as, quite possibly, it was. A little later he saw the car standing in the street opposite the bank, and a man had the hood open and appeared to be doing something to the motor. An occurrence so common as this made no particular impression upon him, and he went on with his round. The next time he walked his beat, which was about an hour later, the auto was gone and the bank was a wreck."

"Not a sound; and neither did anyone else, so far as we can learn. There are stores across the street from the bank, with people living in the second stories of the buildings, but even there nobody was awakened. An explosion that ought to have aroused everybody within the town limits didn't arouse anybody. And that isn't all. There is sickness in a house in the block directly back of the bank, on the other street, and some members of the family were up all night. And they heard nothing."

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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 64

"It was the watchman who discovered the robbery?"

"Yes. Passing the bank on his later round he found broken glass all over the sidewalk; the front windows had been blown out. He gave the alarm at once and came and called me. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw what had been done. The bank is a one-story building standing by itself, as perhaps you have seen. The interior is a complete wreck, showing that an enormous charge of explosive must have been used. The door of the vault is torn from its hinges and even the concrete walls are shattered."

"There was no fire to follow the explosion?"

"No; the electric light wires had been cut."

"This auto that the watchman saw," Markham went on; "has there been any effort made to trace it?"

"We have done what we could. The alarm was spread by wire with directions to have the roads watched for a car answering the description of the one seen by Biggers. Nothing definite has come of that. The roads are full of cars coming and going at all hours of the day and night."

"Of course," Markham agreed. "Besides, you couldn't tie the crime positively to the people in the auto your watchman saw, even if they were found."

"That was the difficulty. We couldn't very well authorize indiscriminate arrests on a mere suspicion. All we could do was to try to trace a car which had, presumably, passed through Perthdale at a certain hour of the night. Such a car has been found and traced, but its occupants, three business men of Louisville, Kentucky, on their way to look at a western mine in which they are interested, were able to give a perfectly clean bill of health."

"You say this car fitted the watchman's description?" Landis put in.

"Fairly well, yes; a touring car painted black, and with the side curtains up."

"Where was it seen last?"

"At Terre Haute—passing through at about seven this morning. The three men had breakfast there, and that is where they were questioned. As I say, they produced a clean bill of health and had the documents to show for it. They readily admitted passing through Perthdale in the night; or rather, they said they must have, since Perthdale was one of the towns on the route they had mapped out."

"You got this by wire?" Markham asked.

"Over long-distance, from the sheriff. He said the men laughed and invited him to search them and their car. Said they hadn't robbed a bank, yet, but they might need to before they got through with their mining venture."

As they left the banker's house to return to the tavern, Markham said: "Well, what do you think, Owen? Are we on the trail of your black box?"

"There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind. There is no other possible way of accounting for the silent explosion. Wally, I've simply invented a new horror, and these scoundrels, whoever they are, are using it. God only knows what they'll do next!"

"What about this Terre Haute clue—which seems to be no clue at all?"

"I've been thinking about that. While Mr. Stockdale was talking it struck me all at once that those three men might have been running a bold bluff. It would be the cleverest way

of throwing everybody off the track. And their car seems to be the only one that was traced all the way from here."

"But didn't the Terre Haute sheriff say that they offered to let him search them and their car?"

"That's nothing. They could have hidden everything suspicious before going into the town; their loot, tools and explosives, I mean—to be picked up later."

"That's so," Markham acquiesced; and then, abruptly: "Are you good for an all-night drive, Owen?"

"Anything to get action."

"How about your people at home? What did you tell them when you left this afternoon?"

"Just what you told me to tell them; that I couldn't say definitely where I was going or how long I'd be gone."

"All right; we'll go. It's a long chance, but it seems to be about the only one. We can take turns driving and manage a bit of sleep that way. It will probably prove a wild-goose chase, but we'll make it."

Accordingly, half an hour later, the blue car took the road again, following the trail to the westward. Driving and sleeping by turns they reached Terre Haute early in the morning, and at breakfast in the hotel Markham gave the waiter a dollar and told him to buy all the different morning papers he could find. When the thick sheaf came, they both went through it painstakingly, and found nothing. If the Perthdale exploit had been repeated elsewhere, the news had not reached the press wires.

Markham put the last of the papers aside and went on with his breakfast.

"Rather leaves us up in the air, doesn't it," he remarked. "Assuming that the three men we have traced this far are the Perthdale bank wreckers—and that's stretching the probabilities a good bit—we don't know which way they went from here."

Landis nodded. "We're stuck, all right—until another smash tells us which way to go. It's hell, Wally."

"And repeat," Markham added. "I suppose there is nothing for it but to wait until the lightning strikes again somewhere. You believe it will strike, don't you?"

"With the weapon they've got, the bandits who are using it won't stop with the looting of a single country-town bank."

"You still think they have your black box?"

"There isn't a doubt of it; there can't be, in the light of what we learned in Perthdale."

"After breakfast we'll hunt up the sheriff who telephoned Mr. Stockwell. Maybe he can tell us which way the men in the black touring car went from here."

As it turned out, the sheriff couldn't tell them the thing they needed to know, though he could, and did, give them a fairly good description of the three, coupling it with advice of a discouraging nature.

"You fellows are barking up the wrong tree," was the form the advice took. "I put those men through the mill yesterday morning and they came clean—clean as a hound's tooth. You're wasting your time chasing them. Why, they gave me the addresses of a dozen prominent people in Louisville and offered to stop over while I wired about 'em!"

"You didn't wire, did you?" Landis put in.

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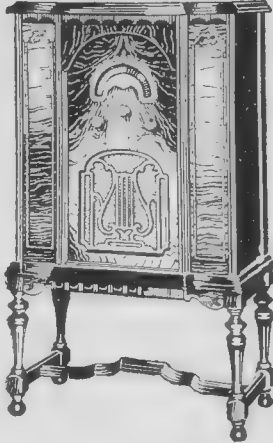
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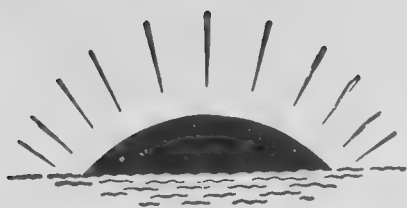
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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 65

"No; no use wasting their time and mine. Those Perthdale people didn't have a thing on these chaps; nothing more than that they happened to be driving a car that looked like one somebody had seen going through their town. With fifteen or twenty million cars chasin' round over the country—"

"Sure," said Markham; then: "Did these men say which route they were taking to the west?"

"No, I didn't ask 'em. But if they're making for Colorado they probably took the National to St. Louis and Kansas City. That's the route most of 'em take from this part of the country."

Entirely at a loss as to what to do, other than to wait for the news of another mysterious robbery—news which they both felt sure would come, sooner or later—they spent the greater part of the forenoon making guarded inquiries at the various garages and filling stations in the hope of hearing something which might indicate the direction taken by the black touring car in leaving Terre Haute. The result of this was simply the adding of confusion to more confusion. Black touring cars passing through, in all directions, were as plentiful as falling leaves in autumn.

"I shall blow up, Wally, if we have to stay here doing nothing for goodness only knows how long!" Landis protested, when they returned to the hotel for a late luncheon. "While we are stuck here, the three men we are chasing are getting farther and farther away, and our chance of overtaking them is dwindling to less than nothing."

"You said it," Markham nodded, "but I've got one more shot in the locker. I've just remembered that I know the telegraph editor of the Chicago News and I'll wire him to let me know if anything breaks. He'll do it, I'm sure."

Sending the waiter for a blank, Markham wrote his message and despatched it, and within the next half-hour an answer came. Early in the morning, too late for the news of it to get into the morning papers, a bank had been blown up in the small town of Smithbury, Illinois, and nobody had heard the noise of the explosion, or so the report stated.

A hasty examination of the route map located the small town three-fourths of the way across Illinois, either on or near the Ocean to Ocean highway, and a start was made at once. By hard driving the scene of the new devastation was reached a little before dark, and inquiry proved that the Perthdale raid had been repeated, this time, however, with a murder added. The body of the town watchman had been found in the debris of the wrecked bank with a bullet through the heart.

As they presently learned, detectives from St. Louis were on the ground searching for clues—which were apparently totally lacking—and again, as in Perthdale, the accepted theory seemed to be that a hitherto unknown and noiseless explosive had been employed. At this, Landis, with a growing sense of his culpability as the inventor of the box of silence, insisted that it was no more than right that he should tell the story of his invention and its loss, regardless of the consequences to himself. But to this Markham objected strenuously.

"It wouldn't help matters in the least, and it would most likely mean all sorts of trouble for you," was his emphatic protest. "You are no more

responsible than is the inventor of the nitro-glycerine or dynamite these yeggs are using. You couldn't put your story in any possible form that wouldn't be misunderstood both by the authorities and the public, and the mildest thing that would happen to you would be your arrest and detention for questioning."

"But isn't it a moral obligation on my part? Am I not withholding information that the authorities ought to have?"

"They would doubtless say you were—and give you the third degree to try and get more out of you. No; thus far, we have the only clue that promises anything at all, and these city sleuths would only make a hash of it if we should pass it along to them. We'll get a bite to eat and go on."

"Where to, from here?" Landis queried.

"I'll show you, after we get a lunch put up. We can eat as we go."

Markham's plan for renewed action was simple but effective. It was still early in the evening, and, driving out of town to the southward, he made a half circle cutting all the roads leading to the westward. At each intersection he made inquiries at the nearest farm house, and by this means, inside of an hour, they were once more upon the trail of a black touring car answering the description given them by the Perthdale banker. On the main road to the west an early-rising farmer had seen such a car; it had stopped opposite his gate to change a tire. Markham questioned the farmer closely.

"How many people were in the car?"

"Couldn't tell. There was two men changin' the tire, and another inside, stickin' his head out to look on. That was all I saw."

"You didn't see the number plate?"

"No; I wasn't close't enough."

"How about the men? Could you see them well enough to describe them?"

"Not all of 'em—just one. He come up to the well to get a bucket of water for the radiator; tall feller, smooth-faced, pretty well dressed: had somethin' the matter with one ear—looked like what you read about them prize fighters' ears; I forgit what you call it."

"Cauliflower ear," Markham supplied. "What kind of clothes was he wearing?"

Here the farmer was at fault; couldn't remember that there was anything worth remembering about the clothes except that they were neat and citified. But now he was developing a bit of curiosity on his own part.

"You fellows sheriff's men?" he queried. "What've these cusses been doin'?"

Markham answered with a counter question. "Had any news from Smithbury today?"

"Nope; mail missed us this mornin' and we didn't git a paper."

"The Smithbury bank was blown up last night, or early this morning."

"Golly! You don't say! Did the robbers git much?"

"All the loose cash there was, so the bank people say. And the watchman was killed. Thanks for the information you've given us," and at that, Markham let the clutch engage and the blue roadster sped on to the westward.

Throughout the evening they had little difficulty in tracing the black touring car. Once it had stopped at a small-town garage to replace the

[Continued on page 67]



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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 66

blown tire with a new spare, and to replenish gas and oil. The garage-keeper had talked with one of the men—the one with the cauliflower ear—and he had said that he and his companions were from Louisville and were on their way to Colorado on a business trip. Asked if he had heard of the Smithbury robbery and murder, the garage man said he had; that the tire buyer had told him about it; had said that everybody in Smithbury was wondering how the bank could have been blown all to pieces without anybody hearing the noise.

"Some nerve, and it chimes in pretty well with your notion of a bold, bad bluff," was Markham's comment, as they drove on into the night. But now Landis was beginning to admit a doubt.

"We are taking an enormous lot for granted, Wally, don't you think? These men are not acting like robbers, not in the least!"

"You may be right, at that," Markham conceded. "It is all a raw chance, I'll admit. But now we are on the way, we'll keep going until we catch up with them and give them the once-over."

An hour later the trail they were following had led them across the Mississippi at Hannibal and westward into northern Missouri, and the only additional information they had picked up was at another roadside filling station where, at last, they learned the number of the black car with the Kentucky license plates.

Their stop for the night was made at a late hour at Chillicothe, and as Markham drove into a garage near the hotel he was assigned a space beside a dark-colored touring car, dusty and way-worn. As he was giving the garage-keeper directions about putting the blue roadster in condition for an early start in the morning he chanced to glance at the number plate of the dusty car and broke the directions in the middle of a sentence.

"That car standing beside mine: who owns it?" he demanded.

"I do, now," said the garage owner; "bought it today from two fellows who drove through from Louisville, Kentucky. Said they were tired of motoring and ready to quit and take to the railroad. I got a bargain off 'em."

"Two, you say? Weren't there three?"

"No, only two."

"You didn't know the men?"

"No; but it's all straight. They had a bill of sale, giving the motor number and all. To make sure, I wired the Louisville dealer who'd sold 'em the car and got his answer."

"Did the two men know you sent the wire?"

"Sure. They told me to, and gave me the dealer's name and address."

"You say they took the train. Do you know where they were headed for?"

"Somewhere out in Colorado, they said. Asked me what time they could get a train and I told 'em there was the slow train at four, and the fast one, that makes connections at St. Joe for the west, at eight-forty-seven. They said they'd just as soon be riding as waiting, so they took the four-o'clock—or I s'pose they did."

"Could you describe them?"

"Why—I don't know as I could; nothing unusual about 'em except that the tall one, the one that did most of the talking, had a queer looking bunch on one ear. Excuse me, but what are you two, anyway?—detectives?"

Markham denied with a laugh. "Not exactly. But we are interested in these men."

"No chance that this is a stolen car, is there?"

"Probably not, since you have traced it to the Louisville dealer who sold it. Did the men have any hand-baggage?"

"Suit cases—couple of 'em. They got one of my boys to run 'em over to the depot with their grips."

"No other baggage," Markham pressed.

"Nothing but a camera. One of 'em, the short one, was carrying that in a shawl strap."

"What kind of a camera?"

"I didn't notice, particular; only that it looked too big for a kodak and not big enough for a movie machine."

Markham glanced at Landis, and then went on giving directions about the care of his roadster. As they left the garage together he said "Well, maybe it isn't such a wild-goose chase, after all. What do you think now?"

"There have been three men in that car all along: I'm wondering what became of the third man."

"So am I. Also, I am wondering why they sold their car. I'll bet there was a reason, and a good one, as that garage man will probably find out when he comes to overhaul the machine. Also, I'd like to know why they took the slow train instead of waiting for the fast one."

Landis was silent for a moment and then he burst out excitedly. "I've got it, Wally—I'm almost sure I've got it! It was a bluff—it's been one all the way along. These men are the men we want, and they're going to stop off at some small place and wreck another bank! That's why the third man didn't show up. He was left behind to either buy or steal another car!"

They were entering the hotel as he spoke, and Markham looked up at the clock over the office desk. The hands were pointing to midnight.

"Too late to prove up on that guess tonight," he said. "Besides, we've been going pretty short on sleep. We'll find out bright and early tomorrow morning if your guess is right."

Counting upon the early-morning habit of the typical inland town which does not ape the metropolitan custom of shortening the business day at both ends, they were up betimes to go in search of the proof or disproof of Landis' guess. Luck was with them almost at once. At the place to which they had been directed they found the auto dealer just opening his doors. Markham introduced himself and asked his question.

"Do you mind telling us, Mr. Stamford, if you sold a car yesterday?"

"Certainly not," was the ready answer. "I sold two of them; one on the instalment plan, and one for good, hard cash on the nail."

"It is the cash sale we are interested in," said Markham, with his most engaging smile. "Did you know your purchaser?"

"Never laid eyes on him before. He just blew in and said he wanted to buy a car. I showed him a new eight we'd just got in, and he counted out the money, climbed in and drove off, just like that,"—with a snap off his fingers. "Didn't take me fifteen minutes to make the sale."

"Could you describe the man for us?"

[Continued on page 68]

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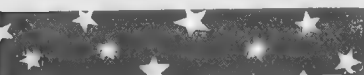
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W. T. PEMBER STORES
LIMITED
129 Yonge Street, Toronto

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 67

"Yes, in a general way: medium size and height, somewhere along in his thirties, I'd say, light complected, sandy hair, smooth-faced, fairly well dressed; looked as if he might be a business man. Nothing wrong, is there?"

"Er—we don't know—yet," Markham said. "You say he drove away at once? How about license plates?"

"I lent him a pair of my own—dealer's plates, you know. He said he'd be in his home State in a day or so and didn't want to buy a Missouri license for such a short time. Said he'd send my plates back to me when he got home."

"And he didn't tell you where 'home' would be?"

"No; I didn't ask his home address," said the dealer; and then with a grin: "When a man buys a high-priced car of you and pays spot cash for it, you can't think of every little

thing. There isn't one such buyer in a hundred, nowadays."

"Well, where are we now?" Landis asked, as they returned to the hotel.

"Up in the air again," Markham replied shortly. "If your guess is right, there was probably another bank smash last night, somewhere; but if there was, it may have been either east, west, north or south. We're stuck again until we can get hold of a news wire."

But when they went in to breakfast the doubt was resolved and Landis' inspirational prediction of the night before had a startling confirmation. The night operator at one of the railroad stations had just come in, and he brought the news. A bank in a small town some fifty miles west had been blown up early in the night; and again, so the wire report said, the explosion had not awakened the people sleeping directly across the street.

(To be continued next month)

At Six o' the Clock

Continued from page 24

He pictured himself fighting through the slow-heaving billows, getting weaker and weaker, the water blinding him with its salty sting, filling his mouth, choking him—

He turned away from the rail.

"Hey, you!" It was Loughran's voice. "Think this is a pleasure croose, eh? Come on with me. I'll find you a bucket and mop, give you something to do. And no soldgering aboard this vessel. Blimey, you look an' you're shakin' and all goin' like a ventilator fan. Maybe you better go in sick-bay or go to your bunk and turn in."

"I'll be all right," said Kerney viciously. "If I hadn't been forced aboard this rotten tea-kettle with a lot of—"

"Hold hard!" Loughran's eyes blazed and his fist, with unintentional roughness, clipped Kerney on the jaw, sending him down to the wet plates of the well. Loughran repentant, gathered him up, lugged him to the fo'c's'le and deposited him in his bunk. Some of the hands, sitting about, got up and ministered to Kerney. Loughran had told them how Kerney came to be there. They weren't very interested. These wharf-rats were never much good. But he was a man, after all, so they forced brandy between his lips and watched him come to. He tried to get out of his bunk but a seaman pushed him back.

"Stay there," he said. "Bosun's orders. Anyway, you don't look fit to get up. Better take it easy. You got the d.-t.'s."

Kerney gritted his teeth and blasphemed with fury appalling and, even to these seasoned ears, ugly. He was like a madman. It took two of them to hold him now and he fought and scratched at them, drawing blood and goading them to cruel roughness. They strapped him into the bunk and then, to still his mouthings, obscene and awful, they thrust a gag in his mouth stilling him—

THE minutes trickled by, ticked out by the octagonal clock on a bulk-head opposite Kerney's bunk. Two o'clock now. He glared at the upward-pointing spear of the minute-hand, which, even as he watched it, moved forward, onward, with a spasmodic jerk. Two o'clock—four more hours

before that hellish ticking down in the hold would cease and a roar of awful explosion succeed it. He could hear it, his crazed senses forced him to hear it, ticking away down there, grinding its little wheels with inevitable steadiness. And the ticking seemed to grow louder, louder, till it smothered all other sounds aboard the luckless Arranmore. No pound-pound of turbines now, no swish of parting waters at the ship's keen bow—only that ominous tick-tock, tick-tock, that filled all the heavens and the sea with sound. And he alone—he, Kerney, knew of that accursed sound; the others all were deaf men. He saw them sitting about, laughing, talking, giving him scant attention now. And he knew they were as men stone deaf who walked down a hill and could not hear a huge juggernaut so near to them that, turning, they could have touched it. He strained and surged at the straps and cords that bound him; he moaned, making bestial sounds muffled by the gag. And they did not heed him. Why, did they merely look in his eyes, they could read what was in their haunted depths. But Loughran did come, gaze down at him and, turning away, muttered—

"This fellow is mad, mates—stark looney!" And Kerney knew they were blind. He wanted so to tell them, to warn them; he didn't want to be blown in atoms into hell. Better anything, any other death than that. To wait and wait; to watch the hands fly around the clock-dial as now before his tortured eyes they flew—the minutes, seconds; the hours, minutes. Why did they not release him? Three o'clock, four, five—he was afraid to look at the clock now; its hands were racing dizzily, and down in the hold the hands on the dial of that machine of awful death were racing, racing too. Kerney closed his eyes, but he could not shut his ears to that monstrous ticking—steadily, ceaselessly, eternally, it ticked, ticked on.

Men left the fo'c's'le; others came. They talked and laughed, played cards; two sat gravely with a draughts-board across their knees and studied the moves with a slowness that was ghastly. God, didn't they know they had only minutes to live—those dumb, accursed fools. Why didn't they loose him. He looked pleadingly at them now, but

those whose eyes met his turned away uncomfortably and said, "Poor chap! It's a bleedin' shame! They should 'ave left 'm ashore—"

If they only had! If they only had!

A grey ape, evidently the ship's pet, came and squatted on a sea-chest close by the bunk where Kerney lay. He pointed at Kerney, chattered angrily, then thumbed his nose in simian derision and vaulted on Loughran's back as he leisurely watched the dragging progress of the game of draughts. Loughran laughed and scratched the ape's head. Death ticked on and on.

The cook's helper poked his head in the fo'c's'le door and announced supper. A quarter to six now. The seamen were going to mess, drifting out in two's and three's. The draughts players were the last to leave, one triumphant, the other sullen and chagrined.

"We'll bring you some tiffin', matie," the jubilant one called to Kerney. "Just sit tight now. We won't forget a pal—not us."

Kerney's aching jaws champed the gag and the strong lashings strained as he fought to be loose. His eyes were a madman's eyes and the kindly sailor hurried away out of the dim fo'c's'le. Kerney was alone—alone to wait for death. His body seemed to burst, his head was as if some hellish cooper had banded it with white hot hoops and his heart thundered against his ribs. The clock—the clock—its white face, blurred and shapeless, danced before his eyes. But that awful ticking wasn't from it—no, that sounded up from the bowels of the ship where the death-clock ticked. And the men were sitting at their meal—

The monstrous ticking—Kerney opened his eyes after a spell of seeking oblivion in darkness. The gray ape crouched on the sea chest close beside him, crouched there and grinned, its lips bared redly over its teeth; and clutched in its arms—the box—the machine—

A sound inhuman came from Kerney's throat. The ape chattered—held out the box. It ticked, ticked, ticked. The ape leaped with the box in his arms and squatted now on Kerney's chest, his little head cocked, listening to the macabre tick-tick of the clock-work. Five minutes, three—the minute hand seemed to stop, to leap—in the city the bells would begin to clang out now—a minute—Kerney, gathering all his weak strength of body and spirit made one last tremendous effort; his eyes started from their sockets—he fell back and twitched oddly for an instant, then lay still. The hand touched the dot of six—

THE Arranmore's crew trickled back into their glory-hole. A dozen or more had returned from supper before anyone thought to look at the man strapped in the bunk. They saw Mumbo, the captain's monk, squatting on his chest, hugging up a brown box and cocking his ear towards it. Then the seaman who had promised Kerney food, walked to the bunk and looked down at its occupant. He started to speak, but his mouth stayed ludicrously open and he moved back....

"Hey! Come quick!" he called. "This bloke's passed aw'y, s' help me Gawd if he ain't! Now, ooda thunk the pore chap was taken so bad! It's a shame... that's wot it is..."

The others came pushing around the bunk. Mumbo ran, scolding, away. The Arranmore's master and mate appeared, summoned by a breathless messenger. They gave Kerney a cursory examination, questioned Loughran and ordered the removal of the body. One could not do much. Shipmasters had plenty to worry them these days. The

[Continued on page 69]



GRAY STREAKS?

A famous, clear, colorless liquid brings youthful color to fading strands. Just comb it through hair. Gray streaks vanish. Color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE. Leaves the hair soft, lustrous—easy to curl or wave.



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Street.....
City.....State.....
Color of your hair?.....

He Couldn't Read For Indigestion

"For some years previous to 1922 I was subject to indigestion, with headaches and thousands of stars sparkling in my eyes, which prevented me from reading. I decided to try Kruschen Salts. That was August, 1922, and I have taken a little in my first morning cup of tea ever since. I now eat anything, and am entirely free from indigestion or 'stars.'—F.C.

Now let it be said quite definitely, that what Kruschen did for him, it will do for everybody else who suffers from indigestion as he did. The fact is that "the little daily dose" first stimulates the flow of gastric juices to aid digestion, and then ensures complete, regular, and unfailing elimination of all waste matter every day.

Soon after you start on Kruschen you will begin to feel the benefit. You will find to your satisfaction that you are able to enjoy your food without any distressing after-effects. And, as you persevere, you will see that the relief which Kruschen brings is lasting relief.

New Surroundings Create New Thoughts

There comes a time when we all get tired of the arrangement of this or that room and we get the urge to move the furniture around. That is the time to write to Miss Katherine Caldwell

of the

Western Home Monthly

who will gladly give you advice on how to make your home acquire a new atmosphere.

At Six o' the Clock

Continued from page 68

officers left the fo'e's'le and walked slowly across the well. Stewart, the captain, was a naval-reservist, Harper, his first mate, had served in the subchasers. They were elderly men, both of taciturn type. They were not thinking much of the dead man . . . death had long since ceased to be of interest . . . one way or another, what matter?

"Ha! There!" Harper dashed from the captain's side, dived down behind the hooded winch abaft the foremast and dragged Mumbo forth from hiding . . . Mumbo still clutching his precious box.

"Eh! What is that thing he has there, Mr. Harper?" demanded the captain sharply. "Take it . . . heave it over the side."

"Not me, sir," muttered Harper. "It's a new alarm-clock I bought in port. I'd been keeping it in its box because the second used to borrow my last one, and then this blasted monk pinched it from under my berth while I was shaving this afternoon. I thought I'd said goodbye to it. You will have

to discipline the monk, captain. Last voyage he stole my best shaving-kit and hung my shore-going hat atop the foremast. He's a pest, sir."

"Hm!"

Captain Stewart said nothing further until they were once more on the bridge, Mumbo following the coveted clock, which the mate held jealously. Then the captain took a few turns up and down and finally came to a halt abreast of Harper.

"Don't scold the monk, Mr. Harper," said he. He has a weakness for clocks and the like. It's a God's mercy. This morning he awakened me. He was squatting on my chest, with a box like that in his arms, listening to it tick. I coaxed him to give it to me—there was a clockwork mechanism in it that at six o'clock this very night would have sent the old boat and every man-jack aboard of her, first skyward, then down to Davy Jones' locker! Judging from the looks of the thing, Mumbo found it in the coal-bunkers—that's all, Mr. Harper."

Don't Use Big Words

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibility, a coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and voracious vivacity without rhodomontade or phrasical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllable profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquent vapid-ity. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, observant or otherwise. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly. Say what you mean, mean what you say, and "Don't use big words."—Millgate Weekly.

The Cycle

By Robert Helgason

Out comes the dawn
To fall upon
And rouse the sleeping world;
While up and far
The morning star
The light of day unfurled.

Next comes the sun,
His course to run,
And life goes on apace;
Forever on
A marathon
Around in endless race.

Then shadows fall
And night-birds call,
Till one by one they cease;
Another day
Now wends its way
To darkness, death, and peace.

In Heart's Delight

By Martha Shepard Lippincott

I know a land where all is bright
And life, like heaven, seems,
'Tis in the land of heart's delight;
Where, of sweet love, one dreams.
It is the dearest place on earth;
This land of home, sweet home.
It, more than palaces, is worth,
And ne'er, from it, I'll roam.

My heart's delight, I'll always find
In this dear home of mine;
Its atmosphere is ever kind,
And living there, divine.
Oh! take me home, back home again,
With loving hearts, to be,
And home, sweet home will then seem like
A paradise to me.

Manitoba Entertains Sovereign Grand Lodge I.O.O.F.



Joseph Powley of Toronto.

AFTER 19 years, Manitoba is again to have the honor and privilege of entertaining the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the I.O.O.F., and the Association of Rebekah Assemblies.

On the previous occasion, in 1912, Winnipeg witnessed one of the most successful Conventions of its kind ever staged in Western Canada, and every effort is being made to surpass the achievements of 1912 when the Sovereign Grand Lodge meets in Winnipeg, with headquarters in the Royal Alexandra Hotel, from September 19 to 25. A feature of the convention will be an impressive Parade on Wednesday afternoon, September 23.

The central figure of the convention is Joseph Powley, of Ontario, a Past Grand Master and Past Grand Patriarch of his own province, and Deputy Grand Sire of the I.O.O.F., who is to be elevated to the highest rank in the gift of the Order.

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SEPTEMBER

(This very appropriate poem was sent to us by Ruth Scott of Salvador, Sask., last February and we have much pleasure in printing it, and sending Ruth a gold button.)

*The golden rod is yellow
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.*

*The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.*

*The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.*

*By all those lovely tokens
September days are here,
With Summer's best of beauty
And Autumn's best of cheer.*

Helen Hunt Jackson.

FLOWERS FOR SALE

(These verses written by a Cornerite, are deserving of a gold button we think, and we have pleasure in printing them.)

*Flowers for sale, flowers for sale,
Who sells such wares as I?
Pinks, pansies and forget-me-nots,
And lupin as blue as the sky.*

*Fragrant ferns, fragrant ferns,
Picked beside a well,
I gathered them this morning,
And brought them to sell.*

*Lavender and heliotrope,
Roses pink and white
Tall and stately foxglove bells
Make a pretty sight.*

*So I hear a little maid
Calling down the street,
Oh her eyes were very blue,
And her face was sweet.*

Sylvia Tillard, Boundary Creek, Alta.

A LITTLE CHAT WITH BOBBY BURKE

Do you remember the story of Pandora and her box? She was told not to open it and her curiosity got the better of her, and she did, and you know what happened. And yet isn't curiosity a good thing? But then perhaps it isn't curiosity—it's interest. You know how small boys and girls just beginning to talk and understand things say "Why?, How?, When?" all the time until bigger brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers are tired to death, but they ask because they want to know. They are curious and interested in this strange world in which they find themselves. And there is one place in the world where curiosity and interest are very good things—and that is at school. Feel curious about what lies inside the cover of the new books that fill your desk; feel interested in wondering how much more you will know before this time next year, and every time you ask a question and remember the answer, remember also that you are piling up wealth for yourself, not money, though that may come from knowledge, but a wealth of thought. You know how much older people know about really interesting things. Even the man or woman who cannot read, and who can write only a little will know many things that you don't know, and from such a man you may learn perhaps how to make animals love and trust you, how to make gardens grow, how to cut whistles, how to charm birds; from such a woman you may learn how to knit, to sew, to bake, to sing old songs, and tell stories of long ago days. Every one can teach you something if you have curiosity and interest. But there is one place where curiosity is a very bad thing, and that is when you are curious about other people's business—don't get that way, no one likes a gossip or a person who always knows everything about everyone else—be curious about things, but not about people. Poke and pry into the lives of trees, birds, insects, flowers, the way things grow, the way things live, but never be a Paul Pry and try to mind other people's business. Now how do you like that for a little sermon? Bobby Burke doesn't often preach you one, but we hope you'll take this one to heart.

SOMETHING TO DO

To write the Corner a story of "The Thing I Like Best to Play With." We all have favorite things, some girls love their old broken dolls best; some boys love making spool machinery, or constructing



By Bobby Burke

forts, some girls like best a playhouse, and some boys like best a rough and tumble with the dog. Do you enjoy games or reading? Do you think bob-sledding or sing-songs are most fun? In short, how do you like to play, and what with? There will be a prize of a book of games for the best story, and gold buttons for the next best. Try hard now, for the book of games will be a great help to you at school and at home, and think how popular you'll be at parties!

THE GREAT CITY

The greatest city in the world—the best loved city—the best known city is London. Great huge place it is, spreading itself over acres and acres of ground, with trains roaring underneath it, and planes flying over it, with green parks, and long crowded streets, with lovely houses, with palaces, with slums, London is 'home' to nearly everyone who goes there. Everywhere in the city, because it is so old, there are interesting things to see—places whose names we all know—like Piccadilly for instance, or Oxford street; Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey and so on, and then there are thousands of places that no one knows about except Londoners, people who love the old city well enough to wander and see its byways and I am to-day going to give you one or two stories of strange and interesting places that some of these people have discovered.

You will, I am sure, be proud to know that it is a Canadian, Miss Montizambert, who has written one of the most interesting books there is about London, and the first story I shall tell you is one she wrote about Chelsea. Now Chelsea is a district in London, and it is supposed to be the home of artists and writers, but it is also a place of history and interest, and this is what the author has to say of some of them—

"I love to go to the Chelsea Hospital that is very much alive with the presence of remarkably long-lived old men: one of them lived till he was 123 years, and another to 116. They think nothing there of mere centenarians—they even tell you of one pensioner who had served for eighty-five years and married at the age of 100. They think there was a mistake on the whole, but they are secretly proud of it, and also of the lady-warriors—one of them had the domestic sounding name of Hannah Snell, who lies buried in the graveyard among their comrades.

"Visitors can see the hospital every week day from ten till dusk, except for an hour from 12.45 to 1.45 and they may attend the chapel service on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 6.30 when the pensioners in their brave scarlet coats look like a picture. My advice to you, if you want to really see Chelsea Hospital well, is to enlist the aid of one of the pensioners as guide. He will show you the old leather black-jacks, and Grinling Gibbon's statue of Charles II in a toga, and the colonnades of the old building built by Sir Christopher Wren, so fine in its severe simplicity—and the flags in the chapel so filmy with age that they look as if a breath of wind would blow them to pieces, and the old portraits, and many other interesting things. (Such as the sword of the Duke of Wellington and uniforms of famous soldiers.) But what he will like best to exhibit will be the fragments of a bomb that hit the building during an air raid.

"After strolling about Chelsea, one's mind turns with insistence to the thought of buns. There is now nothing left but the name of Bunhouse Place at the corner of Union Street and the Pimlico Road of the famous shop where 100,000 buns used to be sold on Good Friday Eve one hundred and forty years ago, and where the Georges and their Queens used to drive to fetch their buns."

And then Miss Montizambert tells us of another interesting shop, one that still exists, on the street called the Haymarket. It belongs to another day and generation and through the old doorway the 20th century passerby can see the oaken shelves with their row of old wooden boxes and snuff jars that used to contain the "King's Morning Mixture," as supplied to His Majesty, King George IV.

The old shop has had many royal customers and going into the back room one may be shown the accounts of Queen Charlotte who bought her snuff here for eighteen years, of the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, and the Princesses Charlotte and Elizabeth who also indulged in snuff.

Most of the great names of the past two centuries can be found in these ledgers. Beau Brummell and David Garrick and many names that as you grow older will become familiar to you through history and books. Not many indulge in snuff any more, but when the silk clad and lace ruffled men of the old days used it they

had beautiful little boxes to hold it, and these boxes may still be found at this lovely little shop.

And there is another place I want to tell you about—Miss Montizambert introduced it to me, but since then I have visited it many times, and it is a very curious and interesting place. It is called Ely Place, and is a square surrounded on three sides by buildings and on the fourth by an iron fence with gates. It is entered either through these gates or a dark, curving, dingy passage way that enters from a side street, and this little square was once a criminal refuge, and here anyone entering could not be taken by the police. To this day no policeman in London ever sets foot inside this square. At night the gates are closed, and a watchman in gold laced hat and with a staff in his hand marches around the square saying, "Ten o'clock and all's well." Down the dark and dingy passage is a tiny Inn, "The Mitre," through whose roof once grew a cherry tree, and the stem of this tree may still be seen through the dirty window. Inside the square is also another very old and interesting thing, the 13th century chapel of St. Ethelreda. Once upon a time John of Gaunt took refuge here and Henry VIII first met Cranmer. Queen Elizabeth's chancellor worshipped here, and there are many ancient names connected with its history.

And so everywhere in the great city you may find places that are so old that they link us with ages that are gone, and make the people whose names have only been names on a white page, come alive for us, and make us feel a part of all the great past that has made England and London and the English speaking world.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A gold button goes to Jean E. Craig of Wayne, Alta. for the following story:—

THE POUND

A long time ago there lived a lady, who said that she was going to have a pound. Her little girl named Betty said, "What is a pound?" She said a pound is a place where loose dogs are kept until the owners call for them. Instead of dogs I am going to collect mislaid articles.

"It's a good plan," said father, "I will pay five cents for each thing of mine. Where is the pound to be?"

"I have it all ready," said Mother. "I have cleaned off a big bench in the basement and have put fresh paper on it. None of your things will come to harm. You will find a saucer on the bench. Reclaim your things and leave the money in the saucer, correct change, please!"

"You don't mean, do you Mother, that we have to put a thing back the minute we have finished playing with it," asked David.

"No," said mother, "I don't mind, when you are playing with your erector, if you leave it a little while, but I do object when a boy ten years old leaves it strewn all over the floor at night and flies off to school in the morning, leaving a very untidy room behind. The same applies to dolls, for Betty, and all sorts of things."

That evening when David and Betty went up to bed, David's pyjamas and Betty's slippers were nowhere to be found. Then they remembered the pound, so they got their pennies and slipped off quietly to the basement. There on the bench they found the missing articles, also others—Betty's red sweater and doll carriage, David's top and raincoat, and most amusing of all, father's two pipes.

"That will cost him ten cents," chuckled David.

The children had to go back to their rooms for more pennies. It took nearly their week's allowance to pay their dues to the pound that night, and it took some time getting everything put away where it would be much better business for them to put things away at the proper time and keep their allowances for things they wanted.

Four weeks after the opening of the pound, Mother announced that the pound was to be discontinued. She hadn't had a thing in it for three days. Then she gave the children their allowances.

"It's just as easy to keep things picked up if you remember," said David.

"Easier," declared Betty.

"It's a good plan," said father.

"Well, I can always re-open the pound if there are any relapses," said mother, with a twinkle in her eye.



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railways

Unloading Fish at Digby, Nova Scotia



Things We Get Used To

AMONG the favorite subjects for a newspaper jests is the speed mania which drives so many motorists to try to beat an express train to a crossing. What a subject for jocular! When a jokesmith in a newspaper office writes a wisecracking paragraph of that kind, he fails to visualize the reality he is jesting about, as most of us do when we read such paragraphs. But when we stop to think that the mere frequency of sudden and violent deaths has led to such things being largely regarded as inevitable in the progress of modern civilization, should we not, as reasonable human beings, feel shocked? Undeniably there are too many things we read about in the newspapers which are caused by recklessness and folly and worse than folly—many more such things every day than should occur in this era of enlightenment and reason.

About Condemning Others

IN READING again Shakespeare's play "As You Like It," The Philosopher was struck by Orlando's words: "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults." To be unflinching as charitable as that would hardly be possible for the average one of us in this world as it is. But at the same time we must admit to ourselves that it happens sometimes with most of us that our condemnation of others results from ignorance. It is often the case that a person whose character, upbringing and circumstances have made it not difficult for him to keep out of wrongdoing may fail to realize the truth about a fellow-mortal who has had to struggle desperately against temptation. One whose virtue is largely negative does not know by how narrow a margin a strong character has escaped a pitfall. The good man whose goodness is proof of tried character does not call attention to his own righteousness by condemning others. He pities more than he condemns. He knows that a temptation which to one person is like food to a starving man may mean to a negatively virtuous person no more than a plate of roast beef would mean to a hungry sheep.

We Average Humans

THE Philosopher wrote recently about the average person's lack of full knowledge of how the telephone and radio and the hundred and one other marvels of the world today work. The thought had occurred to him that if he were landed back into the world of two hundred years ago, he could not begin to tell the people of that time how to provide themselves with any one of those marvels of today. A Toronto reader of The Western Home Monthly has sent a letter in which he mistakenly takes the view that The Philosopher does not do justice to the progress which has been made in two hundred years in the betterment of the conditions of human life. But all The Philosopher said was that it requires neither knowledge nor skill to use a telephone or press an electric button. All honor to the genius and perseverance of scientific discoverers and thinkers and to the skill and energy of

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THE
Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

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ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

great practical inventors who have followed in their train. But it is only a very small minority of us who are discoverers or inventors. And it is to be noted that before any of our modern marvels of invention can come into general use by The Philosopher and all the other average persons in the world, their inventors must make them fool-proof.

Distant Pastures

EVERYWHERE in the world there are persons who are discontented because they imagine that if only they lived somewhere else they would have friends and associates superior to the people among whom they are actually living. But the truth of the matter is that everywhere in the world people are interested in themselves, in their families and their jobs and in a few friends. In the great centres there are brilliant and celebrated people who have brought their talents to market, but they have to concentrate on their work, against the fierce competition of rivals. Nobody anywhere can have very many intimate friendships. The individual who longs for pastures to which distance lends enchantment in his view may grieve because he finds himself surrounded by stupid and ignorant people in his own home town or village. But there are such people in every settlement under the sun. No place, however big or however small, has a monopoly of narrow-minded and meddlesome people. And even if there were somewhere a place inhabited by wise, virtuous and cultured persons, there is no very great reason for believing that an individual who is discontented in the environment in which he actually is would be happier there.

Communism

THE test to apply to any propaganda is contained in this question: What is the spirit which actually animates it? Communism as it is in Russia, for example, viewed from a distance across continents and oceans, might, perhaps, appear to some minds as being based on humanity and equality and the spirit of the brotherhood of man. But what such a mind should ask for is convincing answers to queries of the kind already indicated. Does the system in question spring from, and is it based upon, a materialistic conception of human life, or does it believe that spiritual forces must ultimately prevail? Does it base itself on the mere forms, or professions, of equity and human equality, while hatreds exist in the hearts of its controllers, who ruthlessly inflict cruel injustice, without any hesitation in resorting to bloodshed? Does it treat lightly, or condemn, immorality of life? Is it savagely intolerant in suppressing all views and opinions which may differ from its official doctrines? Does it, by widely organized spying and intrigue, by a secret police system and by secret arrests and secret executions, maintain its minority control? Is it terrorism, or liberty? The answers to these questions are required, in order to provide the real testing of Soviet communism or any other system established, or working to establish itself, anywhere under the sun.

What the World is Saying



"Easy on that new polish, dear—you haven't shaved yet this morning!"

Motoring Hint

If the bathing beauty on the spare tire at the back of the car ahead begins suddenly to grow stouter, it is time to stop.—Calgary Herald.

To Give The Early Bird Indigestion?

A worm has been discovered which can tie itself into a knot.—Vancouver Province.

But She Doesn't Overdo It Otherwise

Perhaps the modern girl is too much wrapped up in herself.—Toronto Globe.

Up, Electrons, And Atom!

Sir Oliver Lodge says that electrons and atoms are perpetually at war.—Victoria Colonist.

Only The Throne Itself

Alfonso, as we understand it, has not surrendered his right to the throne of Spain.—New York Tribune-Herald.

But Not The Domestic Situation

King Carol, a dispatch from Roumania says, has improved the economic situation.—Montreal Gazette.

That Would Have Been Retaliation

Mussolini recently was thrown by a horse. He should have been thrown by a bull.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Then Why Doesn't It?

A scientific authority states that a mosquito can fly fourteen miles without stopping.—The Pas Herald.

But They Keep A Girl On Her Toes

Excessively high heels have not much to recommend them, from the point of view of health.—British Medical Journal.

What Others?

"Some women talk more than others," remarked Police Magistrate Jones, in Toronto, yesterday.—Hamilton Spectator.

Or, It May Be, How It Lives Itself

One half of the world, says the old and true proverb, does not know how the other half lives.—Melbourne Argus.

Not Including Human Nature

Man has now conquered practically all but a few of the dangerous things in nature.—London Observer.

It Sometimes Helps To Empty One

A piano, says a music trades paper, often is bought as furniture, just to help fill a room.—Kitchener Record.

Political Note

The distinction is really quite simple. Your own party has an organization, the other party has a machine.—Minneapolis Journal.

And They Drop Stitches, Not Ashes

The Duchess of Atholl says that women get the same satisfaction from knitting that men get out of smoking.—Dundee Courier.

How About a Fool-proof Microphone?

Such progress has been made in perfecting radio apparatus that radio sets are now practically fool-proof.—Scientific American.

Even When The Visitor Struck Him?

An American visitor says that "the London policeman is the most courteous official he has struck anywhere."—London Daily Mail.

This Would Not Interest Hollywood

James Holly, of Auburn Springs, N.Y., who is within a few years of being a centenarian, has been married five times.—New York Times.

Yet They're Often Asked To Call Again

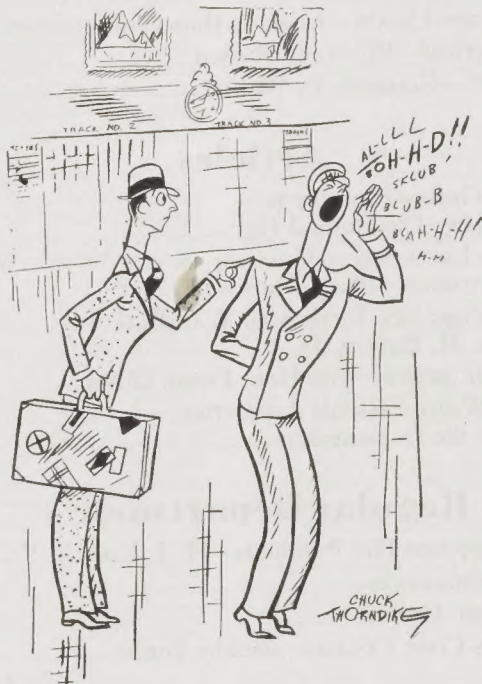
An outstanding fact of the present era is that there are no visitors more unwelcome than those who come to collect debts.—London Times.

A Descendant Of Stonewall Jackson?

A contractor and promoter in Los Angeles named Elmer Jackson is planning to erect an eighty-storey building in that city.—Portland Oregonian.

Yes, By Gum!

A scientist says that Americans have strong jaws.—Paris L'Illustration.



"Did you ever do any sound effect work for Mickey Mouse?"

Even When He, Too, Is Riddled?

It appears from a news paragraph that if a New York policeman gets his uniform torn, or riddled with bullets, he has to buy a new one.—London Daily Express.

Not, We Hope, Supplies of Scotch

Herbert Bayley, the American explorer who has just returned from Africa, says that "the attempts to suppress cannibalism among the Congo pygmy tribes are succeeding about as well as the attempts to enforce prohibition in the United States." He doesn't say whether the pygmies rely entirely upon native or imported supplies.—Winnipeg Free Press.

The Wonders Of Saxophony

It appears now that a number of saxophonists play by ear. We always suspected that they couldn't make all those queer noises with their mouths.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

By Sheet Lightning?

We read in the paper that in a house which was struck by lightning during a recent thunderstorm near Regina bed-clothes were set on fire.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

Maybe He's Practising Ventriloquism

The world has not yet heard the call back to Spain which Alfonso, after his hasty departure from Spanish soil, declared he was awaiting.—Quebec Soleil.

And A Soaratorium, Against Air Stunts

A moratorium postpones money instalments, which leads the Ottawa Citizen to suggest an oratorium. And why not a boratorium, against bores?—Peterboro Examiner.

His Loss Will Be The General Gain

A dealer in musical instruments who has invested a lot of money in ukuleles is reported as complaining that the demand for them has ceased.—London Telegraph.

There's No Fuel Like An Old Fuel

Peat, according to an English scientific authority, was among the very first fuels used by man, and is still, he adds, among the best.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Scientific Research Item

A conclusion established indubitably by the observations of a large number of participants in picnics is that if it walks around on the seed cake it is not a seed.—Winnipeg Tribune.

"Sinbad The Sailor" Might Come Next

With "Sinners' Holiday" at the Broadway and "Laughing Sinners" at the Capitol, it is plain that Regina citizens are getting their full share of the Sinema.—Regina Leader.

Probably Made A Dozen Or So Holes In Two

The Canadian farmer who peppered a couple of golfers with buckshot, when they entered his cornfield in search of a ball, made a good record, no doubt.—Buffalo Express.

Why Not Let Bygones Be Bygones?

A fashion writer recalls the sheep-stealing raids of long ago, and points out that English purchasers of Scottish tweeds are really getting their own back.—London Opinion.

Botanical Note

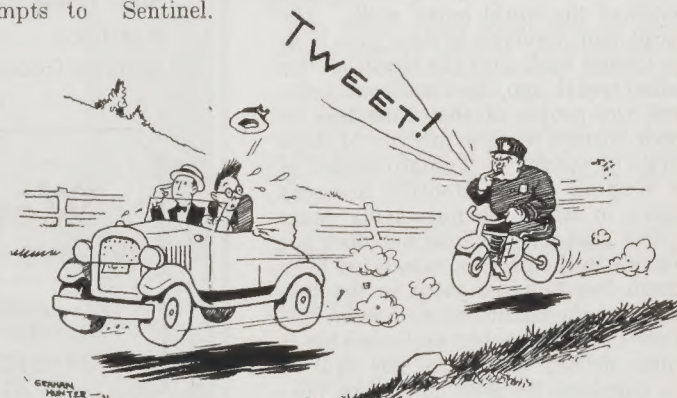
It would seem that the only way to insure the saving of the wild flowers of this country from total extinction by automobilists would be to cross them with poison ivy.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

And Hard On The Hair Brush, Too

A Surbiton father's practice, described by him in a morning paper, of chastising his daughters with a damped hair brush, is criticised as being likely to spoil their characters.—Manchester Guardian.

They Might Then Plead It Was A Laundry

In addition to the still, the officers confiscated 3,600 gallons of wash," said the account in one of the Winnipeg newspapers of the capture by the police of a bootleggers' plant near that city. If the printer's error which made "mash" into "wash" could be transferred into the indictment, the owners of the plant in question would, no doubt, be pleased.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.



Author: "Think fast, Roland!—What's a good short, short story?"

65 Bachelors talked to ME about YOU



One of the 65 bachelors I talked with was a tennis champion. He said: "My ideal girl will be a good sport about everything she does. But she'll be feminine, too—a dream in an evening dress. Above all, she'll be *natural*."

I'VE asked 65 bachelors to tell me about the girls they'd like to marry. Of course, I've had 65 different answers.

But these answers had *one* similarity. 62 of them said, "My ideal girl is *natural*."

Natural! Does *that* describe you? Look in the mirror and see . . . Has the girl who looks out at you fresh, clear, *natural* skin? Or does she look "hot-house," artificial—too obviously powdered?

It isn't easy to keep complexions fresh and charming and natural, under trying modern conditions . . . I wanted to know the *right* way. So I asked the country's leading authorities.

What 73 Dermatologists say about skin care

Dermatologists are registered physicians who specialize in skin care. 73 of them told me, "Every normal skin needs regular cleansing with water and a *gentle* soap."

Then I asked them to test Calay for me. Unanimously, they pronounced it an *unusually* mild and gentle soap! Many of them immediately prescribed Calay for their own patients.

That's why Calay is such good news for girls who want lovely complexions. On the best authority—it's safe for the most delicate skins!

And Calay is *so* nice to use. A cameo-white sculptured cake, whose generous lather feels like velvet and smells—oh, delicious! . . . It sounds like an expensive luxury, doesn't it? Yet Calay costs only ten cents a cake.

Try Calay-cleansing for a week. Then—look in your mirror *again*!

Helen Chase

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For the fresh NATURAL skin men admire

CALAY

Mother - you simply must get him a pen!

*Since he started to school
mine is never about
when I want it*



Worthy of the famous name it bears, Parker Duofold Ink is the perfect writing fluid for use with any pen.

Every essential quality is there—and more. Its beautiful colour alone will win you, its smooth, easy flow will delight you. There is no sediment. Water, heat and time cannot affect it. Every bottle is as good as the last.

Add zest to your writing—be kind to your pen—use

PARKER DUOFOLD INK



Use Parker Duofold Lead Refills in your pencil for best results.

While Parker Duofold owners do not share the general aversion to lending (because no hand distorts this wonderful point) yet to deprive them of their pet pens is carrying a good thing too far. So you can't blame the girl for objecting—but can you blame the boy for helping himself?

For if parents don't supply enough pens to go around how can a fellow learn the three R's, especially when two of them—'riting and 'rithmetic—depend on having a good pen and pencil?

With school days here again, let's keep everybody happy—those who learn as well as those who earn—by assembling at the counter of the nearest Parker Pen dealer.

Let's note especially that not only are the Parker Duofold Pens all Guaranteed for Life, but that their ink capacity is from 22%

to 69% more. And no other has Parker's Pressureless writing point, streamlined style—"Canada's shapeliest"—or Parker's Invisible Filler, and Patented Clip that lets the Pen or Pencil set low and unexposed in the pocket, without bulge in the handbag.

Come on, School Days—Duofold's ready to go! Get every son and daughter a Parker Duofold Duette, so they'll be ready too. Remember—Parker Duofold pens are ground to a delightful smoothness—smooth as a ball bearing.

The Parker Fountain Pen Co., Limited
Toronto, Canada

*"Since I lent him my pen
it has never been the same!"
Often said,
but NOT of Parker Duofold*

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PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE • \$5 • \$7 • \$10

Other Parker Pens, \$2.75 and \$3.50; Pencils to match them all, \$2.50 to \$5